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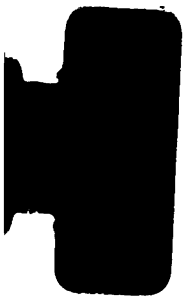

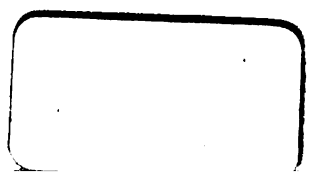

Ethan Hall
May 20. 1857.

43

(Holcroft)

BTYA

TRAVELS

FROM

HAMBURG,

THROUGH

WESTPHALIA, HOLLAND,

AND THE

NETHERLANDS,

TO

PARIS.

BY

THOMAS HOLCROFT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

London:
PRINTED FOR RICHARD PHILLIPS,
NO. 71, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1804.

By T. Gillet, Salisbury-square.

G.S.

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PREFACE.

IT may be doubted whether any prefatory diſcourſe can ſo well explain the ſubject of a work, or the views of the writer, as can the work itſelf: but the anxiety of an author to be well underſtood, that juſtice may be done to his labours, is the cauſe that prefaces are ſo frequently written.

The principal ſubject of the following performance is the City of Paris, the manners of its inhabitants, and the marks by which they are diſtinguiſhed from other cities, and other nations. The field of inquiry, into manners and cuſtoms, is too vaſt to be more than very partially occupied, by the moſt aſſiduous individual; and much as, at ſome moments, I have ſuppoſed I had atchieved, at others, on better recollection and viewing

the ſubject more ſtedfaſtly, I have felt regret, not unmixed with ſorrow, at having done ſo little.

It would be ſuperfluous to retrace that which thoſe who read will find has already been ſketched, concerning the maſs and the magnitude of the ſenſations, that Paris and its inhabitants have produced; and the eagerneſs with which all information, that can lead to a more perfect knowledge of them, has been received: but it is bitterly to be lamented that the cuſtoms and habits of thinking, of the people, are ſuch as to leave the hot enterprize of their character continually in the power of thoſe who obtain political rule; and that their energies have thus been turned into the deſtructive channel of ambition, generating war, and ſpreading deſtruction, when they ought to have been ſo potent in the promulgation of the arts of beneficent induſtry, the humanizing efforts of benevolence, and the eternal principles of juſtice, on the baſis of which whatever is good muſt be eſtabliſhed. A people, whoſe temper is ſo reſtleſs, whoſe territory is ſo vaſt, whoſe power is ſo prodigious, whoſe politics are ſo pervading, and whoſe claims to dominion moral and phyſical are ſo imperious, cannot but excite

excite a general and perturbed ſtate of emotion: there is an intereſt in whatever appertains to them; and, however trifling their individual actions may be, thoſe actions, as they relate to this mighty whole, connected with all they have done and all they threaten, are full of portentous augury. We feel, it is true, on ſome occaſions a melancholy and at others a riſible diſappointment, while we examine the grains of ſand, of which the cloud-capped mountain is compoſed: but aſtoniſhment returns, when we find its baſe immeaſurable, and its ſummit loſt in obſcurity.

There is one feature of the following work in which, as far as my information extends, it differs from all other books of travels. A method and arrangement have been adopted, by which the influence of moral habits has been pourtrayed. This, whenever effectually done, will moſt powerfully contribute to the formation of a univerſal and permanent code of ethics. If it be my good fortune to ſet an example, which ſhall hereafter be purſued with the penetration and efficacy worthy of a ſubject ſo prolific of moral inſtruction, I ſhall but have done that which the nature of the work ſuggeſted; though

though it will not be the leſs real in its general and beneficent effects.

In deſpite of the time and thought beſtowed, I am well aware how inadequately this and indeed every part of my taſk have been performed: but books of travels have a period after which, if not abſolutely out of date, they become much leſs intereſting; and few ſuch books, ephemeral ſketches excepted, have been more deſpotically influenced by theſe temporary motives than the preſent. Many of the circumſtances and things deſcribed have changed, even while the work was writing; and the time required to engrave plates has lengthened the period of delay.

The eſſential parts, however, thoſe that relate to character and manners, cannot ſuffer any ſudden alteration. By habits, manners, and cuſtoms, the hiſtory of Man is moſt clearly and emphatically written; and this hiſtory is the book of knowledge, in which muſt be read all the grand and uſeful leſſons the experience of ages has taught: it contains the warnings of wiſdom; the record of facts which perpetuates her benefits, by communicating an irreſiſtible impulſe to improve.

It

It was a ſtrong conviction that theſe are truths which induced me to attempt the method I have mentioned, as better calculated to elucidate the virtues and vices of national character, and their chief cauſe. The rule of habit, the deſpotiſm of opinion, and the good or evil that have reſulted from their domination, are the open though profound ſources into which men muſt dive, for the diſcovery of the means by which the moral virtues may be improved, propagated, and rendered ſtationary. There is no greater miſtake in ethics, and perhaps none more fatal, than that of imagining nations are governed by their laws. The laws have indeed their influence, and do eſſential good or harm; but the great governing power is opinion. The Italian, of opinion that his inſulted honour juſtifies and demands ſuch revenge, will hire an aſſaſſin to plunge his ſtiletto in the back of the inſulter; and his countrymen, though ſhocked, as all men are, at aſſaſſination, will canvas the inſult, and perhaps applaud the atrocity. The Japoneſe, to vindicate his wounded honour, will murder himſelf; and his adverſary, ſcorning to be leſs pure, will intreat him to live long enough to behold him follow the honourable example.

ample. The code of the nurſe is the morality of the child; and he that would reform nations muſt reform their opinions.

In their common diſcourſe much, and in their daily actions more, the opinions of a people are broadly written; and to theſe the traveller, who would inſtruct, ought to pay a more ſerious attention than ever perhaps has yet been paid. Fortunately national peculiarities, as they are diſcoverable in action and diſcourſe, amuſe while they teach; hence the labours of the acute obſerver become the more effectually beneficial: the book that is not read cannot inſtruct; and no book is read, by which no man is entertained. The child, if his tutor be ſagacious, finds high enjoyment in the Primmer.

Aſſuming theſe principles for my guide, while abroad, I exerted as much attention as the preſent indolence of moral habits will in moſt caſes afford to note down the traits, actions, converſations, appearance, and general mode of exiſtence of the people among whom I have reſided. Inquiry, to be beneficial, ought not to limit itſelf to one claſs. To mingle with the polite, the wealthy, and the well-informed, is the moſt pleaſing, and

therefore

therefore that which is moſt deſired; but the vanity of having no acquaintance, except ſuch as may flatter ſelf-love and diſplay individual importance, will not abridge the reſearches of any man whoſe zeal for information is ſincere, and who is aware that the great maſs of information muſt be in the great maſs of the multitude.

The reader, who is convinced of this, will be glad to be led among the people, to contemplate them in their ſports, their bargains, their diſputes, their occupations, and their various modes of being: he will liſten to their prattle, their mutual reproaches, or their ſarcaſms; will follow them to their public walks, their coffee-houſes, their ſhops, their markets, and their feſtivals; and, from the numberleſs minutiæ he will thus collect, will penetrate far into their real character, and infinitely better underſtand their hiſtory as a nation. The following pages are committed to the judgment of ſuch readers, who will decide how far theſe purpoſes have been attained.

I have little to add. Of the enjoyment taken in writing and imagining, as ſuch delightful imaginations will obtrude themſelves, that I have added ſomething to

the ſtock of information, that I ſhall afford occaſional pleaſure to a variety of readers, and perhaps ſhall even benefit the nation I have blamed, of theſe enjoyments, I ſay, I cannot be deprived; and, if ſuch pleaſing dreams ſhould only partially be verified, the time thus devoted will have been honourably becauſe uſefully employed. The chagrin, which cenſure may give, cannot yet be brought to account: but cenſure I hope will alſo be profitable, as well to myſelf as to others. I hold it a duty not to diſregard the labours of honeſt criticiſm, much leſs to treat them with contempt.

Of the decorations to the work it becomes me to ſay that the ſpirit and liberality of Mr. PHILLIPS, the Publiſher, in which riſk and expence have been wholly ſubordinate to better conſiderations, merit greater applauſe than I have the power to give. I dare not promiſe he will be rewarded by the public; for it cannot be expected that the Plates alone will ſecure ſucceſs to the work: but, if ſucceſs ſhould be wanting, it certainly will not be the fault of the bookſeller. The Plates, except that of the old and new Louvre, are engraved after drawings made at Paris, under my direction, by a French

French artiſt. Their pictureſque effect has not been neglected, but their principal merit is that every part of them has been made ſubject to truth: they are accurate portraits, as well of the places as of the coſtume and appearance of the people.

ERRATA.*

VOL. I.

Page. Line.

68, 1, *Spiel-haus*, read *Speel-huis.*
145, 17, *vue*, read *vu.*
154, 7, Marchande *des* modes, read *de* modes.
174, 22, and in other places. *Tuilleries*, read *Tuileries.*
178, 10, Pont *de Tuilleries*, read Pont *des Tuileries.*
182, 1, *indigation*, read *indignation.*
185, 15, la famille *réuni*, read *réunie.*
186, 3, Pied *du* mouton, read *de* mouton.
17, Porte *cocher*, read *cochere.*
191, (Note) Les *seuls* affiches, read *seules.*
198, 13, Vous êtes *morts.* Oui en vingt-quatre *heurs*, read Vous êtes *mort.* Oui en vingt-quatre *heures.*
210, 14, *gîte*, read *gît.*
227, 15, *imagining*, read *to imagine.*
230, 20, Voyez *comme* c'est joli, read voyez *que* c'est joli.
236, 26, *These crowds though they*, read *though these crowds.*
240, 9, *indulgencies*, read *indulgences.*
245, 10, *thearical*, read *theatrical.*
249, 6, (Note) *heighth*, read *height.*
250, 29, after Dulaure, insert p. 31.
274, 8, (Note) *canon*, read *cannon.*
298, 17, *guingettes*, read *guinguettes.*
314, 27, *has* some glimpse, read *give* some glimpse.

Page. Line.

377, 5, *poursuit* mes études, read *poursuivi.*
379, 30, des *dentes* gâtées, read *dents.*
380, 6, *la* tout, read *le.*
388, 20, *quel* sécurité, read *quelle.*
396, 19, omit to *repeat*, read omit to *notice.*
411, 15, *gaity* of heart, read *gaiety.*

VOL. II.

1, 8, express *subject*, read *object.*
11, 23, *et* bien, read *eh.*
49, 4, *Latran*, read *Lateran.*
73, 2, *des* tes tourmens, read *de.*
194, 7, *gaité* de cœur, read *gaieté.*
208, 26, for *ought*, read *aught.*
212, (Note) Révolution *François*, read *Française.*
218, 11, la *saltpétrière*, read *salpétrière.*
224, 6, *In* their stations *at* open day, read *at* their stations *in* open day.
225, 14, *whom* he hoped, read *who* he hoped.
229, 21, vous *entez* bien, read *sentez.*
272, 8, *laid* down, read *lay* down.
303, 10, Latour *Maubége*, read *Maubeuge.*
304, 4, *minutia*, read *minutiæ.*
315, 4, *s'accoutume*, read *s'accoutument.*
327, 9, c'est *claire*, read *clair.*
337, 14, *pleniary*, read *plenary.*
350, 9, *is* painfully, read *are.*
351, 8, *Doggery Benedict*, read *Dogberry Benedick.*

* The work was wholly dictated; a method peculiarly liable to literal errors.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PLATES.

SOUTH VIEW OF THE OLD AND NEW LOUVRE.

THIS magnificent mass of buildings, placed as it is at a proportionate distance from the river, contributes to form and is the principal object in that noble view of which a description is given in Chap. XLII. On the right is a section of the façade or east front of the Louvre: to this the south front joins and terminates with the second high roof, having three chimnies. Here the gallery, called the new Louvre, begins; and extends to the Palace of the Tuileries. It is this gallery that contains the grand collection of pictures, called the National Museum. The engraving is after an excellent picture, in my possession, by Demachy; which was painted before the Revolution: consequently, the bridge which is now building, and a telegraph since erected on the Louvre, are omitted: they could only have been inserted, with due effect, by the artist himself; and would then perhaps have injured the view; which, though a portrait, the skill of the painter has rendered truly grand.

THE MINT AND THE FAÇADE OF THE LOUVRE.

THE objects in the back ground consist of the buildings that form a part of the quay on the South, the dome of Mazarine College, the spires of the Abbey of Saint Germain, the towers of Saint Sulpice, and a section of the Mint at the extremity. This section is so small that I was guilty of an inadvertency, when I made it a part of the title to the Plate. The principal object is the beautiful façade to the Louvre; and the effect of this, and of the buildings in the back ground, is equally grand and picturesque. There is little danger that the figures, which, while they pourtray the people, so judiciously diversify the fore ground, should escape notice.

ENTRANCE TO LES CHAMPS ELISÉES, AND LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

THE fore ground is the road, through the Elysian Fields, to the barrier at Chaillot; and from thence to the former palaces of *Marli* and *Saint Germain en Laye*. In the back ground is the centre of the Tuileries: the water-works are playing in the bason at the entrance of the gardens. Such baubles are a satire as well on taste as on common sense. The pedestals, with horses and riders, on each side of the iron railing, are at the entrance of the Gardens: between these and the pedestals in the fore ground is *la Place de la Concorde*. The buildings on the left of this great square are described in the following Plate. The cabriolet on the right of the fore ground has the form, but does not give

an

an adequate idea of the wretched appearance, of those vehicles, drawn by lean horses, with dirty drivers, in coarse jackets and woollen caps, that convey passengers and their luggage to the towns and villages on that road.

THE MILITARY SCHOOL, AND THE CHURCH OF THE INVALIDES.

THE liberty has been taken, by the designer of this view, of throwing back the trees in the centre which prevent these two buildings from being seen at the point from which the view was taken. The trees, every where seen in straight lines, faithfully characterize the formal and imaginary grandeur with which these and all the principal roads are laid out. Roads of a certain width are of public utility; but persons, accustomed to the environs of London, feel surprize when they see so many spacious avenues to Paris, and so few carriages and passengers. The church of the Invalides is the most beautiful of the kind, in Paris. The cabriolet, the country woman with her ass, and the Mameluke, with the other figures, are faithful in their representation and costume.

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS, DISTANT GARDENS OF THE TUILERIES, NEW BRIDGE, QUAY D'ORSAI,* AND PALACE OF THE CORPS LEGISLATIF.

IN the alley on the left of the trees the *Mâts de Cocagne*, as described in Chap. LVIII., p. 278 to 284, were erected. This alley was the queen's road to Versailles. Of the Elysian Fields no adequate idea can be given, by the pencil, though sections of them are seen in this and the two following Plates; and, in that which next succeeds them, they form the distant avenue leading to the barrier of Chaillot. The Gardens of the Tuileries are bounded by the Palace, the centre of which is indicated by the turret and national flag. The bridge, called *le Pont de la Concorde*, was built under the reign of Lewis XVI.; and is much praised by the architects of France. The Quay d'Orsai bounds the Seine, on the right; and the building over which two national flags are seen is a grand hall, of great architectural beauty, which has been added to the Palais Bourbon since the Revolution; and is appropriated to the sittings of *le Corps Legislatif*. The inferior objects are deserving of attention, as faithfully preserving the costume and appearances of the place: the barge from *Rouen*, drawn by horses, is to unload its merchandize on the north quay, west of the Pont Neuf, called the port of Paris. An Englishman smiles at the grand title, when he sees perhaps eight or ten of these barges moored in the river: it happens that his associations to the word port are very different. The woman with her *hotte*, and the man with his *crochets*, each at the back, show the manner in which loads are carried. The knot of the English porter is unknown at Paris. The bridge, seen beyond the *Pont de la Concorde*, before the Revolution was called *le Pont Royal*; now *le Pont des Tuilerics*: it fronts the south end of the Palace and the apartments of Madame Bonaparte. This Palace and these apartments, I hear, have lately been but seldom inhabited: the Chief Consul meets little attention from

* Erroneously written *d'Arsai* on the Plate.

the

the Parisians, and therefore resides at Saint Cloud; except when called to Paris on days of parade, or by public business. The spires of the Abbey of Saint Germain, the dome of *le Collége des Quatres Nations*,* the turrets of *Notre Dame*, and others, are seen on the south side of the river; and, on the north, the tower of *Saint Jacques*; which, though the church is pulled down, was suffered to remain as a piece of excellent architecture, and an ornament to the city.

VIEW OF LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE.

In the foregoing Plate, the point of sight was at the north corner on the west side of this place; and was entirely fore shortened: the present view was taken from the bridge called *le Pont de la Concorde*. It would be difficult to find, on the face of the earth, a spot that calls up associations equal to those this place excites; or by which they can be exceeded, in number and magnitude: recent as the events alluded to are, bleeding in the memory, and harassing the apprehensive mind, they are in these respects wholly unequalled. This was the scene where such numbers were trodden to death, at the late unhappy monarch's marriage. In the centre the place is marked, by a low square railing, where the beautiful equestrian statue of Lewis XV. stood; and here, that statue being removed, the fatal the infernal guillotine was substituted, by the fate of which his successor and so many others were inhumanly murdered. The centre columns, in the back ground, are part of that half built ruin called *la Madelaine*; where, as is related in the body of the work, Lewis XVI. lies interred, among the victims who fell at his marriage. The height beyond, with the windmills, is *Mont Martre*. On the right is the dome *de l'Assomption*; formerly a church, now, as is elsewhere said, a receptacle for corn, hay, and straw; a granary and a hay loft. Such things cannot be remembered with apathy. The building in front, erected under Lewis XV., and called *le Garde-meubles du Roi*, was formerly a kind of royal warehouse for the king's curiosities: at present, the left wing is in the possession of private persons; and the right is the Admiralty. All the figures in the fore ground deserve notice, as faithfully characteristic.

THE GARDEN AND WEST FRONT OF THE TUILERIES.

In this Plate, the effect of the orange trees, in their boxes, is still more apparent: concerning the Gardens I have nothing more to add. Of the Palace, the principal thing to remark is the heavy architecture of the dome and slated roofs with which a building, in many respects fine, is so loaded; though the effect they actually produce is here, I know not by what accident, greatly lessened: the real appearance is heavy, vulgar, and totally in opposition to the other parts of the building. This defect is common to most of the grand structures in Paris.

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* Mazarine College.

GARDEN OF THE TUILERIES.

The spectator is here supposed to stand with his back to the centre of the Palace. To the contemplative man, the scene affords infinite matter of reflexion. Tiles were here formerly made; from which the place was named *les Tuileries*. The sums and the labour bestowed, to produce this total change, have been immense. The space here is ample, the objects are many, and the mind delights to regard magnitude and multiplied objects; but it must be collectively, and forming a mass: if they are scattered, they become individual, and distract the attention: they are no longer grand. A vast plat of ground, planted in one part with trees, having broad gravel walks in centre, front, and sides, all strait lined, the remainder curtailed and partitioned into square morsels, each partition fenced with laths, within which there are gravel walks again, with the addition of raised terraces that are truly grand, and all the magnificence that sculpture can afford, incongruous as such things are, have been nay still continue to be extravagantly admired without examination, and immoderately praised without any retrospect to the principles of taste, or the purposes of utility. That nothing which can add to formality and expence may be omitted, a great number of orange trees are kept in distant green houses, during the inclement season, and annually dragged into the gardens on cars by horses, in summer, where they remain a few months and are again dragged back. Their roots are inclosed in square wooden boxes, filled with earth; and, placed as they are in straight lines along the principal gravel walks and terraces, they admirably combine with the garden plats, and other objects, to display the false taste that predominates. The bringing and taking of them away likewise contribute to tear up the gravel walks; which are so neglected, in the winter, that they abound in great and small puddles and splashes of water; and, though not impassable, are sometimes little better than dirty country lanes. The cost and the pretensions of the place appear to render neglect like this very strange: but neglect is in Paris so general a habit that such inconveniences are trifles, which pass wholly unobserved. The distant point of sight in the centre is the barrier of Chaillot.

PALACE OF THE TUILERIES FACING LA PLACE DU CARROUSEL.

In the spacious square, inclosed by the iron railing, the parades are held; which appear to be one of the principal pleasures of Bonaparte: over these he presides, and here distributes his sabres, pistols, and muskets of honour. The carriage entering the gate, attended by a guard of light dragoons, is supposed to be that of his wife; his guard, in general, is more numerous. The four horses on the pedestals are those of bronze, taken from the Turks by the Venetians, and from the Venetians by this modern depredator. The figures in the fore ground accurately picture the costumé and manners common to the Parisians: the merchant of tisanne, in a laced hat and jacket, selling a farthing's worth of his liquor to a boy, the beau with his left hand indecently placed

where

where both would have been,* did he not carry a cane, and bestowing perhaps his last penny upon his boots, the woman selling fruit, and tisanne also, at a stall, the charcoal-man, the poor basket woman, the milliner, the water carriers, and the whole of the remaining figures are faithful copies after nature. Tisanne is either extremely weak lemonade or an imitation of it, by some mixture slightly acid; and it might be a difficult calculation to discover the number of hogsheads that are daily drunk of it, in summer. The building that joins the Palace, on the left, is a section of the new Louvre: a similar gallery on the left has been projected, and will probably be *begun*. The writing engraver has committed a gross orthographical error, at the bottom of the Plate: instead of *Gouvernement*, he has written *Gournement*.

THE LUXEMBOURG WITH THE GARDENS.

This Palace has lately undergone thorough and ample repairs; of which it was in great need. Perhaps I ought to speak more cautiously; for these repairs were far from finished, when I left Paris: and it may be they are still slowly in progression. The Gardens have also been new modelled; and it is but little honourable, to the national taste, that they have received their present form in a place where, had Brown been consulted, he would have found the capabilities so great. Remarks, similar to those on the Gardens of the Tuileries, might be multiplied; but they would be superfluous. The towers of Saint Sulpice, seen in the back ground, are in reality dissimilar: money I have been told was wanting to finish that which was last built: the engraver mistakenly has made them resemble each other.

VIEW OF PARIS FROM THE SOUTH BOULEVARD.

This view was taken from the high ground on which the front windmill stands: the references, at the bottom of the Plate, obviate the necessity of further explanation.

VIEW OF PARIS FROM MONT-MARTRE.

Of this Plate, as of the last, an explanation is given by the references. These views mutually contribute to aid the imagination of the reader, relative to the situation of the city of Paris, the heights that surround it, and the principal objects by which it is adorned. It may perhaps deserve remark that the number of spires, and turrets, which in such views have a highly picturesque effect, is by no means so great in Paris as in London. Domes, indeed, are multiplied; but the single dome of Saint Paul's, as is evident from the view of Paris in this Plate, has a grandeur which all of them cannot equal.

* Of this custom it was intended to have given a vignette, representing such gentlemen with their backs to the fire, both hands thus placed, the body projecting, the head thrown back, and addressing themselves to ladies: but it required too many figures; and, to have done justice to the subject, would perhaps have partook of the indecency reproved. The reader is therefore requested to remark that, though such a vignette is referred to vol. ii., p. 79., it was for these reasons omitted.

J. Porter sculp.

DUVRE.

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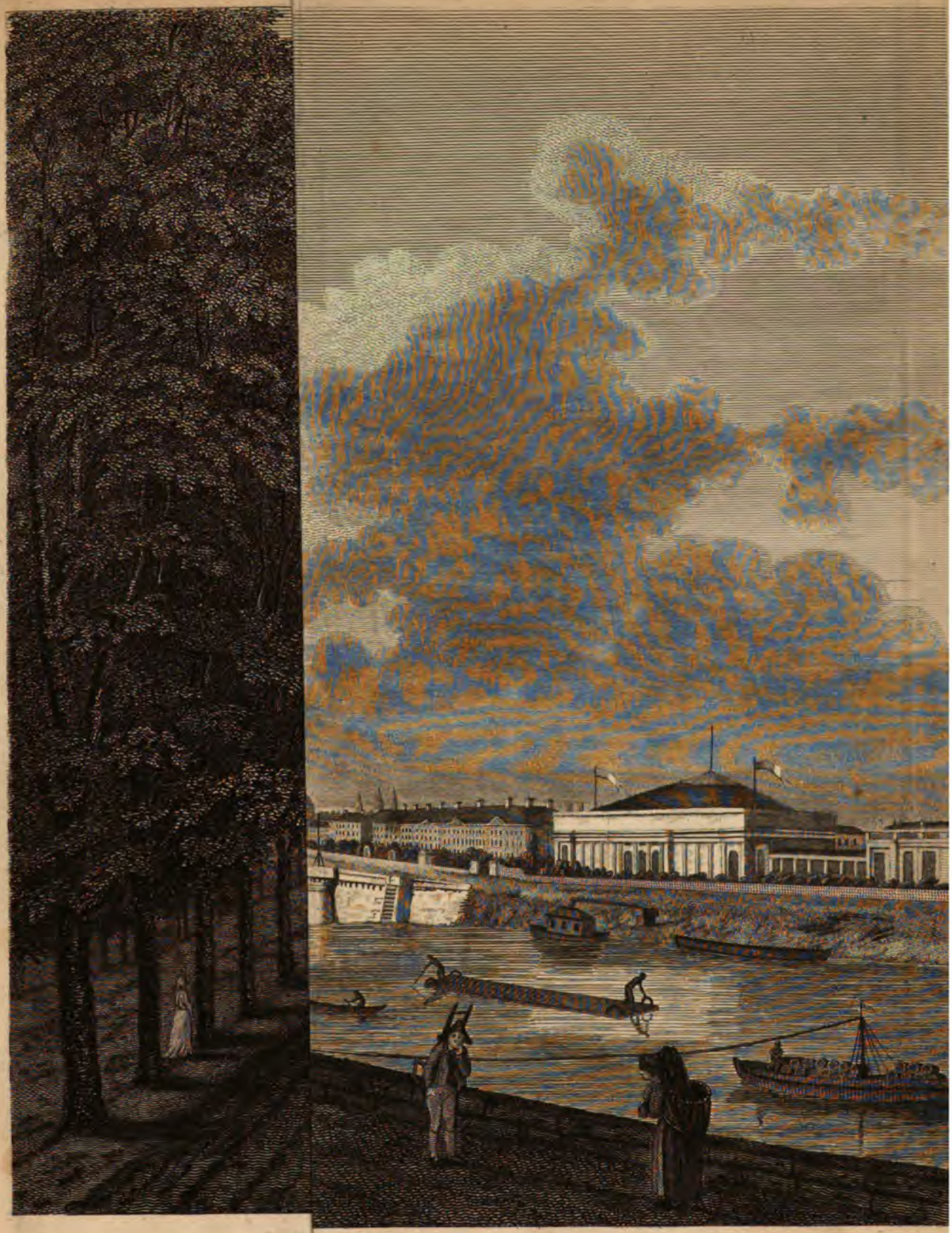

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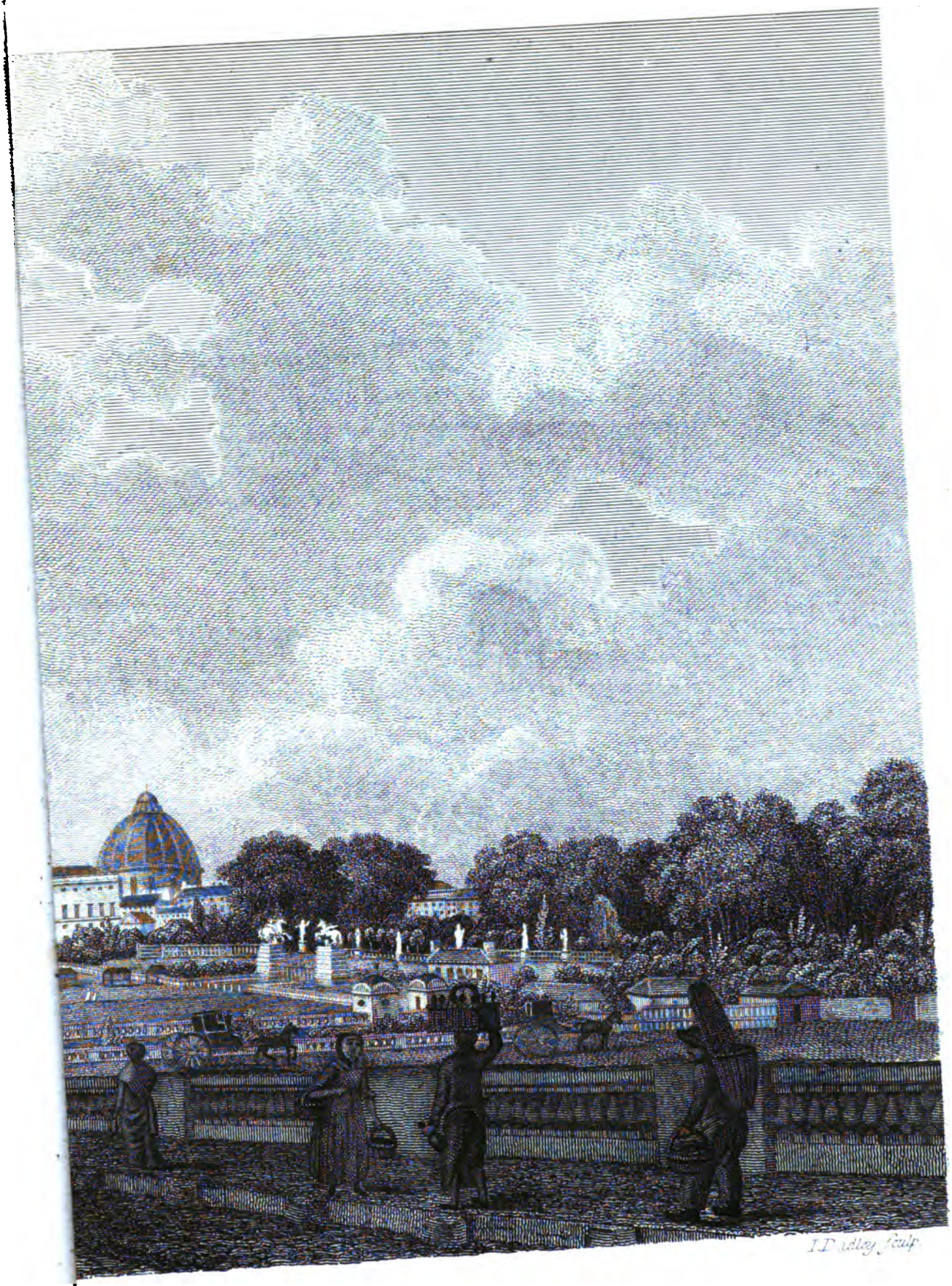
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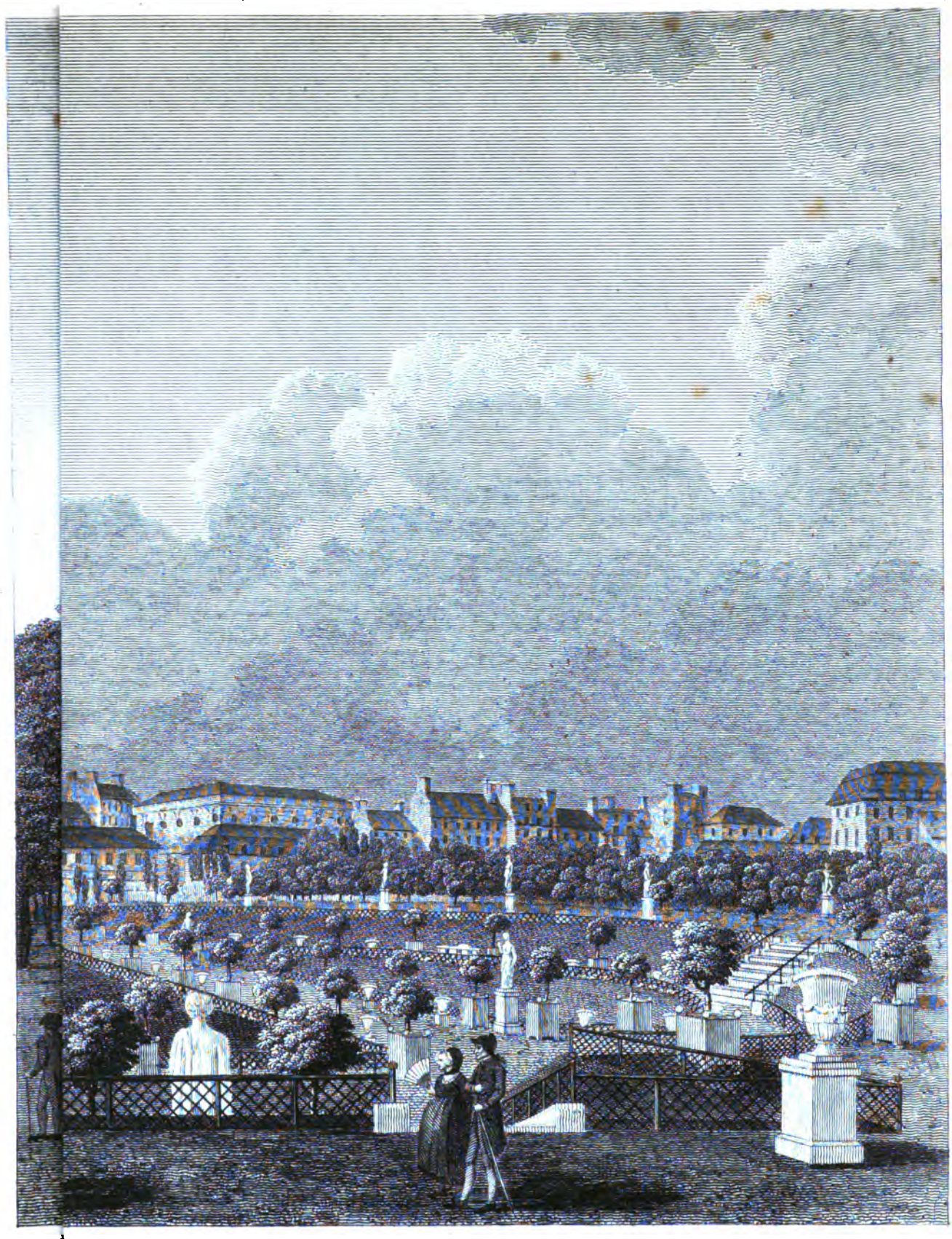

Palais du Senat *avec* LES JARDINS

T. SULPICE *à gauche.*

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CONTENTS,

VOL. I.

CHAPTER I.

Page

THE departure: Custom of Hamburg, and a warning to strangers: Friends at the water side: Different modes of travelling: The last adieu. - 1

CHAPTER II.

The passage, and passengers: Hamburg, Altona, and the Elbe: Loquacity and authors: Prussian soldiers: Intruding thoughts. - 5

CHAPTER III.

Harburg: Roads meeting in a central point: Short sighted people: Honesty of the Germans: Characteristic marks of a German inn. - 8

CHAPTER IV.

My family introduced to the acquaintance of the reader: Boisterous but merry companions: A night and a day in travelling eleven German miles, in a German diligence: Arrival: An invitation to the King of England: The pleasures of repose and a good inn. - - - 11

CHAPTER V.

A walk in Bremen: Aspect of the city and its inhabitants: The Prussians again, and the feelings of the people: Roland, the giant: The emblematic pilgrim: A remarkable vault under the cathedral, and its mummies: An English countess: The necessity of investigation: Paintings, popular tales, and indecorum. 16

CHAPTER VI.

The town-hall, with specimens of the taste that still prevails in these countries: The public wine cellar, and the decline of drunkenness: The exchange: Remarkable coffee-house: A sketch of the museum of Bremen: Thirst of the

Page

Germans after knowledge: Remarks on manners: A German petit-maître: Remains of ancient usages. - - 21

CHAPTER VII.

The road: Prussian soldiers: What is good breeding? A dangerous causey: Costume and mode of travelling, among people of rank: The inn at Oldenburg: Prudence and postillions: New acquaintance, with pleasant associations: Wandering genius, half frantic and forlorn. - 26

CHAPTER VIII.

Base coins: Reflexions on prudence and public economy: The approach to Leer: An agreeable change of manners and appearances: A dangerous accident, and fortunate escape: A simple machine soon repaired: Arrival at Neue Schanz: Different nations have different ideas of decency. - 31

CHAPTER IX.

Changes moral and physical: Causes are always complex: Character of the Hollander: That which is thought system is often hypothesis: Agreeable signs of prosperity in the province of Groningen. - 37

CHAPTER X.

Buildings, streets, people, signs, hats, and other appearances in Groningen: Specimen of manners: The tree of liberty: Religious freedom in danger, during the revolution: The route through Friesland: Populous villages: Moorlands, and signs of poverty: Vast tract of low and marshy lands: Travelling peasants of Westphalia. - - 41

CHAPTER XI.

The Lemma: A gentleman that would not be incommoded by ladies: Passengers, manners, conveniencies, and inconveniencies of a Lemma packet-boat: The Scotch dialect sweet and pure to the ears of Scotchmen: Shallowness of the Zuider sea, and deceiving appearances: Amsterdam a city built upon mud. 46

CHAPTER XII.

Distressing civility, and the difficulty of choice: Characteristic signs: The prudence of making a bargain: A Dutch inn and a travelled landlord: A short sally: Too much novelty confuses the memory: Coaches without wheels: Importunate Jew shoe-blacks: Another tree of liberty; and thoughts on emblematical freedom. - - 51

Page

CHAPTER XIII.

Renconter with a former acquaintance: Satiric remarks on Dutch eloquence: Story of a Frenchman and a Jew: Talents, audacity, and just though bitter reproof given by a swindler. - - - 56

CHAPTER XIV.

The Stadt-house: vast, magnificent, and built on piles: Numerous works of art, wonderful picture by Vanderhelst: Tales for connoisseurs; and complaints made by the house-keeper, of revolutionary depredations: The same repeated by a person of a different character: Reflections addressed to the few. 59

CHAPTER XV.

Situation, size, streets, bridges, canals, and population of Amsterdam: More traits of Dutch manners: Method, kitchens, cleanliness, cut-trees, Chinese awnings, weather-cocks, tulips, and taste in ornaments, works of art, and painting. 63

CHAPTER XVI.

French theatre at Amsterdam: Dutch theatre: The Rondel: Manners and rules of a Spiel-house: The Felix Meritis, and its plan and purposes: The tragedy of Macbeth: Honesty of the Dutch: Invited guests pay for their dinners: Deformed people: Public charities: The Jews: Odour of the canals. 67

CHAPTER XVII.

Religious toleration, and its happy consequences: The new church: Built by a merchant: Painted windows: Monuments of De Ruyter, of Captain Bentinck, and of the famous Dutch poet, Vondel: Story of a sick woman and a miraculous wafer: the cures it performed, and the coffer in which it was preserved: Behaviour in churches: Whining chromatic tones of a parish clerk: Religion once the staple trade of Europe: Morals and monks. - 71

CHAPTER XVIII.

Our journey continued: Holland intersected by canals, and travelling therefore cheap: Leyden passed in the dark: A specimen of Dutch economy: Delft: Saw-mills: Much water, yet few water-mills: The Dutch excel in simple mechanical contrivances: Their sagacity instanced, by building houses and mills upon them. - - - 76

Page

CHAPTER XIX.

Arrival at Rotterdam: Poverty and filth not entirely banished Holland: Inns small: Lodgings after some difficulty found at the Golden Foot: Caution a common quality in Holland: The closet of Cloacina in the kitchen: Nations differ in customs and in taste: The statue of Erasmus, and pleasant associations: A word in favour of the Dutch language; that of the Germans less musical: An apostrophe to Stratford upon Avon: The house in which Erasmus was born. 79

CHAPTER XX.

Another tree of liberty, guarded by an iron railing and a sentinel; and more emblematical paintings: What is freedom? Is it force; or is it peace and union? Buildings, streets, physiognomy, and dress have similar marks of character: The post-house: Petty insolence: A memento of late prosperity now interrupted: The madness of men: Poor Rotterdam. - - 83

CHAPTER XXI.

A passport: The difficulties of the times: Englishmen rendered suspicious, and panic struck: A painful refusal: A tribute of thanks for a promise performed: New hopes and another trip to the Hague: This splendid village the present seat of government: Morals and pursuits of travelling clerks: Eating, at the supper of a table d'Hôte. - - 85

CHAPTER XXII.

The Hague: Streets: Soldiers: Revolutionary times: The great Mall: Fair time: Shew-booths, monkies, jugglers, buffoons, and philosophy: Kitchen splendor: A Dutch game: The costume of the country. - - 89

CHAPTER XXIII.

A walk in a wood: Elegiac thoughts: A palace become a tavern: Fugitive potentates: Serious and necessary doubts: Signs of princely grandeur gone: A second diplomatic interview: Change of manner: My request granted. - 93

CHAPTER XXIV.

An agreeable repast: Difference of opinion no reasonable cause of quarrel: The American and the French character compared: A remarkable feudal right: Liberty the growth of time. - - - 96

Page

CHAPTER XXV.

Preparations for departure: A last homage to the house of Erasmus: A short parallel of religious and political revolution: Travelling by land dear in Holland: Aspect of the country: The Moerdyk: Postillions: A Dutch breakfast and a French eater: The adroit refuge of extortion: A remarkable female hostler: The force of education: Distance gives worth to common objects: Delay occasioned by contraband goods: Laudable behaviour of a custom-house officer. 99

CHAPTER XXVI.

Kindness of heart exhibited: Agriculture: Roads: The approach to a once famous city; and the recollection of great painters: Arrival at Antwerp: A woman the guardian of the city gates: Perquisites and complaints: The hôtel d'Angleterre: A walk through the city: Melancholy feelings: The Scheldt and its port: Past industry and present indolence: The flagitious attempt of avarice: The church of the Dominicans: A most remarkable exhibition of the arts of the monks: Flanders renowned for superstition: Agriculture and commerce the support of each other. - - - 104

CHAPTER XXVII.

Antwerp a place of plenty: A conscientious hint to travellers: Emigrant priests: Their distresses, apprehensions, and hopes: Dangerous consequences of attributing divine virtue to men: A sick priest and his conductor: Tokens of extreme bigotry: War the destruction of roads: Flourishing state of agriculture: Physiognomy and reputed character of the people: Images of the Virgin: Remarkable beggars: Beautiful country seats: A word on Brussels: The supper of a sick priest. - . - 111

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Improvements of scenery from Germany to Flanders: The fatigue of broken pavement: The national advantages of good roads: A grand but imaginary cause of festivity: Malines and Tournay contrasted: Victory gained here: A word to historians. - - - 117

CHAPTER XXIX.

Unnecessary restraint: Impatience of travellers: A disgraceful trick: Duplicity of servants and inn-keepers: Double duplicity of one of the partners of a coach company: Gratuitous insolence, and trifling difficulties. - 120

Page

CHAPTER XXX.

A walk through Lille: A central school and its departments; classes, of design, mathematicks, and experimental philosophy; the picture gallery; the botanic garden; the amphitheatre; the hot-house; Rubens and Vandyck at the mercy of soldiers: Hopes of future central schools: Appearance of the people: The deformed: Cars drawn by dogs: The houses, theatre and squares: The town-hall and its broken windows: A whimsical and novel kind of auction: General aspect: Ordinances, issued by the prefect. - - 124

CHAPTER XXXI.

Travelling companions: Sick ladies, a lap-dog, a hound, a hero, and a sabre: Windmills for oil manufactories: Danger of paved roads in bad repair: False promises: A good dinner: Fleeting sorrows: Cruelties committed at Arras: The memory of Le Bon detested there: A difficult question: Amiens: A bad supper: A characteristic answer: A peep into the cathedral: Ornaments and relics. - - - - 129

CHAPTER XXXII.

Retrospective inquiries: Remarkable appearances of the cultivated lands: Number of huts: Clothing, and chearful looks of the peasants: Beggary and wretchedness decreasing: Great changes are slow, for habits are inveterate: The peasants now under different circumstances, change is therefore inevitable: Men always complain of the present: The true millennium must be the progress of knowledge: Recapitulation. - - 134

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Beautiful country, near Clermont: Chantilly: Former and present sensations: The great Condé: The suffering exile: Serious questions: Progress of the passions: The wish of humanity: Alarming recollections: Who shall analize Paris! St. Denis and its lost treasures: A legendary sketch: Remarkable painting by Albert Durer. - - - 138

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The barrier: Paris surrounded by a wall, which shut in revolutionary fugitives: Passports: A bleeding man: Duels and wearing of swords: Obedience to the bayonet: A heavy diligence, a wretched horse, his afflicted master, and insensible postillions: Streets like caverns: English inns again remembered: Wealth

itself in foreign countries cannot command their conveniences: But one Paris; Page
butone London: The savoir vivre. - - 14

CHAPTER XXXV.

An inn yard: Men scolding: Paris asleep: A dissertation or digression on politeness: The subject exemplified: A dialogue, containing sketches of national manners: Superb apartments: Polite husbands of France: A faultless nation: Complaints of such a nation must be absurd. - - 146

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Useful hints to travellers: English, French, and all countries: Anecdotes that exemplify: Advice to philosophers: An amiable trait of the female character: Contrast between France and Germany: A breakfast in the Palais de Tribunat: The waiters of Paris, and the waiters of London: First impressions strong, yet soon effaced: What is it that distinguishes nation from nation, and traveller from traveller? - - 150

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Chronology of the title citizen: Real civilities of citizen F ——: Trifles deserve notice: Forgetfulness a thing not rare in France: Advice for innocent swearing: The impatience of pleasure is its bane: The search not fruitless. 154

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Projects and means to study a nation: Economy one of them: Bargaining defined: Its eloquence and arts in Paris: A man does not always know himself: One of the customs of Paris: A fickle officer: A milk-woman that had superb apartments to let: A digressive but characteristic anecdote that exemplifies the art *de savoir vivre:* Another officer as fickle as the former: The necessity of a precise bargain. - - - 157

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Inanimate objects often rendered famous: The house of Robespierre: La Madelaine, and the miserable victims buried there: An instance of the inveteracy yet the impotence of revenge: La Rue de la Concorde: La place Vendôme: The late convent of the Jacobins: Michaelis, its founder, the author of two absurd books: Cannon-balls and the church of St. Roch: The Capuchins; anecdotes of le Pere Joyeuse, Henry III, and Henry IV.: Former and present sensations: Monks ought not to suffer persecution: Les Feuillans: Jean de la Barriere,

Page

and his monks: Anecdote of Jacob Bunel; and of his wife: Les filles de l'assomption: The church and its dome become a granary and a hay loft. 162

CHAPTER XL.

Former visits to France of present utility: Strong impressions of a sudden change of scene: Landscape, costume, and various appearances: Girls with naked legs; barefoot friars; man in a whimsical dress: Paris and its varieties of strange forms and figures: Monks; abbés; women: Changes effected by the revolution: Disgusting whiskers; few well dressed men: The dirty and the slovenly innumerable: Description of a very common costume: Self-importance a national defect. - - 167

CHAPTER XLI.

The stranger's first employment: Houses of Paris described; mistaken for prisons: Streets silent, long, and narrow: Hôtels: Court yards and coach doors: Business of the porter: General effect: Each hôtel has various inhabitants: Contrast between the various quarters of Paris; some mean and miserable, others supremely grand: The means of grandeur painful to recollection. 172

CHAPTER XLII.

Course of the river Seine: The north and south parts of Paris: The Seine described, in summer and in winter: One consequence of its inundations: Majestic appearance of the quays; viewed from *le pont Neuf* and *le pont des Tuileries:* Objects that degrade the scene. - 176

CHAPTER XLIII.

Reverse of the picture: One cause of narrow streets suggested: Paris first built on an island: Danger and inconvenience of narrow streets: Anecdote of a foreign nobleman and a French coachman: The life of man of small value in Paris. - - 180

CHAPTER XLIV.

Review of street inscriptions; remarkably changed; their former whims and absurdities: Ignorance of inscription writers exemplified: Pernicious effects of ignorance: False orthography common: Writing offices, and the ignorance of the persons who keep them: Amusing specimens of street inscriptions; the sentimental, the vain, and the modest: Various different examples of orthographical errors. - 183

Page

CHAPTER XLV.

A review of the posting bills of Paris, of which there are four principal classes; posting bills of the government, and of the police; their character; their parade, and their privilege: Posting bills of estates to sell: The play-bills, and their deviations from those of London; improvement suggested: and bills of quacks, and quack medicines; with various specimens. 189

CHAPTER XLVI.

An ardent wish: Transition from one class of empirics to another: Youthful pleasures and pleasant associations: Various examples of quacks, and of their arts to draw attention: A certain method to excite laughter: *Le grand Suisse*, his grandeur, his whiskers, and his band, with his mode of oratory: The whimsical harangue of another quack. 194

CHAPTER XLVII.

The origin of the Boulevards and their extent: The south part described: The north the principal scene of sports and pastimes: Appear neither like town nor country: Contradictory qualities of Paris: Heterogeneous traders on the Boulevards: Meanness and magnificence: An attempt to catalogue and give an abstract of the various objects: The Boulevards the resort of the idlers of Paris: The garden and convent of *les Capucines:* How at present distributed and occupied: Philosophers and their tricks and shows: The panorama: Franconi and his dancing horses: The eloquent and gallant Punchinello: Paris a gallant and eloquent place. - - 199

CHAPTER XLVIII.

The *Pavillon d'Hanovre* rivalled and eclipsed by the *Frascati:* Opera-house near the gate of St. Martin: Fires at such theatres frequent: The Parisians soon afflicted, and soon consoled: Present destination of that opera-house: Theatres on the *Boulevard du Temple:* Coffee-houses and gardens with their modes of attraction: Exhibitions of various kinds: The famous thieves of France in wax and wood: Description of the effect they produce on the imagination: Deformity and monsters a source of revenue: A picture of the multitude in motion: The practice of hiring chairs: Effects of such an assemblage upon a stranger: The reader warned against mistakes: What it is that characterizes nations: A difficult task and a serious duty. - - 205

Page

CHAPTER XLIX.

The *Palais Royal:* Sketches of its history: founded by cardinal *de Richelieu:* Its first appellations, and the contest one of them produced: This palace the continued scene of amusement: Profusion of the cardinal; his ambition to be a poet: Anecdotes: The gardens of the Palais Royal the resort of politicians: Changes which the palace and the gardens have undergone; and the discontent some of these changes excited: The *Tribunat,* and hopes in futurity: Form, situation, and properties, of this place at present: Serious retrospect of scenes that have convulsed the world: Practice of factions: Food for reflexion. 213

CHAPTER L.

Front of the *Palais Royal:* Old clothesmen, and applewomen: *Chateau d'Eau:* The building not magnificent: The open saloon and its petty traders: Sheds at the back of the palace: A word on public spirit: The alleys the resort of evening loungers: The garden, and its changes: Bad gravel: The pile of the great square considered: The majesty of space little felt in France: Want of foliage and courtezans render this garden less frequented: The place of assembly for stockjobbers: These people expelled the garden: Restriction not the means to make a nation commercial. - - 218

CHAPTER LI.

Descriptions occasionally exaggerated: Liberality between travellers: Different scales of comparison: The shops in the avenues and in the arcades: Traders that seek the *Palais Royal:* A remarkable deception produced by mirrors: Goods at fixed prices: Instances of petty traders: The united artists: A flying Cupid of wax. - - - 225

CHAPTER LII.

Effect produced by a palace adapted to trade: Appearances deceive: Different effect of the same things at a different place: Sensations produced by multitude: Emotions produced by the whole summed up: These emotions deserving of investigation: Theatres of the *Palais Royal:* Minor exhibitions: Surprise excited by invisible music: Citizens in cellars: Sobriety yet want of economy of the Parisians: *Café des Aveugles:* The master and the musicians all blind, and all the scholars of M. Hauy: Pleasing recollections and animating hopes: The contrast: Numerous evening lights in the *Palais Royal:* Residence of vice: Gaming and prostitution protected by Government: Feelings excited by such

a practice: The crowds that resort to the *Palais Royal* described and characterized. - - - Page 230

CHAPTER LIII.

The public gardens of Paris: Changes in the style of gardening: Ranelagh near the *Bois de Boulogne* described; several Vauxhalls at Paris; conscientious recollections, and fears of being partial: English gardens imitated by the nobility: The gardens at *Monceaux*: The folly of building ruins: The gardens of *Tivoli* and their common place amusements; a horizontal beam and the diversion it afforded: Paddling in boats: The *Frascati* gardens frequented by the fashionable and women in high keeping: Coffee-rooms through which the company pass: Gazing gives little offence: Early hours. - 238

CHAPTER LIV.

National festivals; public entry of Isabel of Bavaria: Machinery and paintings: Charles VI. riding behind *Savoisi* to see the procession: Both beaten by the sergeants: Presents of the citizens in masquerade: Entry of Henry VI. of England: Met by the municipality and preceded by knights: An impostor: Maidens representing Syrens: Savage men: Mysteries performed: A stag hunt: A mimic king: Isabel of Bavaria in tears: Remarkable marble table: Behaviour of the mob: Public entry of Lewis XI.: More naked Syrens: Whimsical instance of respect: Theatrical embellishments no novelty: Traits of national character. - - 245

CHAPTER LV.

The most atrocious festival known to history: Paradise defended by Charles IX. and his brothers: Henry IV. and his partisans cast into hell: Remarks made by *Saint Foix:* Festival in *la Place du Carousel:* The petty policy of Colbert: Utility the true patron of the arts: Festival of the *Landit:* Wood of the true cross: The purchase of parchment by the university: Disorders committed at this festival: Removed from the plain to the town of St. Denis. - 253

CHAPTER LVI.

Festival of the Confederation: A warning word: Celebrated in *le Champ de Mars:* Originated in the federative pacts: Proceedings of the city: The deputies lodged: *Le Champ de Mars* described: The labours of preparation: Enthusiastic patriotism: A picture of the scene: Inscriptions on banners: Bayonets not necessary: All ranks at work: A proclamation: March of the Bretons. 260

Page

CHAPTER LVII.

Bridges over the moats: Form and extent of the circus: Avenues that led to the altar: Vast triumphal arch, some of its inscriptions: A bridge thrown over the Seine: The altar and its decorations: The gallery and for whom intended: A covered way for the king: March of the federates: Excessive rains, and behaviour of the citizens and persons exposed: Arrival of the procession: An awful moment: Equality of arm chairs and other trifles of etiquet. - 266

CHAPTER LVIII.

A signal to be repeated through the whole kingdom: The oath read by the marquis *de la Fayette*; and taken by the king: *Te Deum* sung: The confederates dine at *la Muette:* Harmony, abundance and joy: No accidents: Thoughts on men acting in a mass: Festival of the fourteenth of July 1801: A trait of the First Consul: Blessings derived from his government: Splendid and early preparations: Two temples erected: Apparent state of delay: The program: Place of holding the festival: Spectacles to be given: Morning sports: Sports of the evening: Sports of the night. - - 272

CHAPTER LIX.

Unnecessary diligence: Mâts de cocagne: Hoped for diversion: Unfinished state of the preparations: Disorder and disappointment: Cheerful resignation of the Parisians: Difference of manners: Teach better than they practice: Little sport where much was expected: First introduction of mâts de cocagne: A great multitude destructive of enjoyment: Dangers of rope-dancing: Anecdote of a Genoese rope-dancer: A similar anecdote. - 280

CHAPTER LX.

A tour of observation: Booths ill provided: Bands of ballad singers: The life of Bonaparte sung: The temples of war and peace: A grand colonnade: Military trophies: Garnerin in an air balloon: Splendor of the illumination: A national column censured: Its obstructive and monotonous effects: A lady seized by the sentinels. - - 287

CHAPTER LXI.

The general enjoyment of dancing: The concert: Fire-works at the top of a hill, yet not to be seen: The multitude prodigious: Inquiries concerning the purpose of, and benefits derived from, this festival: Censured by the French them-

selves: The fall of rods, sent up into the air, dangerous: Accidents and deaths: Terror formerly excited by sky-rockets: The first introduction of fire-works. Page 293

CHAPTER LXII.

Preceding reflections: Feast of the foundation of the Republic: Five days too many: Decree for the annual exhibition of the inventions and manufactures of France: Preparations for the exhibition in the court of the Louvre: The French excellent at temporary structures: Ignorance has most curiosity. 299

CHAPTER LXIII.

Number of porticoes; and the manner in which they were appropriated: Insufficient decrees: Distinct treatment of the departments and of Paris: Objects really deserving of praise: English goods: A remarkable coat: A fire grate: Earthen pots: A bottle of vinegar: Enumeration of exhibitions: Inquiry into consequences: Questions that ought to be well considered: Visit of Bonaparte to the porticoes: Medals of gold and of silver distributed: Questions and answers of the First Consul and manufacturers. 304

CHAPTER LXIV.

The first of Vendémiaire: Place of holding the festival: Enumeration of sports: Temple and monumental structures: Pomp of description: Promises ill performed: The great and the little put in contrast: The river Seine not a place for the exhibition of naval grandeur: Description of tilts and tournaments held in boats: The sailors of the Seine ascending and descending soaped bowsprits. 311

CHAPTER LXV.

Associations excited by the firing of cannon: Experiment on the pain of hearing such explosions: Slaves of bronze from la place des Victoires: Horses of bronze from Constantinople: Frequency of change: Expectations raised by the program: The magnificence of words: Pleasures of a parent: Disappointment of the public: Vexation of opera performers, who were obliged to obey: A general officer wounded, and his relation killed: Other tragical accidents. 318

CHAPTER LXVI.

Festival of the 18th of Brumaire: The people not blameable: Proofs of the thirst of admiration in the First Consul: His proclamation to the French: Boast of moderation in not invading England: Union is grander than conquest: Descriptive program: Pantomime, fire-works, illumination, structures, trophies, porticoes, flotilla, balloon and general exhibition: Difficulty of working mi-

rades: A temple built on the river Seine: Traffic, intercourse, and avocation on the Seine described: Utility forgotten and all passage prohibited. 324

CHAPTER LXVII.

Manner of constructing the temple on the Seine: Surprise at its removal: A calculation suggested: Accident the constant friend of Bonaparte: Appearances and preparations: Liberty, equality, and fraternity concealed: A holiday frigate ascending the Seine: The solemnity of farce: Play-things for grown children: Hurry and anxiety of the workmen: Lampions appear innumerable: Throng of the people and rashness of mothers: Compliment paid to England in the person of the Marquis Cornwallis: Anecdote of Alphonso V. of Portugal. 333

CHAPTER LXVIII. Obstacles of enjoyment:

Exhibitions at *la Place de la Concorde:* Ineffectual attempts: Lamps and palace of the *Tuileries*, the banks of the Seine, and the *Pont Neuf:* Reflections: Fatal accidents: An unfortunate young Englishman and his widow: Reverberations occasioned by the fire-works and deaths: A word on the duties of governments: How far they are influenced by public opinion and national properties: and what is their power of resistance. 339

CHAPTER LXIX.

Introduction to the narrative of a dreadful event: Grand fire-works at the marriage of the dauphin: Sheets of fire thrown on the people: Streets rendered impassable: People trampled to death: A broken scaffold and spectators drowned: Parade of grief and feeling: Royal donations: Misery of the scene: The count St. Florentin: Thoughts on the arts of courtiers: Instances of the habitual negligence of the French: Monks in armour. 345

CHAPTER LXX.

The capture of the Bastille wholly forgotten, but the anniversary observed: The present festival different from the preceding: A new quay begun: Twelve youths and twelve maidens married: Concert and illumination: Colours distributed; and practice of Bonaparte: Creation of the corps of Mamelukes: The consular guards offended: The French easily called from their occupations: A dangerous joke: Method observed in the present work: Danger of giving offence; and of false conclusions: The difficulty of classification. 353

Page

CHAPTER LXXI.

The use of recollection: Ignorance is contentious: Mistakes easily made: England characterized by Chateau-briand and by Mayer: French ladies receive visitors when in the bath: Mission of Fiévé, to England: Offence given by English journals: Letters of Fiévé, on the English nation: Impartial travellers, difficult to find: A French lady in London; and her enthusiastic hopes disappointed: Frenchman's picture of an English conversation: Queries on loquacity, and taciturnity: Ximenes, father of the poets: Mutual improvements desirable. - - - - 359

CHAPTER LXXII.

Defects characterize nations: To amend error it must be noticed: Pride and vanity have the same origin: The mistakes with which vanity is connected: Men acting in a body are shameless: Prejudice of national writers: All nations offended by the vanity of the French: A specimen of the bombastic from Saint Foix: French courtiers described: Inconstancy the enemy to perfection: Mistake of the French in giving undue praise. 368

CHAPTER LXXIII.

The selfishness of ambition; and its devastating propensities: Ambition and vanity in monarchs less destructive than in nations: Benefits of knowledge: The French a nation of exhibitors: Examples of vanity: Possible consequences of a cannon fired by a sun-beam: Scientific prate: A mathematical fiddler: Philosophic beggars, and shoe-blacks: Journeymen that worked on principle: An Englifh mechanic, at Paris: The architect, and the fumist: A scientific corn-cutter, who had studied anatomy: An experimental philosopher, and fortune-teller: Gasconades most proper to the French: Gaston de France, brother of Louis XIII. a street-robber: Anecdote of a Gascon and Colbert: The Gascon a theatrical character. - - - 374

CHAPTER LXXIV.

A philanthropic society: Rules that could not be observed: Inflation of French idioms: Pompous and false praise: The Elysian fields of Paris; and the surrounding objects: Monotonous, and destitute of variety: Huts, and cabarets, in them: Sports, games and pleasures: Mixed company by which they are frequented: Scene between Louis XIV. and Le Nôtre: Pomposity of the monarch equalled or exceeded by that of the gardener: Antics played by Le Nôtre in presence of Pope Innocent XI. - - 387

Page

CHAPTER LXXV.

Parade of things: National emblems of English, Dutch, Germans, and French: Much show with little money: Anecdote of a poor mistress and an intelligent maid: Change that has taken place in the mode of walking and of entering rooms: Vicious style of portrait-painting; instanced in the portraits of Mirabeau and Neckar: Manner of embracing: and a remark on decency. 394

CHAPTER LXXVI.

A quotation: Rules for behaviour: The good breeding of folly: The Abbé de Lille, a royal profeſſor, and a humorous dialogue: Good-beeeding different in different places: Good breeding in the city: Anecdote of a poet and a lady: Custom of speaking in the second person: Women the shop-keepers: They goſſip and coquet with all comers: The consequences of trifling: Parisian urbanity instanced in a fiſh-girl: Lamentations over a lap-dog: Number of idlers: Old women that sold pleasure: A float of fire-wood: Triflers eaſily amused: Evil effects of ſloth. - - - 399

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Paris not a commercial city: Has no large manufactories: Pleasure the staple trade: Reciprocal effects of pleasure hunting: Parisians unhappy in other cities: Duclos characterized as an author: Difference between the manners of the country and the city: Diſſipation, caprice, inconstancy, and indifference of the Pariſians: The effects of the corruption of manners: Men of merit the same in all nations: Vanity and frivolity the preservatives of the French. - 409

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Mind not limited by the limits of geography: The French deficient in energy: Resemblance between the ancient Gauls and the modern French: Moliere and Shakespeare the most correct of painters: Quotation from the Merchant of Venice: Remarks: Quotation from Henry VIII: Remarks: The benefit of noticing defects: Questions proposed to future inquirers. - 418

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Imperfect state of language: Its evasive nature exemplified: Ambiguity of honour: Rules of honour among the English populace: The art of boxing a polite amusement: Less ferocious than weapons of slaughter: Boxing-match in

Page

Paris: Honour decided by the tongue and the sword: Frequency of Duels among French soldiers: A boy's impatience to be a colonel: Soldier that committed suicide. 425.

CHAPTER LXXX.

The French soldiers less slavish than others: Strange anecdote of Russian obedience: Compared with the Normans: Modern academies: Infatuation of men: Fencing-masters ennobled: Single combat ordained by Dagobert: The judgment of God by the cross; by cold water; and by fire: A man and a judge more rational than the age in which they lived: Drugs that resisted fire: Trial by purgative pills: Liturgies tried by fire: The progress of knowledge, and hopes from its effects. - - - 431

APPENDIX.

La Vie héroique et glorieusedu Consul Bonaparte, depuis l'époque de sa naissance jusqu'à la paix de Luneville - - - - - 441

Impromptu sur St. Bonaventure - - - - 448

Exposition publique des produits de l'Industrie Française - - 449

Détails des Cérémonies, Jeux, Courses de Bateaux, Joutes, Spectacles, Concerts, Illuminations et Dances, qui auront lieu pour la célébration de la Fête de la Fondation de la République, les cinq jours complémentaires an 9, et le 1er. Vendemaire an 10. - - - - 461

Proclamation—Les Consuls de la République aux Français - 464

Battle of Belcher - - - - - 466

LIST OF VIGNETTES.

VOL. I. Page 10. Felix Meritis, at Amsterdam: built by a society who meet for the general improvement and diffusion of the arts and sciences.

——— p. 15. The pilgrim, an emblematical figure, standing on a pump at Bremen.

——— p. 62. The Stadt-house, at Amsterdam.

——— p. 75. The new Church, at Amsterdam.

——— p. 78. The chapel at Amsterdam, which contained the miraculous wafer.

——— p. 178. The Pont-Neuf, at Paris.

——— p. 193. The hall of the Jacobins.

——— p. 237. The inner square of the Palais Royal.

——— p. 292. A woman selling tisanne or lemonade.

——— p. 298. A flower girl.

——— p. 323. The college built by cardinal Mazarine.

——— p. 367. A darner and footer of stockings.

VOL. II. P. 49. A countrywoman, hawking her chickens and butter.

——— p. 77. A milkwoman.

——— p. 120. A washerwoman, in a barge on the Seine, with her beating tool and brush.

——— p. 267. The Temple; a place of confinement for persons arrested at the command of government.

——— p. 290. The head of Bonaparte; after an excellent medal, and remarkable for being a good likeness.

——— p. 328. The triumphal arch, erected by Lewis XIV. called la porte St. Denis: or the gate of St. Denis.

——— p. 343. The palace, or place where the courts of justice sit.

——— p. 349. A front view of the cathedral, called Notre Dame.

——— p. 421. The Odeon, or French theatre; in part destroyed by fire, and now unoccupied.

——— p. 448. The chamber of accounts, and la Sainte Chapelle; a famous gothic structure.

——— p. 480. The Sorbonne, built by cardinal de Richelieu, and now falling to decay.

——— p. 498. A front view of the palace of Versailles.

TRAVELS

IN

GERMANY, HOLLAND,

AND

FRANCE.

TRAVELS

IN

GERMANY, HOLLAND, AND FRANCE.

CHAPTER I.

THE DEPARTURE—CUSTOM OF HAMBURG, AND A WARNING TO STRANGERS—FRIENDS AT THE WATER SIDE—DIFFERENT MODES OF TRAVELLING—THE LAST ADIEU.

THE man, who reſides a year in a place, becomes one of its inhabitants; acquires habits, forms connexions, and ſelects friends. His affections and ſympathies have worn themſelves a channel, in which they delight to flow; and there are favourite haunts, pleaſing walks, and amiable faces, which he cannot for ever quit, without ſome pain. At ſuch a moment, when diſtance ſoon muſt ſeparate thoſe who were wont to meet with pleaſure, the mutual ſmile is languid; it is ſcarcely ſincere; or it is half killed by mutual regret.

The day of parting is a day of various emotions. The ſpirits are rouzed, the mind is full of expectation and project, yet the thoughts are diſturbed; for they are imperiouſly called to attend to trifles, which almoſt torment becauſe they are diſdained, though they muſt not be neglected. I have no great eſteem for the tra-

veller whoſe fancy, at ſuch an hour, is not buſied in foreboding the adventures that may arrive, and foreſeeing the multitude of objects that are to paſs in review; and it is humiliating that theſe vivid images ſhould be interrupted, and effaced, by the driving of nails, and the cording of trunks.

It is however a ſubject of much greater vexation to have the friendly farewel, and the peace of parting, turned to unkindneſs of heart, by the mean and odious tricks of rapacity.

It is the cuſtom of Hamburg to hire lodgings by the month; and, unleſs a fortnight's notice of quitting be given, the tenant when going may legally be obliged to pay a month more than is due. We lodged in the *Pferde Markt*, at the houſe of young men, who had lately begun buſineſs; and who did not appear to have yet acquired thoſe features of ſelfiſh cunning, which too often disfigure the face of the man who, by being deceived, has learned to deceive. Verbal notice had been given, by us, that we were to go; and the lodgings were in conſequence let to other tenants, who were to take poſſeſſion in a few days: yet the morning of our departure, juſt before we were going, the demand of an additional month's rent was made.

I own I was very fooliſh, for I was very angry. I had given warning before no witneſs: for how could I ſuſpect any fraud? The guard-houſe was facing our window; and the threat admitted of no reply. "Pay the money, ſir, or the ſoldiers ſhall be called; and your effects ſeized."

It is a little revolting to the heart to be obliged to ſubmit to ſuch flagrant injuſtice.

The Senators of the free imperial city of Hamburg are exceedingly anxious that no ſtranger, at leaving their Republic, ſhall defraud the leaſt citizen. It becomes them to be equally watchful that no citizen ſhall defraud the ſtranger. When a landlord, by

by a word, can call in military force to ſupport his aſſertions, true or falſe, the conſequences may be eaſily foreſeen.

The name of this young promiſing trader was *Wiegreffe*. He had partners; but they ſaid nothing. He was induced to lower his demands, by the intervention of a third perſon: but inſiſted on forty marks more than his due; which I was obliged to pay. I could not put off my journey; and I would not go to law.

"How forgetful I am! Or rather how much I have to remember! Do, my good and dear Doctor, accompany theſe ladies, to whom you have always been ſo friendly, as far as the boat. I muſt run to the banker, and the bookſeller, and above all to the man who has ſo diſintereſtedly and eſſentially ſerved me, the friend whom I ſhall not eaſily forget, Mr. *Schuchmacher*; with whom I have ſtill ſome buſineſs to arrange."

When did M******* refuſe a kind office?

If a man had fifty memories, and could he divide himſelf into fifty parts, it appears that on ſuch occaſions they would ſcarcely be ſufficient. The boat was to ſail at one o'clock; and I had ſtill directions to give, an account to ſettle, and a parting letter to write.

Are thoſe whom wealth has taught to be indolent, and who entruſt every kind of affair to borrowed intellect and hired honeſty, which they have but ſlightly examined, quite ſatisfied that every thing is right? That they are ſerved with paſſable fidelity, and do not ſuffer greater and more frequent impoſitions, is a proof highly in favour of the virtue of the human heart.

Our hurry, at length, is over; no miſtake has happened; we are all met at the Boat-houſe; the two friends I have mentioned refuſe to leave us, though the dilatory boatman is an hour later than his time, and we have the pleaſure to take a parting glaſs.

Unknowing what misfortunes may befall us, eager to en-

counter adventures, wiſhing to go yet loth to take leave, who can analyze theſe mixed ſenſations?

The hour is come, the boatman calls, and the paſſengers hurry; each eager to ſecure the place of moſt eaſe, and ſafety. The traveller muſt be either rich, proud, and ſolitary, muſt hire a vehicle for himſelf and his importance, and remain ignorant of the people he is come to ſee, or muſt reduce himſelf to that common level where, each paying his paſſage, there is no reſpect to perſons.

Delicacy and diſcernment are ſenſitive plants: but, though they ſhut themſelves up, the wind will not blow the leſs roughly. For my part, I always endeavour to expand: but theſe weak feelings are too apt to counteract me.

Schuchmacher gave us his hand to the boat, and his parting inſtructions for the road. M******* hoped, nay half promiſed, ſoon to follow; and ſo came the laſt farewel!

CHAPTER II.

THE PASSAGE, AND PASSENGERS—HAMBURG, ALTONA, AND THE ELBE —LOQUACITY AND AUTHORS—PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS—INTRUDING THOUGHTS.

PFF! Pff! Hu, hu, hu! I am ſtifled!

Will you be kind enough, ſir, to let this lady ſit on the other ſide of you? *Ja wohl, mein Herr: aber*—"Willingly, ſir: but—"

This *but* was very ſignificant. Every man had his pipe; and it was in vain to change places. We had lived two years among theſe eternal ſmoakers; and, whether I returned from the coffee-houſe, the dining-hall, or the friendly parlour, I always brought the odour of the tobacco impregnated in my coat. Yet Louiſa and Fanny were not reconciled to the practice.

The German ladies have different aſſociations. The lover approaches, half concealed by the clouds which roll from his mouth. How often, in the courſe of a tender converſation, he may lay down his pipe is a myſtery into which I do not pretend to penetrate: but, were there a chamber in the houſe which the Indian weed had never fumigated, it certainly would not ſuggeſt, to maid, wife, or widow, the idea of man.

The day was clear, the country before us a dead flat, and the branching Elbe as we ſailed ſeemed to threaten that it would ſome day overwhelm its marſhy borders. Hamburg and Altona, with their foreſt of maſts, long continued in ſight; ſeeming to vary in ſituation as the boat was veered to catch the wind.

They

They formed a ſtriking contraſt to the damp nakedneſs around. There is ſurely ſome affinity between the people and the low moiſt lands they inhabit. We are bidding adieu to fogs and phlegm: but our progress is very ſlow.

There is one thing, in the German character, for which I cannot account: which is loquacity. The French themſelves ſcarcely talk faſter, or are more communicative, whether they are or are not ſtrangers to each other, than theſe cold-blooded ſons of the North.

They write with no leſs profuſion than they ſpeak; as the productions of their eight thouſand living authors can atteſt. In the praiſe of ſome of them who can ſay enough! But to hear their Grub-ſtreet ſcribblers, their coffee-houſe witlings, their profeſſors inflated with a title, and their Doctors loaded with the lumber of pedantry—

Good words, and mild forbearance, if you pleaſe, ſir. He who would find a people without national vanity muſt certainly not ſtay at home: nay he muſt travel beyond arctic or antarctic.

After paſſing various creeks and little iſlands, we finally came in ſight of Harburg. The boat put to ſhore, and ſeveral paſſengers landed; though we were not yet in port. I followed their example; ſuppoſing that in a few minutes I ſhould again rejoin my little family: the treaſure which I would not have quitted for a moment, had there been any danger. Perceiving I ſhould arrive before the boat, I loitered to examine the ſhore: but I could ſee little difference; the ditches were ſo much alike. Theſe marſh lands are uncommonly prolific; and their inhabitants are a very good kind of people. So be it. I bleſs my ſtars, I am but a paſſenger.

I had ſuppoſed Harburg to be a village: and the imagination had ſome relief, as I approached, to diſcover it was a fortified town.

It

It had juſt been taken poſſeſſion of by the Pruſſians; and this was another ſubject for meditation. It affected me. It brought to remembrance the conteſts of power, the ſufferings of the unoffending, and the whole train of melancholy reflexions by which the mind, diſpirited, fatigued, and worn, had been ſunk to apathy or deſpair. What do theſe men do here, ſaid I? Why do they not ſtay at home; and build bridges, repair roads, drain bogs, and fructify the barren ſands of Brandenburg? Would not this be to gain territory? Cannot ambition occupy itſelf more profitably and more nobly than in rapine? Ambition a noble quality? Oh, no! It is blind, ſelfiſh, ſtupid, and almoſt as ignorant as it is hateful.

He who has the beſt of meaning toward perſons is the man who pays the ſtricteſt attention to things. Still I would apologize, even for doing right, rather than be thought to encourage any remains of the late pernicious heats and feuds, now, when it is happily become the general wiſh that they ſhould everlaſtingly ſubſide. Of the virtues of the Pruſſian monarch the world has received ſo many proofs that it would be wilful injuſtice, or the ſtrange and odious delirium of prejudice, not to render him public honour; or to hold him perſonally accountable, for the falſe policy of the times.

CHAPTER III.

HARBURG—ROADS MEETING IN A CENTRAL POINT—SHORT SIGHTED PEOPLE—HONESTY OF THE GERMANS—CHARACTERISTIC MARKS OF A GERMAN INN.

I WAS ſurprized to find that this town is a central point; to which ſo many roads from Hanover, Holland, Weſtphalia, France, and Flanders, are directed. I could not at firſt conceive the reaſon, when I ſaw ſo many of thoſe carriages which, as I knew, are uſed through all the north of Germany, for that which is called the *fahrende poſt*; that is, the eſtabliſhed Government diligence; for the conveyance of paſſengers and packages. The neighbourhood of Hamburg was ſoon recollected, and the enigma ſolved.

The ſtarling of Sterne could not get out: the traveller in Germany cannot get on. I had been in Harburg above an hour, had walked to the quay, had run the gauntlet among beggars, had gazed at idlers that were gazing at me, and ſtill the boat was not in ſight. Of accident there was no fear: yet, I was uneaſy.

I had endeavoured to fall into converſation with two of the paſſengers, who left the veſſel; a youth, and an elderly man: but the latter returned me a dry anſwer; and I am eaſily repulſed. There was ſomething of contempt in the man's looks. I wondered what it meant; and I ſoon diſcovered. I took off my ſpectacles to read; and he exclaimed to the youth, with great ſelf-ſatisfaction and glancing at me, *hab ich nicht geſagt?* "Did not I ſay ſo?" The good ſoul no doubt thought it contemptible foppery

ſoppery and affectation to wear ſpectacles. Is there a man who does not, or cannot, recollect how angry he has often been, that he could not make all the world as wiſe as himſelf? There is blindneſs that cannot read with ſpectacles; there is blindneſs that cannot read without ſpectacles; and there is blindneſs that can neither read, with nor without.

At length, the dull lugger came in view, my fears ceaſed, I handed my family on ſhore, and the porters, who came down in a troop, took the luggage of the paſſengers to the poſt-houſe. It was no inn; and we had mantles, a night bag, baſkets, and other trifles, which were put down in the yard. We were aſſured they were perfectly ſafe; and, as I knew the general honeſty of the German character, they were left without ſcruple, while we went in ſearch of refreſhment. I have ſeen loads of pottery left all night without a guardian, in the ſtreets of Altona and Hamburg. It is a much greater pleaſure to bear witneſs to a prevailing virtue, than to reprobate a prevailing vice: but, as both are duties, both ſhould be performed.

In many of the countries, through which I have travelled, all or chiefly in the circle of Lower Saxony, a German inn is literally a barn: in which every animal, the hog not excepted, has its apartment. In Harburg, it was much better: ſtill however it was a German inn: the heavy landlord came in his night-cap, the girl in her blue petticoat, ſtriped corſet, and ſhuffling ſlippers. There was a tun in the hall, which made us remember that of Heidelberg: for, though its contents could not eaſily have drowned a regiment, they might certainly have made a regiment drunk.

It is no offence, to a German landlord, to eat your own proviſions; for he has frequently none to offer you. Only a few houſes have wine. A *butter brodt* (bread and butter), and a portion of

coffee, is frequently the wearied traveller's laſt reſource. *Ein butter brodt mit fleiſch,* in Engliſh a Sandwich, is a feaſt. The German does every thing by rule: you cannot have leſs than one portion; and, if you want more, you muſt have two: we therefore called for our portions of tea, reinforced by a bottle of wine, unpacked our ham, and fortified ourſelves againſt the hardſhips we had to encounter.

The Pilgrim: Bremen.
Published by R. H. Phillips 71 St. Pauls Ch. Yd. Sept. 1st 1803.

CHAPTER IV.

MY FAMILY INTRODUCED TO THE ACQUAINTANCE OF THE READER—BOISTEROUS BUT MERRY COMPANIONS—A NIGHT AND A DAY IN TRAVELLING ELEVEN GERMAN MILES, IN A GERMAN DILIGENCE—ARRIVAL: AN INVITATION TO THE KING OF ENGLAND—THE PLEASURES OF REPOSE AND A GOOD INN.

I AM ambitious of travelling in good company: or, to ſpeak without a figure, of fixing the attention of the reader of good ſenſe, and good taſte. Now, in order that we may go on pleaſantly together, our feelings muſt ſympathize: which they cannot do, unleſs we have various common points of contact.

I do not admire that ſhivering ſenſibility which ſhrinks from and repines at every touch of rude neceſſity. What age of the world ever more forcibly taught how neceſſary it is, for the poor wanderer, to ſteel himſelf to times and ſeaſons? But, though we endure, let us know that we endure! The knowledge is wholeſome; and, to the wounded ſpirit, the recollection is a balm. The truth is, I wiſh to bring the reader acquainted with thoſe over whom every ſocial and every affectionate tie had placed me, as a guardian.

Here then is my Louiſa, with an infant yet unſeen, but not two months longer ſo to remain; and another on her knee: a ſweet boy, five quarters old, whom neither her burthen, nor fatigue, no nor intreaty, could long induce her to commit even to a father's care: not becauſe ſhe had fears, but, becauſe ſhe had affections.

On one ſide of her was my daughter, our faithful Fanny; as gentle as ſhe was courageous; and on the other myſelf. We occupied one of the wooden benches of the waggon: it was hard, and expoſed to every inclemency. The public vehicles, on this road, are all in the ſame ſtate: unleſs you bring one, a covered carriage is not to be had. Ours was the middle ſeat; and behind us, and before us, were gentlemen and ladies, old and young. Theſe gentlemen and ladies, well wrapped up in woollens and provided with ſnaps,* laughed and ranted like a hundred hop-pickers; and, whenever their talkative jocularity ceaſed, broke forth into a general chorus of "*Ach, du lieber Auguſtin, Auguſtin, Auguſtin.*†

Their mirth was not refined; but it tended to exhilarate: at leaſt it excited attention; and gave a ſort of employment to the mind. How ſhould we have been peſtered, heaven help us, if, inſtead of theſe hale companions, we had had my lady's woman, and my lord's valet!

I do not however emulate that exceſs of philanthropy, which pretends to find every thing good, and admirable. One man will tell me, I have not ſeen the world, becauſe I am not a member of his club; and another, becauſe I never danced at the aſſembly to which he is a ſubſcriber. To each of theſe, the club and the aſſembly are the *world*. For my own part, I have been ſo huſtled, and toſſed, and driven about, that the worlds on which I have been thrown are too various for memory to retain. Even the world of a *fahrende poſt* is far from being always the ſame: and to you, my gentle companions, it was totally a new world.

It was the beginning of May, and about ſeven o'clock in the

* Spiritous liquors. † The chorus to a popular ſong.

evening,

evening, when we ſet off. From Harburg to Bremen, at which city we intended to halt a few days, is only eleven miles.

" Oh! Then you were to be at your journey's end by nine that very evening."

Ah, my dear madam, they were German miles; and the road, the poſtillion, and the *ſtuhl-wagen* were each of them German.

We travelled all night, and all day, through a country ſo flat that no object was hidden; yet nothing could be ſeen, except cold and green nakedneſs; and arrived, with great difficulty, between nine and ten the next evening. I do not think theſe eleven German miles could meaſure leſs than ſeventy Engliſh: ſtill however it appears ſtrange that perſons, who travel in a flying diligence, ſhould be ſix or ſeven and twenty hours in going ſeventy miles. It is the fact. Had we gone two months earlier, it would have been much worſe: we ſhould not have ſlept in Bremen the ſecond night.

Louiſa bore the journey with cheerfulneſs; wearied enough, 'tis true; but the ſhaking was little, compared to that which ſhe had afterward to endure.

Do not imagine that every where, as in England, you are driven to your inn door, ſtep out, and immediately ſeat yourſelf by a pleaſant fire; with a bell at your hand, and a ready waiter: who is clean, attentive, and expeditious, in hopes that he may excite your generoſity. Fires, bells, and waiters, of this deſcription, are ſeldom to be found in a German inn: and, further, we had the inn itſelf to ſeek.

On this occaſion, it happened that we were fortunate. Bremen, like other German cities, has its poſt-houſe; where the paſſengers alight, and the heavy rude machine is unloaded. Obliged to watch and ſee that our effects were ſafe, as we were ſtanding, ſurrounded

ſurrounded by the confuſion of paſſengers, porters, and the loads they were toſſing about in the dark, we were accoſted by a boy; who aſked, in good Engliſh, "if we would ſuffer him to ſhow us to an inn?"

'Ay, my good fellow; moſt willingly.'

"Then pleaſe, ſir, to follow me."

'Who are you; and where do you live?'

"My father keeps the *König von England*, over the bridge."

'Indeed! He keeps the King of England? And is he an Engliſhman?'

"Yes, ſir; he was born in Dublin."

'Ah, ha!' The anſwer was in character.

"His name is Lane; and you will find beds, and fire, and ſupper, ſuch as you will like."

'You are a very obliging boy; and bring very good news. Do you, Louiſa and Fanny, follow him; and I will join you, as ſoon as I can.'

The ſpirits, when exhauſted, have ſcarcely the force to be impatient: but they muſt be diligently watched, that they do not become pettiſh. I had waited full three quarters of an hour; and yet the porters could not, or would not, attend to me. Every thing was ſafe: I might go, if I pleaſed. I could get no other anſwer. The boy had returned, and aſſured me whatever I left would be brought to our inn, before we had eaten our ſupper. To find the rational quantity of confidence is ſometimes a difficult calculation: however, I once more repeat, that a very moderate ſhare of caution is generally ſufficient, among the Germans.

The boy had not deceived us: the houſe was not abſolutely Engliſh; it was in Bremen, and the landlord was a good natured Hibernian; but there was civility, a parlour fire, tolerable wine, and

and an excellent ſupper. There are travellers who wander among eternal flowers; there are others that never ſtep but upon thorns: I have never yet arrived at paradiſe, or purgatory, However, I do not know better how to deſcribe the evening's enjoyment, after the day's fatigue, than by that common figure of ſpeech, a heaven upon earth!

The Felix Meritis at Amsterdam.

Published by R. Phillips 71 St Pauls Ch. Yd. Apr. 1. 1803.

CHAPTER V.

A WALK IN BREMEN—ASPECT OF THE CITY AND ITS INHABITANTS—THE PRUSSIANS AGAIN, AND THE FEELINGS OF THE PEOPLE—ROLAND, THE GIANT—THE EMBLEMATIC PILGRIM—A REMARKABLE VAULT UNDER THE CATHEDRAL, AND ITS MUMMIES—AN ENGLISH COUNTESS—THE NECESSITY OF INVESTIGATION—PAINTINGS, POPULAR TALES, AND INDECORUM.

WE were pleaſed, as we walked the next morning and examined the city. Speaking with ſome ſmall licence, or rather with ſome few exceptions, the ſtreets are cleaner, wider, and more airy, the houſes better built, and the whole better planned, than Hamburg; or, in my opinion, than Lubeck. I reſerve a more detailed account of theſe Hanſe towns to another occaſion; a few ſketches of Bremen excepted, which may rather aid than harm any future deſign.

The Pruſſians were here, likewiſe; and we had left the Danes at Hamburg. Both places were greatly annoyed: trade was impeded; and, from the pooreſt citizen to the proudeſt burgomaſter, every man felt himſelf humbled.

Bremen occupies nearly as much ground as Hamburg: but its population, wealth, and commerce, are far inferior. The check, which commercial intercourſe had received, together with the quiet ſtreets, black veils, and ſober countenances of the matrons, formed a contraſt; which, though not abſolutely gloomy, had a temporary kind of mournfulneſs.

The common people, indeed, were in the habit of being cheerful;

ful; they were well cloathed, well paid, and well fed: but they hung their heads, if any one ſpoke of the Pruſſians. Not that we heard of any exceſs committed by theſe troops: the ſenſe that, if they ſhould commit exceſs, there was no power that could effectually bid them cry hold was quite ſufficient. People ſpoke much in praiſe of the commander; and it is neglect in me to have forgotten his name.

Who was this fabulous giant, Roland? Here he is, again, in the market place. I have met with him, that is with his effigies, in many parts of Germany. Before, I generally found him cut in wood: and ſo he had here formerly been: but ſome miſchievous rogues, vile marauders, intending to deſtroy this ſuppoſed champion of the liberties of Bremen, had the cruelty to burn him; and the good citizens reproduced him in ſtone. At preſent, they admire his beauty: as you may read, in the lucubrations of the learned Profeſſor, *Chriſtian Nikolaus Roller.**

Perhaps you have never read or heard of this Profeſſor? Germany can afford an army of Profeſſors, of whom no man has ever heard or read, beyond the precincts of each diſtrict, where they individually reſide.

With reſpect to the beautiful proportions of this hewn ſtone figure, I can only ſay, that thoſe who regard it as ſo admirable have either not ſeen or not conſidered the Apollo Belvedere.

In every branch of the fine arts, there are happy yet obvious thoughts: which, when once conceived, every man who meets with them is ſurpriſed they were not his own. In the city of Bremen, there are many public pumps: fountains would have been a finer word; but I am not writing romance. Various of them have quaint ſculptured figures; with little meaning and leſs

* *Verſuch einer Geſchicht der Kaiſerlichen und Reichsfreyen-Stadt Bremen.* 1799.

taſte: one however was the very reverſe. The pump was plain, and unadorned; except that a pilgrim ſtood on its top, with his ſcrip and ſtaff.

Lions and mermaids, ſpouting water, are ridiculous: river gods with their urns, however claſſical, are little better. When the poet deſcribes them, indeed, the charms of his diction ſweetly ſteal away our underſtanding: but, when they become marble, they take a ſubſtance and a form, that invite or rather oblige us to inquire into their reality. The thirſty pilgrim, coming to the pure ſpring and aſſuaging the moſt importunate of all our appetites, is no caprice of the fancy. It teaches luxury to recollect the ineſtimable value of water; and the weary wanderer to feel how truly happy is he, by whom pure water may be had. The thought, though paſtoral and ſimple, is allied to the ſublime: and the painter, or the ſculptor, who ſhall feel it in all its beauty, will everlaſtingly renounce allegory.

Travellers have formed a kind of routine, and have eſtabliſhed ſomething like a trading ſociety: not for the curioſities they have to ſell; but for thoſe they have to deſcribe. From the time I became a member of this body, I have made it a duty to hunt through many a hole and corner, into which it is not probable I ſhould otherwiſe have ever ſet foot.

Of this number, in Bremen, is a vault, under the *dom kirche* (cathedral), called the *bley-keller* (lead vault), ſo named from lead, which covered the roof; and, being melted by lightning, fell into this place. Since that period, it has continued ſo remarkably free from moiſture, that certain dead bodies, which have been depoſited there, have become a kind of mummies.

One of them is the remains of an Engliſh Counteſs, of whoſe real name I could get no authentic information, and whoſe hair I was told was as perfect as on the day that ſhe died. This aſſertion

tion was made as well by the natives as by ſome Engliſhmen; who affirmed they had examined and could teſtify the fact. They could not intend to deceive me, for they knew I was going to the place; and yet their information was falſe. So apt are men to repeat what they hear, to credit the marvellous, and to ſuppoſe that a ſlight glance is an accurate inquiry. The hair had almoſt diſappeared; and the body, inſtead of being in the ſtate they deſcribed, was ſhrunk, and reſembled dirty parchment: but ſo tough as not eaſily, I ſuppoſe, to be torn aſunder; for the man, who ſhowed the vault, toſſed it over and back again without the leaſt apprehenſion that he ſhould injure his future revenue.

I was likewiſe told that various dead animals, and particularly birds, were perfectly preſerved: ſo that the feathers of the latter did not fall off. This was equally incorrect; the birds were in a very ragged and decayed ſtate.

The changes however that take place, in this vault, are remarkably ſlow; and different from thoſe that uſually happen to the dead.

I left the *bley-keller*; and we went into the church: where, according to my learned Profeſſor Roller's hiſtory of Bremen, which I had juſt bought, we were to ſee a maſterly picture of the day of judgment. The chief thing that I noticed was the known coſtume of the Lutheran devil; a blue jacket. I had ſeen too many inſtances of ſimilarity, between the ſuperſtitions of the Catholic and Lutheran religion, to be ſurpriſed at finding here a copy of the miraculous handkerchief.

The Engliſh boy, Mr. Lane's ſon, attended us. He was well acquainted with and ſincerely believed all the ſtrange ſtories, which are current among the populace of Bremen. He had ſhown us a haunted houſe; which a daring Engliſh Colonel had ventured to inhabit; but, ſaid the boy, he was ſoon glad to get away.

He pointed to a ſtone, in the church, on which a poor ſaint had been martyred; as we ourſelves might prove: for, if we rubbed a ſtick upon it, we ſhould certainly ſmell his burned remains.

Paſſing through the cloiſter, he pointed to a door, which no key will open; and which people dare not break down. The reaſon was a very forcible one. In this place troops of devils uſed formerly to play at dutch-pins; and made ſo hideous an uproar, that the prieſts were obliged to aſſemble in a body, to quell and barricado them up in a vault, the door of which, ſince this aweful ceremony, no man has ventured to force.

I have no where ſeen churches kept either with the ſame cleanlineſs or decorum as in England: in this, noiſy children were playing at hide and ſeek; and dirt and dilapidation were in every corner. Neither the architecture of this church, nor any work of art it contained, that I ſaw, were of ſufficient excellence to deſerve notice. Rude figures, quaint conceits, and ridiculous bigotry, are far from being ſcarce.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TOWN HALL, WITH SPECIMENS OF THE TASTE THAT STILL PREVAILS IN THESE COUNTRIES—THE PUBLIC WINE CELLAR, AND THE DECLINE OF DRUNKENNESS—THE EXCHANGE. REMARKABLE COFFEE-HOUSE—A SKETCH OF THE MUSEUM OF BREMEN—THIRST OF THE GERMANS AFTER KNOWLEDGE—REMARKS ON MANNERS; A GERMAN PETIT-MAITRE—REMAINS OF ANCIENT USAGES.

THE *rath-haus*, or town-hall, has been the admiration of the inhabitants; and, with the greateſt number of them, ſo it remains: except that men forget to admire what they daily ſee. It is of the mixed architecture, loaded with ornaments, flattering to the vulgar eye, and muſt have coſt enormous ſums, and great labour. The ſhops, in the lower part, made us remember Exeter Change; and the effect was animated, and pleaſant.

Over this is a large chamber, open to every body, where we found ſeveral vile paintings: the judgment of Solomon, with the portraits of Noah, David, and Jehoſaphat, Cato, Cæſar, and Cicero: each labelled, and with long citations. The painter was a prudent man; and had the rare quality of being conſcious of his own ignorance in his art.

As companions to theſe pagans, patriarchs, and prophets, were the portraits of a whale and a ſword-fiſh: the memories of which the wiſe burghers of Bremen have been deſirous to immortalize; becauſe they were caught in, or at the mouth of, their river. Every thing that happens to ourſelves is extraordinary.

Round the benches, on which the burghers occaſionally ſit when aſſembled,

aſſembled, are the effigies of another heterogeneous mixture, of ancient philoſophers, ſaints, poets, fathers of the church, evangeliſts, and angels; dreſſed like monks and cardinals, as corpulent as cooks; all preaching morality, in rhimes of *platt Deutch* and gothic characters. Among the groteſque ornaments, of this chamber, were two pictures in a better ſtyle. Though far from excellent, they were much degraded, by the company they were in.

To what trains of thought, on times, manners, and the ſtrange viciſſitudes of the human mind, does the contemplation of ſuch objects lead!

Under this *rath-haus* is the public wine cellar: a luxury which, I believe, no city of Germany is without: and of which each is ambitious of poſſeſſing the beſt. I imagine the vice of drunkenneſs is every where on the decline. I have never found it a cuſtom, abroad, for men to ſit and excite each other, by every motive of vanity, ridicule, and even force, to murder at once both mind and body, by this deteſtable practice. In Germany, as in France, the general exceſs is that of eating. In all theſe public cellars, they have wine of ſo great an age that it is ſaid, and I ſuppoſe truly, half-a-guinea for a glaſs of it would not pay intereſt of money. That of Lubeck is reported to be the beſt.

By the ſide of the *rath-haus* is the *börse*, or exchange; a more modern and neat building.

Oppoſite to this is a coffee-houſe; remarkable for the numerous figures, of no contemptible ſtyle and taſte, in baſſo-relievo, on it's walls. This is a ſpecies of luxury that has long been practiſed by the Germans; as I have witneſſed in ſeveral of their towns; particularly at Brunſwick, where I met with two houſes faced with very ancient groteſque carvings, ſo curious as highly to deſerve notice.

The next day, we eaſily obtained admiſſion to the Muſeum: an inſtitution

inſtitution not unworthy the notice, in ſome reſpects, of the moſt learned naturaliſt. I ſpeak from report, and a ſlight ſurvey: for I have no pretenſions to this kind of knowledge: but I was told that few cabinets contain a more perfect collection of ſerpents, ſnakes, and the reptiles of thoſe races; and what I ſaw appeared to juſtify the aſſertion.

It is a recent eſtabliſhment, formed by private individuals, each of whom is deſirous of contributing the rarity that he is fortunate enough to procure; and, as donations are ſeldom refuſed, or too ſtrictly examined, trifling things are neceſſarily admitted; and a more ſcientific arrangement can only be the work of time.

The Germans deſerve high praiſe, as well for their public as their private efforts to obtain and promote knowledge. In rude houſes, where no man would have expected the leaſt relick of ſcience, and which not only taſte but common convenience ſeemed to have forſworn, I have met with men, as I travelled, who abounded in knowledge; and who ſpoke even of the fine arts ſo as to prove, though they had not ſeen, they had read.

To this love of literature the Muſeum at Bremen is indebted, for its origin. When Lavater's expenſive work on phyſiognomy appeared, three of the inhabitants, exceedingly deſirous to read it, propoſed to each other to purchaſe it in common, and peruſe it in turn. This ſuggeſted the convenience of buying other books; and at laſt of clubbing their ſmall libraries, hiring a common room, and having each a key. Pipes and tobacco could not be forgotten: ice to a Neapolitan is not a more preſſing want. Here they came, read, ſmoked, and meditated; whenever they had leiſure. From this ſmall beginning, the ſociety grew; and the ſpirit with which it has been maintained, the generoſity of its members, the ardour of their zeal, and their thirſt of inquiry, have been

been rewarded by the pleaſures which knowledge affords, and the applauſe of the ſurrounding cities.

One of its oldeſt members, Mr. Tityens, very politely introduced us; and the librarian with no leſs civility exhibited, and explained, the curioſities depoſited in this Muſeum: conſiſting, beſide what has been mentioned, of various claſſes of natural hiſtory, a library, and ſeveral uſeful mechanical models. It is happy for man, when the purſuit of knowledge becomes his recreation.

The manners of the people ſeemed to be orderly, ſober, and unaffected: not refined; for refinement is here an exotic, which requires the utmoſt care of cultivation; but honeſt, and ſincere. A German male ſervant enters a lady's bed-room, without the leaſt ceremony; and, if a ſtranger, not accuſtomed to ſuch booriſh freedom, take offence, the ſervant cannot underſtand the reaſon of this ſuppoſed ridiculous delicacy.

A German *petit-maitre* is one of the moſt ludicrous of the tribe. Of this we met with a ſpecimen at Bremen. The ſon of a rich merchant, who had travelled, occaſionally dined at the table of our hoſt; to whom the money of himſelf, and his friends, could not but be welcome. He had all the ſelf-ſufficient conceit of the French coxcomb, as painted by *Boiſſy*, in *Le Français à Londres*: but with ſo utter an inſenſibility that, inſtead of being laughable, it was diſguſting. He handled—the ſimile, though not refined, is ſo literally true that I cannot ſpare it—he handled the ſervant maids, who came within his reach, as a butcher in Smithfield market does cattle. It was the cuſtom of the country, and gave them no offence. To the miſtreſſes, if they were young, or handſome, he offered ſnuff in his gold-box, diſplayed his watch and his diamond ring, like a true trader carefully recounting how much they coſt, and would honour them, if they pleaſed, by giving them

them a ride in his *ſtuhl-wagen.* The petit-maitre is a character not fit for a German: to complete him, his father ſhould be a petit-maitre, and his mother a coquet; and, to the honor of German good ſenſe be it ſaid, a family or race of petit-maitres is here a rarity.

The travelled man, who gave himſelf theſe airs, and who affected a most profound knowledge of the code of politeneſs, dipped his potatoes in the diſh, at dinner, and ſkimmed the top of the rice pudding with his knife: which mode of feeding was common to himſelf, and his companions.

It was truly comic to hear a young Engliſhman, who was at table, comment upon German rudeneſs. He was himſelf as ill-bred, and nearly as ignorant, a John Bull as ever left his country, to laugh at other countries; all of which he nevertheleſs treated with the moſt ſovereign contempt.

As an inſtance of the antique ſimplicity, which ſtill endeavours to retain its exiſtence in Bremen, the people on a Sunday breakfaſt at ſix in the morning, and dine at ten. On other days, eleven is the workman's dinner hour.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ROAD—PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS—WHAT IS GOOD BREEDING? A DANGEROUS CAUSEY—COSTUME AND MODE OF TRAVELLING, AMONG PEOPLE OF RANK—THE INN AT OLDENBURG—PRUDENCE AND POSTILLIONS—NEW ACQUAINTANCE, WITH PLEASANT ASSOCIATIONS—WANDERING GENIUS, HALF FRANTIC AND FORLORN.

AFTER four days reſidence, we left Bremen: by no means ill pleaſed with the delay we had made. The paſſengers were ſo numerous, and the luggage ſo great, that five *ſtuhl-wagens* were neceſſary.

I was not without my anxieties: we had ſtill two days and a night to travel, before we reached Holland, in an unwieldy open carriage, through the ruts and over the moors of Oldenburg; and I ſtrongly doubted whether it were not raſhneſs ſo to expoſe Louisa; but her heart was with her father and friends, at Paris; and her joy at the expectation of reviſiting her native place made her eager, and determined.

Paſſing through Delmenhorst, the Pruſſian ſoldiers, who were quartered in great numbers at that ſmall town, made it their diverſion to mock at the travellers. They did it in the preſence of their officers; and this was the only thing that ſurpriſed me. I know not whether it was any indication of relaxed military diſcipline; or whether the great Frederic, great for dealing in human ſlaughter, would have thought inſolence to peaceable men any vice in a ſoldier.

It muſt likewiſe be owned that good breeding is to each man what

what he ſhall underſtand it to be; and travellers, every where as well as in Germany, are ſubject to many rude aſſaults, beſide thoſe of wind and weather. As a petty inſtance, the man by my ſide was continually fumigating me: but, as it gave him ſo much pleaſure, could I repine at the inconvenience? Beſide, though he had the ill manners to ſmoke in my face, he had ſtill leſs reſpect for himſelf; for he ſpit upon his own coat. Such trifles are noticed only becauſe they paint manners.

There was a road, acroſs the moor, raiſed above the level, and banked and ditched on each ſide; but ſo narrow, in parts, that it appeared to me two carriages, if they met, could not paſs; and, if they ſhould meet in the night, it is certain it could not be without great danger. The whole country, here about, was a barren wretched moraſs.

On this moor was a poſt-houſe, at which we changed horſes; and here were other travellers, going in the contrary direction. The weather was rainy, and they were perſons of rank: yet they, like us, were expoſed in open carriages. Their appearance to an untravelled Engliſhman would have been very ſtrange. An old lady, among them, was rouged higher than a French *dame de la vieille cour:* ſhe wore boots, had a looſe dragging ſilk gown, with a laced cap put on as a drunken man does his wig; and was led about the extremely dirty yard by a German youth, as whimſically fine as herſelf; who delicately held the tip of her fingers, their hands raiſed as high as their heads. They came to us, pretending to inquire if we had met Colonel ——: but in reality to examine our mien and figures; which were as foreign to them as theirs were to us.

It was dark before we reached Oldenburg, where the carriages were to be changed; and we had more than three hours to wait. By good fortune, we here found the beſt inn that I have met with,

in the North of Germany; thoſe kept by foreigners excepted. In addition to unaffected good humour, which is almoſt common to them all, the houſe was clean, the people attentive, and there was an evident economy intended to render the gueſt comfortable. Had we ſuſpected the length of our delay, two hours and a half might have been moſt profitably employed in reſting on a bed: but this was a ſecret which the *ſchwager* either did not know, or would not communicate. We were told, we ſhould not ſtay more than an hour.

" And what does *ſchwager* mean?"

' The meaning of the word ſchwager is brother-in-law: or kinſman.'

" And who was the kinſman of whom you were ſpeaking?"

' The poſtillion. It is the cuſtom of the country to give him this friendly title. Should you ever travel in Germany, and are able to ſpeak the language of the country, it will be prudent in you to bring yourſelf as nearly as you can to the level of a poſtillion; and to talk with him at leaſt as if he were your acquaintance, if not your friend. Do this, and occaſionally give him a glaſs of *ſnaps*, which will only coſt you now and then a *kreutzer*, and, though you will never induce him to drive four miles an hour, even when you take *extra-poſt*, unleſs you bribe very high, he will think you a man who underſtands good manners, and will proceed ſomething faſter.'

How dear to the memory are thoſe objects, and things, to which we have been long accuſtomed; and that country, which we call our own! For this reaſon, we were particularly pleaſed to aſſociate, at every inn where we took refreſhment, with two young ladies; who dreſſed in the Engliſh ſtyle, and ſpoke our native language. They were returning home, to Holland, accompanied by their brother, who had been in the ſervice of the Stadtholder, and had

ſitten

ſitten expoſed to the rain, which had been heavy, a great part of the afternoon. We had been protected by an umbrella. Their family being of Scotch origin, they had formerly been in England; and intended to repeat their viſit, when peace would permit. The hand of one of them was pledged to an Engliſh officer: they were both handſome, and their manners had a character ſo different from what we had lately ſeen, and ſo ſimilar to what we dearly loved, that to converſe and be friendly with them was a real enjoyment. They were not in the ſame *ſtuhl-wagen* with us; and the firſt inn at which we ſpoke to them was one of thoſe inhabited barns which have no fire places; and where the pigs, in ſearch of apples, came to pick our pockets. We laughed, and made our comments; for ſuch inns are as little known in Holland as in England.

We had another rencontre, but of a whimſical nature. While we reſided at Altona, we had heard a violin player, at a private concert, whoſe powers were very extraordinary. He not only executed the moſt difficult muſic with uncommon taſte, and feeling, but never failed in producing the harmonic tones, with great power and ſweetneſs; and, in addition, played more tricks on the inſtrument than I had ſuppoſed poſſible. The poor man's misfortune was that of being half mad; he could think and talk of nothing but playing the fiddle, and himſelf. He drank brandy; and his mind was in a continual ſtate of fermentation. He deeply felt the injuſtice that had been done his talents, not knowing that his folly was the occaſion of it; but every moment forgot this injuſtice at the recollection of the miracles he ſhould perform, and the aſtoniſhment he ſhould excite, the next time of being heard.

A party had been formed againſt him, at Altona, by a rival performer, a Jew, and his partizans. There was no parity of merit between them: in the one, it was the effuſion of feeling and genius;

nius; and in the other the accurate velocity of a well regulated machine. Unfortunately, the daſh of madneſs was so ridiculous, in its effects, that poor genius had no chance.

This man's name was *Scheller:* he was or had been firſt muſician to the duke of Wurtemberg; and was travelling with his wife, who ſung, ill enough; he expecting to enrapture all hearers, and to make his fortune. To this end, he had taken a benefit at the playhouſe at Altona; and we and a few friends bought tickets. To his great diſappointment, our ſmall party formed a third of his audience.

Poor *Scheller* and his wife were now our fellow-travellers, though not in the ſame *ſtuhl-wagen*; and, ſeeing us when we alighted, he ran up to me, with his crazy gratitude and German fondneſs, and kiſſed me on both ſides of the face, before I could recover my ſurpriſe. I was his *lieber beſter freund! ein guter herrlicher menſch! ein wahrer kenner.** An Engliſhman hates to be kiſſed, by a man: yet, he muſt have had no touch of human affections, who could ſuddenly and rudely have repulſed poor wayward genius, thus becrazed, weather-beaten, and vagabond.

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* His deareſt beſt friend! A good a worthy man! A true connoiſſeur.

CHAPTER VIII.

BASE COINS—REFLEXIONS ON PRUDENCE AND PUBLIC ECONOMY—THE APPROACH TO LEER: AN AGREEABLE CHANGE OF MANNERS AND APPEARANCES—A DANGEROUS ACCIDENT, AND FORTUNATE ESCAPE—A SIMPLE MACHINE SOON REPAIRED—ARRIVAL AT NEUE SCHANZ—DIFFERENT NATIONS HAVE DIFFERENT IDEAS OF DECENCY.

REMARKS, that at firſt appear inſignificant, are not only uſeful to the traveller but to the man who, collecting facts in his cloſet, meditates on what the world is; and what it might become. To ſuch a man, the nakedneſs of a land is not his delight; nor are the miſtakes of its rulers and princes his pleaſure. Thus, it is a trifle to a rich man, when he changes his gold, to find that the ſilver coin of Hamburg is not the currency of Bremen; and that he muſt ſuffer ſome loſs: but, ſhould he ignorantly provide himſelf with the baſe coinage of Oldenburg, the loſs is greatly and ſhamefully increaſed.

Through all the petty ſtates of Germany, this inconvenience is repeated; till it becomes almoſt tormenting even to the affluent. Their vexation is of little moment: but ſo is not the diſtreſs of the poor man; and therefore his rage becomes ungovernable, when he finds himſelf repeatedly robbed; and the penny, that was to have bought him bread, refuſed. He breaks out into curſes againſt the people, who will not give him food for his money: while they, conſcious of doing no wrong, reſent the injury; and, as I have often witneſſed, violent quarrels are the reſult.

It is a ſtrange blindneſs! Princes ſhould reſpect themſelves; ſhould reſpect the examples they ſet; in fine, ſhould reſpect common honeſty. What muſt be the feelings of their hearts, when they

they ſend wretches to be hung, whoſe wants, or even whoſe vices, have made them guilty of petty theft, while they rob thus by wholeſale?

Let me not be miſtaken. I do not wiſh to excite the indignation of the multitude; or inflame the people againſt the prince: but I wiſh to awaken in princes an attention to their own ſafety; and, what is infinitely more dignified, a ſincere love of juſtice, and of the public good. In reality, the greateſt wrong is done them by themſelves: for, while baſe coins, bad roads, dangerous bridges, and a general want of public economy ſhall exiſt in their ſtates, thoſe ſtates can never be flouriſhing. Princes have underſtanding, feeling, and the heads and hearts of men: let them rouze theſe faculties. Let them remember the danger of the times; and, by the exertions of wiſdom and virtue, guard againſt the reflux of thoſe perils which, ſurely, are too recent to be forgotten, and too momentous to be deſpiſed.

Oh, what a cheering aſpect have order and induſtry! As we approached the confines of the Dutch, the face of things began to change; and our hearts dilated with pleaſure. Neat though ſmall brick built houſes were here and there ſeen; with painted ſaſhes, doors, and window-ſhutters, green railing in front, and a garden behind. How conſoling the thoughts, how endearing the recollections, that ſtole over us! We are many miles from Holland: yet the good example of its inhabitants is extending. We are ſtill on the edge of vaſt moors; and thoſe moors are beginning to ſmile. We meet with objects that even remind us of England: that diſtinguiſhed country; which, with all its faults, affords the moſt uſeful, nay the grandeſt leſſons of civilization, to the ſurrounding ſtates.

Though an Engliſhman, I hope I am not blind to foreign virtue: if ſo, I cannot be blind to the virtue I left at home. Every nation, and every man, is prejudiced: it is therefore the common

common duty of nations and of men to pardon, though not to affect ignorance of, the miſtakes of habit and education. Few will deny that convenience is a good; and, whether it be habit or the inevitable nature of the thing, there are few who would not find themſelves more conveniently placed, where they could obtain cleanlineſs, variety, and plenty, than where men, cows, and pigs, are under the ſame roof; and where the wants of theſe pigs are more attended to than thoſe of the gueſt.

Leer correſponded with the changes we had ſeen. It is a town differently built from thoſe we had paſſed; and its inhabitants had no leſs ſtrong ſhades of difference in their manners. I have met with few or no inſtances of German inn-keepers ſending their waiters to attend the arrival of paſſengers, and invite them to their houſes. At Leer, a good looking man, who ſpoke Engliſh, performed this office; not for his maſter, but for his friend. This appears to be a common practice, in Holland.

It was evening when we left Leer. The paſſengers went different roads: however, two *ſtuhl-wagens* were neceſſary, for the conveyance of thoſe going to *Neue Schanz*. We had to croſs the *Ems*; and darkneſs ſoon came on. The firſt *ſtuhl-wagen* was provided with two lanterns: the ſecond, in which we were, had none; becauſe the driver might follow the track of his leader. The country ſtill continued a dead flat; and the ſandy road was often a cauſe-way, with water at the ſide. The danger was evident, in ſuch places; ſhould the poſtillions be careleſs, or miſtaken.

We had travelled two days and a night without reſt: the rain had been heavy, the wind cold, and even I, who, from often ſuffering was become patient under hardſhip, had feelings that were very comfortleſs. What then muſt be thoſe of my tender unpractiſed companions?

Well! Here we are, ſo bewearied that ſleep overcomes us. Yet ſleep we muſt not: for the ſeats are narrow, the ſides of the *ſtuhl-wagen* without guard, or barrier, and, ſhould we venture but to doze, the firſt rutt may throw us headlong into a river. My poor little boy ſleeps in my arms; and ſleeps ſoundly: for he is guarded by my mantle. May he, and the infant yet unſeen, and the quick feeling Louiſa, almoſt ſinking under her burthen, and the much fatigued uncomplaining Fanny, oh, may they all be preſerved from the perils of the night!

Such were the anxious ejaculations of my heart, while darkneſs partly hid, and by hiding perhaps magnified to the imagination, the dangers around us. On one ſide, the water glimmered; and on the other I knew not whether the blackneſs was a depth or a ſhallow. It pained me to obſerve our poſtillion drive irregularly; ſo as ſometimes to be conſiderably behind; and then to hurry forward, to recover his ſtation. I accuſed him of ſleeping: he gave a ſurly anſwer, and denied the charge. My apprehenſions were but too well founded: for I ſuddenly felt the wheels, on my ſide, had loſt all bottom; and in an inſtant we came with violence to the ground.

The momentary horror I felt for my wife was inconceivable. I ſuppoſed ſhe and the infant ſhe bore muſt be killed. I heard her ſhriek; and, inſtead of complaining, call on me. It was the inquiry only of a moment that informed me both ſhe and my daughter had eſcaped unharmed! My boy had fallen in my arms, on his cuſhion; and only cried at the ſhock of being ſo ſuddenly awakened. They were all ſafe; and what was the joy of my heart!

I was the only perſon hurt. I was ſo wrapped up in my mantle that I was pitched, on my ſhoulder, rather like a ſack of flour than a being with elaſticity and motion: but it was this mantle

that,

that, by keeping the cuſhion in its place, had ſaved my child. Happily I hope, for him, his ſafety did not make him an orphan. My ſhoulder was much bruiſed: I felt the pain for ſeveral months; but I received no ſerious injury. The wheel fell on my legs; and, when I knew that my family was ſafe, I called loudly to have it removed: leſt, ſhould it be dragged, a bone might be broken. Being guarded by my boots and mantle, the contuſion was ſlight.

Neither Louiſa nor Fanny knew how they came to the ground, and I conjecture, from the ſuddenneſs of the fall and their entire ſafety, that they were thrown on their feet. Here however we were; at a diſtance from all aid, midnight approaching, our trunks and effects ſcattered we knew not where, and the carriage entirely broken to pieces. I do not mean that the wheels were off; but that the ſeats and ſides were gone, and nothing but the bottom remained.

I concluded our misfortune, in this point of view, was a very ſerious one. I was miſtaken. All hands went to work; and in leſs than half an hour our *wagen* was not only rebuilt but reloaded. Nothing was loſt: even my ſpectacles, which had flown from my face, were recovered; though broken. The ſides of the *ſtuhl-wagen* conſiſted only of adjuſted boards; and the ſeats were placed or taken away at pleaſure. Such rude carriages ſerve different purpoſes.

We again ſet forward; and, during the few miles we had to go, no people I believe could well ſuffer more. Louiſa and Fanny were continually in terror; and I found myſelf ſo exceſſively ſleepy that it was almoſt impoſſible to keep awake. The ſtruggle, which a conſciouſneſs of danger obliged me to maintain, was moſt painfully violent. Now and then a houſe appeared; and we continually imagined it was our inn at *Neue Schanz*. Under ſuch circumſtances, nothing is more diſpiriting than theſe falſe hopes.

At length, we arrived, found a comfortable inn, and we could truly ſay, with Dryden,

"Sweet is pleaſure, after pain."

There is one inconvenience, abroad, for Engliſh travellers, of which foreigners do not ſeem to be ſenſible. It is ſeldom you can obtain ſeparate bed-chambers; my daughter was generally obliged to ſleep in our apartment; and, on this occaſion, the hoſteſs inſiſted one of our fellow-travellers ſhould ſleep there likewiſe. It was with the utmoſt difficulty that we could induce her to change her pertinacious reſolution; and, had we ſimply ſtated motives of decency for inſiſting not to admit the gentleman, they would have appeared ſo ridiculous, that we muſt either have yielded or not have gone to bed.

CHAPTER IX.

CHANGES MORAL AND PHYSICAL—CAUSES ARE ALWAYS COMPLEX—CHARACTER OF THE HOLLANDER—THAT WHICH IS THOUGHT SYSTEM IS OFTEN HYPOTHESIS—AGREEABLE SIGNS OF PROSPERITY IN THE PROVINCE OF GRONINGEN.

IT is good to ſyſtematize; that is, to arrange; for arrangement conduces to ſimplicity: but he, who, in his ſearch after ſimplicity, ſhall fix on any one ſingle cauſe as productive of all effects, will be led into multiplied difficulties; and, which is much worſe, into endleſs miſtakes. The mountain tempers the man; and the man tempers the mountain: but neither of them act ſingly. They act in combination with an indefinite number of cauſes: of which, perhaps, only a very ſmall part or number is known.

The Dutchman, living in continual danger of inundation, and of loſing not only the fruits of his induſtry but his life, becomes habitually provident. His foreſight is admirable, his perſeverance not to be conquered, and his labours, unleſs ſeen, not to be believed.

They aſtoniſh the more, when the phlegm of his temper and the ſlowneſs of his habits are conſidered. View the minuteneſs of his economy, the ſolicitude of his precaution, and the inflexibility of his methodical prudence! Who would not pronounce him incapable of great enterprize? He builds himſelf a dwelling: it is a hut in ſize; it is a palace in neatneſs. It is neceſſarily ſituated among damps, upon a flat, and perhaps behind the bank of a ſluggiſh canal: yet he writes upon it *My Goenege*, "My Delight;"

light;"—*Landluſt*, "Country-pleaſures;"—*Landſigt*, "Country-proſpect;"—or ſome inſcription that might characterize the vale of Tempe, or the garden of Eden. He cuts his trees into fantaſtical forms, hangs his awning round with ſmall bells, and decorates his Sunday jacket with dozens of little buttons. Too provident to waſte his ſweets, he cunningly puts a bit of ſugar-candy in his mouth, and drinks his tea as it melts: one morſel ſerves, let him drink as long as he pleaſes. Around him is every token of care, caution, and cleanlineſs: but none, in his domeſtic habits, of magnificence; or grandeur of deſign.

Having well conſidered him in theſe his private propenſities, the eye turns with amazement on his public works. The country, which nature appears to have doomed to ſtagnant waters and everlaſting agues, his daring and laborious arm has undertaken to drain, has overſpread with verdure, and has covered with habitations. The very element, which ſeemed to bid him utter defiance, he has ſubdued and rendered his moſt uſeful ſlave; on which, with economical facility, he tranſports the manifold products of his induſtry, and the rich ſpeculations of his calculating ſpirit. Like him, other nations have braved the ſeas: but he alone has every where barricadoed them; and preſcribed their limits. Fable relates the fictitious labours of a Hercules: the vaſt and endleſs embankments that guard the coaſts of Holland are not fabulous; they are viſible. No profuſion of words, no ſkill of language, can do juſtice to the wonders the Dutchman has performed.

Shall we affirm that this is his character ſolely becauſe he lives in a moiſt and foggy country? So do the inhabitants of Lower Saxony. Beſide, were that true, theſe effects muſt have been produced ages ago. They are of modern date. Time creates the moſt oppoſite varieties of national character in the ſame country. Compare the modern Italian, and the ancient Roman. Did the

ſame

ſame country give them qualities thus oppoſite? If climate were the only or even the chief cauſe, would it not be uniform in its effects? Among every people, there are characters ſo varied, and of ſuch contraſt, that they may belong to any nation. No Italian is more impaſſioned, no Frenchman more capricious, no Spaniard more lofty, no Engliſhman more daring, than ſome among the Hollanders.

If in all countries effects are ſo multifarious, muſt not cauſes be the ſame? In families, we find not only bodily forms but moral habits propagated: habits that are in ſtrong contradiction to thoſe which, from being more common, are called national. We have ſenſes; therefore climate muſt produce its effects: we have thoughts; therefore thinking muſt produce its effects. Judging from facts, phyſical cauſes appear moſt to prevail, with thoſe who think the leaſt; and moral cauſes with thoſe who think the moſt: but neither of them are unmixed, in their operations.

Unleſs this can be denied, the two oppoſite ſyſtems, that which attributes every thing in the character of man to phyſical cauſes, and that which affirms all is due to moral cauſes, are equally erroneous. To collect facts, and to arrange them in their proper order, ſeems to be all of which philoſophy is at preſent capable. Will it ever be capable of more?

It is the buſineſs of the traveller to aid in this office. And how exquiſite is his pleaſure, coming from countries in which he has lamented the ſlow growth of civilization, to find himſelf ſo ſuddenly in a land where he cannot caſt a look, without diſcovering marks of that intellectual induſtry which has ſo totally changed the face of nature.

We had now entered the province of Groningen; and, inſtead of ſolitary roads, where houſe or human being was but accidentally ſeen, where the ruſtic prided himſelf in the rudeneſs that ſurrounded

ſurrounded him, and looked partly with ſurpriſe partly with contempt on the ſtranger becauſe he was not equally rude, we were now in the buſy hive of order, cleanlineſs, and activity. Inſtead of the rough and bleak *ſtuhl-wagen*, we were ſeated in the cabin of a *trek-ſchuit*; where, ſheltered from the weather, and almoſt inſenſible of the motion, we were drawn along the ſmooth canal; and ſaw on each ſide of us rich meadows, well fed cattle, and villages built on the banks, in quick ſucceſſion. It was Sunday; and this added to the effect: for the people were going to and returning from church; clean, and dreſſed for the occaſion. Change of cloathing and reſt from labour are generally aſſociated, in the minds of the laborious, with eaſe and cheerfulneſs of heart. Sunday is their periodical ſally from purgatory. In orderly and induſtrious nations, the ſtated return of reſt ſhould ſurely be regarded as highly ſalutary: but, where loitering indolence is the prevailing habit, every feſtival appears to increaſe the evil.

CHAPTER X.

BUILDINGS, STREETS, PEOPLE, SIGNS, HATS, AND OTHER APPEARANCES IN GRONINGEN—SPECIMEN OF MANNERS—THE TREE OF LIBERTY—RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN DANGER, DURING THE REVOLUTION—THE ROUTE THROUGH FRIESLAND—POPULOUS VILLAGES: MOORLANDS, AND SIGNS OF POVERTY—VAST TRACT OF LOW AND MARSHY LANDS—TRAVELLING PEASANTS OF WESTPHALIA.

WE left *Neue Schanz* at ſeven in the morning; and reached Groningen, the capital of the province, at five in the evening. As we intended to continue our journey the next morning, we were happy that the evenings were long; and that we had ſo much time to examine the town. Every thing in it was a freſh token of the qualities already noticed. Houſes not large, but convenient; ſtreets clean, and well aired; the population good; and the people warmly cloathed, with a neat and healthful aſpect. Many tokens of opulence; few of good taſte. Their very ſigns were characteriſtic: the golden ſcales: the golden beaker: nay the golden heart. Young women, who ſeemed to be ſervant maids, had not only earings but plates of gold ornamenting their boſoms.

The hats of the women made the ſtrangeſt appearance. It is no exaggeration to ſay they were as large as tea-boards; projecting forward and on each ſide, ſo as to over-ſhadow not only the face but the body. They were chiefly of ſtraw; and had two broad ribbands: not tied; but pendent from the ſides. This vo-

luminous hat formed a remarkable contraſt with their ſhort compact dreſs: of which the Dutch milk-maids, ſold in our toy-ſhops, is a faithful picture.

We had proofs of the uncorrected rudeneſs, common to country towns; one group of theſe girls laughed aloud at us, when we paſſed them; and even the gentry roſe, looked, and pointed at us, through their ſaſh-windows, with that kind of laughter which characterizes ignorant ſurpriſe.

Theſe are trifles; and in fact we laughed in turn. I ſuppoſe it was virtue in us, that we concealed our laughter from the objects of it: though I leave it to better caſuiſts to decide how far this kind of laughter, or, if they are in the humor to diſpute, any kind of laughter, is a mark of ſound ſenſe. I own, I wiſh I could laugh oftener: yet I am very wrong, if I wiſh for folly; and I do not very well know how pure wiſdom ſhould excite laughter. Bleſs us! We have many doubts to ſolve; and, as I fear, much rubbiſh to remove.

Are we in the land of metaphyſics; or of moral philoſophy; or where? We ought to be at Groningen; ſober Groningen: where the people appear to have a deal of common ſenſe. Be it remarked, however, that here, in ſober Groningen, we met with the firſt tree of liberty.

What warring ſenſations did the ſight of it inſpire! What is a revolution? And what has this revolution effected? The maſs of evil, and the maſs of good, put in oppoſite ſcales: which ſhall preponderate? I ſolemnly declare, in the face of mankind, my heart aches, oppreſſed with a ſenſe of paſt miſeries, though I ardently hope, nay am ſeriouſly convinced, the good prevails. It is not alone the multitudes that have been ſacrificed, it is not alone the want and wretchedneſs that are and for a ſeaſon muſt be endured,

dured, which I deplore: though theſe are indeed deplorable. Time might make large and ſudden efforts to correct them. But the worſt affliction is that they are likely to be prolonged, by the feuds that have been engendered, the fiery paſſions which time itſelf will find difficult to extinguiſh, and the ſtruggle of factions and the ſtrife of opinion, which the dread of ſtill greater miſchief has created. May every good and wiſe man concur to allay theſe fears; and to calm and to aid the galled victims, whoſe wounds have been too deep for any thing leſs than death to entirely heal.

That freedom from religious perſecution, which ſo honorably diſtinguiſhed theſe provinces, appears to have been endangered, by their invaders. The following ſentence, with a French tranſlation, was painted on a board, and affixed to every church door. *Hier bidt men God aan. Burger, wie gy zyt, eerbiedig deeſen dienſt.* "Here men worſhip God. Citizen, whoever thou art, reſpect this worſhip." The men who unſheathed the ſword, in defence of freedom, ſtabbed freedom to the heart, by the uſe of force. Her gentle bleſſings cannot be propagated by the ſword. Alas! I forget too that this propoſition is the ſubject of hot diſpute. I really wiſh to conciliate: but the times are ſo full of contention, and of doubt, that a man can ſcarcely venture to ſpeak without a great probability to offend.

Of the buildings we remarked, that the windows were too large, and diſproportionate to the width of the walls; that the bricks, of which the houſes were chiefly built, were neatly laid; that green was the moſt common colour, for houſe painting; that, to one of the churches, there is a very handſome gothic tower; and that the town-houſe, which was then erecting, promiſed to be the beſt edifice in Groningen.

A gentleman, who had taken the ſtage with us from Bremen,

and another, who had joined us at Leer and been overturned with us on our way to *Neue Schanz*, were ſtill our fellow-travellers. We might have gone from Groningen to the Lemma, by the *trek-ſchuit*; but it would have been tedious: we therefore determined to travel poſt; and, in company with theſe gentlemen, ſet off the next morning in a coach and four. After the journies I had made in Germany, to find myſelf in ſuch a carriage was a novelty that excited a very agreeable kind of ſurpriſe. It was not an Engliſh mail-coach: but it was ſtill far more unlike a German *fahrende poſt*. He, who brings an Engliſh built carriage to Germany, is in danger of having it very ſoon broken, and left on the road. The German poſtillions are not accuſtomed to quarter; and, not to mention that our carriages are much too lightly built for roads ſo deteſtable, the wheels are often not placed at a proper width to fit the rutts in which they drive.

We continued to paſs many villages; and particularly noticed one, called *Hoogſand*, as being more large and populous than many towns. I forgot to ſay that, from Hamburg to Groningen, we remarked or ſuppoſed we remarked a gradual improvement, in the phyſiognomy of the people.

Between Groningen and the *Lemma* we were ſorry to find ſo much moor-land, ſo many thatched cottages, and other tokens of leſs affluence. A man may travel through Flanders, Holland, Weſtphalia, and all Lower Saxony, to the *Hartz* mountains, without meeting, I will not ſay with a hill, but, with ſcarcely any thing he can perceive to be riſing ground: ſo extenſive is this tract of low lands, forming a vaſt flat. Yet there are eſſential differences: for, though many of them are marſhy, much corn is grown in theſe countries. Frieſland appeared cold and waſhy, after having paſſed the province of Groningen.

We

We every where found the manners of the people were blunt; and their anſwers ſhort: yet there was civility, and good ſenſe, in their actions. The peaſants of Weſtphalia travel into the United Provinces, like the peaſants of Ireland to England, in the ſpring; to aſſiſt during the harveſt months. To a certain trifling degree, Weſtphalia and Ireland are each of them enriched, by theſe excurſions: but how poor muſt the country be, that can be thus enriched!

CHAPTER XI.

THE LEMMA—A GENTLEMAN THAT WOULD NOT BE INCOMMODED BY LADIES—PASSENGERS, MANNERS, CONVENIENCES, AND INCONVENIENCES OF A LEMMA PACKET-BOAT—THE SCOTCH DIALECT SWEET AND PURE TO THE EARS OF SCOTCHMEN—SHALLOWNESS OF THE ZUIDER SEA, AND DECEIVING APPEARANCES—AMSTERDAM A CITY BUILT UPON MUD.

THE paſſage from the Lemma to Amſterdam is not in a *trek-ſchuit*; it is a ſhort ſea voyage. Our carriage had not been the only one going the ſame road: there was another, filled with ſea-faring men, of rough manners, but rude only from ſuffering hardſhip, not from pride and ſelf-ſufficiency; and a third, a light two wheeled chaiſe, in which was a young man, whom I ſuppoſed to be a Dutch merchant; or, which is perhaps more probable, from his behaviour, a clerk, travelling for ſome great mercantile houſe. As the paſſage boat from the Lemma was to go at a certain hour, he did not hurry; but kept pace with us all day, till toward the evening, when we ſaw his chaiſe no more.

It is the cuſtom in theſe countries, as well in paſſage boats as in the *trek-ſchuit*, for the perſon who comes firſt, if he think proper to pay for it, to hire the roof; that is, the cabin: which is generally done; becauſe the additional expence is trifling. The gentlemen, our fellow travellers, foretold that this perſon was gone forward to ſecure the cabin for himſelf. If he be, ſaid I, ſince he cannot occupy the whole, he will no doubt ſuffer theſe ladies to be his fellow gueſts.

We

We arrived at the *Lemma* about an hour before the time of the boat's departure; and ſaw this little merchant, or this great clerk, ſtanding, with all his importance, picking his teeth at the inn door. I ſpoke but little Dutch, and therefore requeſted our fellow travellers immediately to inquire, concerning the cabin. They had conjectured rightly; it was beſpoke. Would the gentleman not ſhare it with the ladies? No: he abſolutely refuſed. He did not chuſe to be incommoded.

There are ſtrange beings in the world! Pride is an odious quality; and ſelfiſhneſs is more odious. What are they when combined? A quick and acute ſpirit could not have acted thus: for it could not have endured its own reproaches. This man had dined with us on the road; and, though at table he had given ſome traits of his true character, yet he had once or twice endeavoured to be polite. But it was the endeavour of a being who wiſhed to be ſomething, and feared he was nothing. Doubt is ever inconſiſtent; and the ſtruggles of conceit and ignorance are always ridiculous. I had behaved to him with the complaiſance which is due to ſtrangers: but, as a man's true character is ſtamped in every word, look, and motion, I had made him no advances; and perhaps he was piqued.

I went on board to examine what could be done; and there I found a veſſel partitioned off into various little rooms, for the paſſengers. They were all occupied; by people, who, knowing the cuſtoms of the country, had been prompt in ſecuring each his own convenience.

"Are no beds to be had?"

'Yes: in the *keller*.'

"And where is the *keller*?"

'Here: down this ladder.'

"It is very large: no doubt, other paſſengers are to be here?"

'Oh,

'Oh, yes: the beds are all taken, except theſe two. Secure them; or they will be gone.'

"What muſt I do?"

'Put your mantle on one; and your night bag on the other.'

"What kind of inmates are we to have?"

'Not very pleaſant; the ſea-faring men.'

"Oh, they are honeſt fellows."

'And, beſide, a dozen at leaſt of unſhaven Jews: who, as paſſengers, may be honeſt enough; but little can be ſaid for their cleanlineſs.'

Up and down this ladder? and—We will contrive.

The inconveniences, and even the diſguſts, of travelling ſeem as if they were a part of its pleaſures: they give ſuch a zeſt; and are ſo poignant to recollection: but, at the moment!—It ſtirs the blood!

We took ſome haſty refreſhment, and hurried on board. Louiſa might well be glad to lie down; and Fanny was no leſs eager to hide herſelf. There was gabbling enough: but, fortune be thanked, it was all in Dutch; it paſſed without offence. The rude horſe laugh, and—we went to ſleep. Wearineſs was a benefit.

Our two fellow travellers had profeſſed to be very ſorry that my gentle companions, from whom they had received and to whom they had returned many marks of attention, ſhould ſuffer ſuch inconvenience: I was therefore a little ſurpriſed to find that they had accepted beds in the cabin. One of them was of very kind manners, and behaviour. He was the intimate friend of the ladies before mentioned, was of Scotch origin, ſpoke Engliſh, and, what was remarkable, though he had learned it in Holland, ſpoke with a broad Scotch accent. I have met with a North Briton, abroad, who became an Engliſh language maſter; and who was perſuaded the Scotch ſpoke the pureſt Engliſh. It is probable our fellow traveller's teacher was of the ſame country and the ſame opinion.

This gentleman's name was Robinſon; and his anceſtors were likewiſe from our iſland. He profeſſed he would have ſlept with us in the *keller*, had not all the beds been taken: and he proved that he really poſſeſſed kindneſs; for he came down three times, during our ſhort voyage, to make inquiries, and offer aid.

The other perſon, who with him partook the cabin, was of much more cloſe and narrow habits; and, having been the moſt forward in the firſt inquiries concerning the cabin, I ſuſpect he was not quite ſo preſſing in our favour as he might have been. Eloquence is wonderfully tempered by *ſhall I profit by it?*

The wind not being very favourable, I had an opportunity when day-light came of enjoying views of the coaſts of the *Zuider ſea*; which our traverſe ſailing frequently obliged us to approach. The appearances were often remarkable. Sometimes, I imagined I ſaw a number of large ſhips, lying at anchor: but, coming nearer, found them either to be iſlands or the main land. At others, different large towns were diſcoverable; one or two of which ſome perſons on deck miſtakingly pointed to as Amſterdam.

Nothing like a high land could be ſeen: every thing was horizontal. The ſea on which we ſailed was ſo ſhallow that the veſſels, which navigate it, are obliged to be provided with a kind of ſide wings: which, deſcending below the keel, give timely notice of dragging. Theſe wings were ſeldom entirely above the mud; as was evident: for the track of the ſhip, whenever I looked, left water that was highly diſcoloured.

I could not conceive how ſuch ſhallows could be navigated, by men of war; as is the fact: and, on inquiry, was informed that, they are not only obliged to take advantage of ſpring tides, but that, the unconquerable and ingenious Dutch have found a method of floating them; by the aid, as I underſtood, of a kind of ſide barges. Mariners are no doubt well acquainted with the

manner; which I cannot explain: but the fact is ſo truly national that it ought to be generally known.

Every where, the ſea appeared to threaten the ſhore; and every where human induſtry had bidden the ſea defiance. The obſtacles and defects of too much water and too little were conquered. As we approached Amſterdam, the piles and embankments, by their vaſtneſs and their multitude, had an extraordinary effect. It was a city built upon mud: ſpongy, abſolute mud. Navigation would ſeem to ſhrink from the aſpect of ſuch ſhallows in deſpair; and induſtry herſelf, when ſhe began her undertakings amid theſe ſwamps, muſt have been thought a lunatic. The truth is, ſhe knew not her own intentions. They were unknown to thoſe who witneſſed her progreſs; and, when the miracles were performed, it was almoſt forgotten that they were miracles. How many ages had paſſed away before they were attempted! Once more, therefore, if climate alone made men what they are, Amſterdam had always been Amſterdam, Venice, Venice, and Rome and Athens had never changed. Climate performs its part; and no more.

CHAPTER XII.

DISTRESSING CIVILITY, AND THE DIFFICULTY OF CHOICE—CHARACTERISTIC SIGNS—THE PRUDENCE OF MAKING A BARGAIN—A DUTCH INN AND A TRAVELLED LANDLORD—A SHORT SALLY—TOO MUCH NOVELTY CONFUSES THE MEMORY—COACHES WITHOUT WHEELS—IMPORTUNATE JEW SHOE-BLACKS—ANOTHER TREE OF LIBERTY; AND THOUGHTS ON EMBLEMATICAL FREEDOM.

AT all ſea-ports, where packet-boats have their ſtated hours of arrival, crowds of civil perſons attend; who eagerly ſhow their friendly diſpoſition, by one man ſeizing on this trunk, another on that, a third on your light luggage, and a fourth on yourſelves. The eagernèſs of their complaiſance is diſtreſſing: you ſeem to belong to them all; and know not whoſe claims are the moſt legitimate.

"To what inn, ſir, ſhall I ſhow you? To the Golden-foot, the Yawner, the New-bible, or the Old-bible?"

'To the beſt.'

"Pleaſe, ſir, to come with me to the New-bible. It is kept by a gentleman who ſpeaks Engliſh, Dutch, German, French, and Italian. You will have the beſt of accommodations."

'Mind what you are about! Take care of the ladies' umbrella!'

"Follow me, ſir! It is only a ſtep: in the *Warmaes-ſtraat*; juſt by the *Stadhuis*."

What is the reaſon that only a ſtep, to a native, ſeems at leaſt a mile, to a foreigner?

I grieve, as I paſs through countries, that I cannot accurately

remember all the traits that diſtinguiſh nation from nation. I mean, thoſe that I am acute enough to remark: which is but a trifling number of the whole. The Golden-heart, the Golden-foot, the Yawner, the Old and the New-bible, ſeem to me excellent types of the thirſt of gain, the phlegm, and the toleration of the Dutch. Their hearts are gold: they would get, even till they have gotten feet of gold: when not getting, they yawn: and, for your bible, that is, your religion, they wiſely ſuffer you to chuſe which you pleaſe; new, or old; chriſtian, or jew.

We went to the New-bible; and found the landlord a very civil young man, with a certain flouriſh that did not ſeem of the country. Finding we underſtood ſeveral languages, he addreſſed us in moſt of them in a fluent but corrupted idiom; that proved he had been accuſtomed to ſpeak them all; but to read and ſtudy none of them. He was a Swiſs, had been the valet of an Engliſh lord, had acquired the eaſe and airs which admirably fitted him for an inn-keeper, and had the good ſenſe to uſe them ſo mixed up with civility as to make them rather pleaſe than offend even the ſevere.

The civil gentlemen, who brought our trunks (as I recollect, there were no leſs than five of them) made ſuch an exorbitant charge, for their politeneſs, that we were obliged to appeal to the landlord.

A man who had ſeen leſs of the world, would have been embarraſſed: for he had at once his gueſts to pleaſe, and his recommenders not to affront. They were to him what a barker in Monmouth-ſtreet is to an old cloathſman. He replied, in Engliſh, with an air of great nonchalance, theſe ſort of fellows were all alike: it was unfortunate we had not made our bargain; for there was no help for it, now. However, he would try to make them a little more reaſonable. Accordingly, after a few Dutch phraſes and

and ſignificant looks, ſo quick as ſcarcely to be diſcoverable, he paid them himſelf, making them abate about one-third; and ſaid, if we ſtill were diſſatisfied, we ſhould repay him whatever we pleaſed. This man had travelled.

The apartments were clean, the larder was good, the ſervants were civil and attentive, and we ſeemed, from the appearances around us, as if we had landed on the Engliſh inſtead of the Dutch coaſt. Every thing had been fitted up in the Engliſh ſtyle, to attract Engliſh cuſtomers; and the attempt had fully ſucceeded. This man had travelled.

The houſe was full, our landlord apologized, that he could not immediately ſhow the ladies their bed-room; and, when they urged this as a thing quite neceſſary, he pleaded, promiſed, vaniſhed for a moment, took poſſeſſion of a part of our effects, then came and ſaid he would ſend for the key, which the gentleman who had ſlept in the apartment had taken out with him, and diſappeared. He knew that the key, for ſome hours, was not to be had. This man had travelled.

No dreſſing-room was vacant; Louiſa and Fanny could not change their apparel; nay we knew not where our trunks were gone: in ſhort, it was vexatious. Fretting was no remedy; and the freſh air was cooling: but I was ſorry to be obliged to go alone.

A man, who ſuddenly finds himſelf in a ſtrange city, is ſomething like a tropical bird; that, by chance, and from wearineſs, alights on the maſt of a ſhip in the ocean: the poor thing wonders, and is wondered at.

The eyes of ſuch a man are ſo eager to ſee, that they are in danger of overlooking every thing. He muſt recollect, and chaſtize himſelf into obſervance, or he returns home a kind of blank paper: or rather a book ſcratched and blurred over with unintelligible

unintelligible ſcrawls. So it was with me. I will remember this, ſaid I; and that; and that; and, and, and—Before I had turned the corner I had forgotten them all.

It is diſagreeable to ſtand, as the multitude paſs, with your memorandum book open, and your pencil drawn. It ſeems as if you ſaid, here am I! come to caricature you every one. You are not what I am: nor what I have been accuſtomed to ſee. You are, collectively and individually, fools. You do not dreſs with common ſenſe; you do not walk with common ſenſe; and your language is the language of the hogs. You look either ſtupid, or ragged, or foppiſh, or fantaſtic, or too grinning, or too grave, or—You are either offenſively dirty, or ridiculouſly clean. You—

And pray, ſir, what are you? We never ſaw ſo ſtaring or ſo ſtrange an animal before.

'Tis the tropical bird, on the maſt.

Can it be? A coach without wheels! Yes: dragged on a ſledge by a ſingle horſe, and a lady in it. And there goes a travelling haberdaſher's ſhop, *with* wheels; rolled through the ſtreets by its maſter.

'Your boots want cleaning, ſir; let me earn a ſtiver! Pray do!' —I was too buſy and walked on—

"Your boots want cleaning, ſir—Pray let me clean your boots, ſir!—My blacking is very good, ſir!"

I could not proceed; theſe ſhoe-cleaners were ſo numerous, in the great place before the Stadt-houſe. They were all Jew-boys: very dirty, very importunate, and not to be abaſhed. I complied; one of them performed his office, and I then walked round the building. I no ſooner returned than theſe unconſcionable ſhoe-cleaners were again at my heels. 'Pray let me earn a ſtiver! Pray, ſir, let me bruſh your boots!'

A thouſand experiments had taught me the folly of being angry,

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at the manners and cuſtoms of foreign nations; however abſurd, impertinent, or teaſing they may be: I therefore reſolutely turned a deaf ear, and planted myſelf to examine the tree of liberty; which was reared before the Stadt-houſe. I ſay reared; for it was no tree, but a kind of tri-coloured barber's pole. Some branches were tied round it, near the top: but, alas, they were withered. Below, it was hung with armour, and embelliſhed by three emblematical paintings; of Equality, Freedom, and Fraternity. The rain had waſhed them, and they were greatly faded. Where are the magic colours to be found, that ſhall bear all the ſtormy aſſaults of the times, and ſtill retain their priſtine freſhneſs?

I walked round and round Equality, Freedom, and Fraternity: I conſidered the figures; they were neither ancient nor modern. The drawing did not pleaſe me; and the emblems were equivocal. Did the inventor of them maliciouſly intend an ambiguous or ill interpretation?

My eye and my heart were wearied. I ſighed, and turned my back on emblematical Equality, Freedom, and Fraternity!

CHAPTER XIII.

RENCONTRE WITH A FORMER ACQUAINTANCE—SATIRIC REMARKS ON DUTCH ELOQUENCE—STORY OF A FRENCHMAN AND A JEW—TALENTS, AUDACITY, AND JUST THOUGH BITTER REPROOF GIVEN BY A SWINDLER.

AT length, the landlord returned; and my wearied family were glad to take an early ſupper, and retire to reſt. I wiſhed to hear and ſee; and, not chuſing to ramble after dark in a ſtrange city, I went into a room, where the landlord informed me I ſhould meet ſome of my countrymen.

A man ought not to conclude that, being in a foreign country, his indiſcretions, if he ſhould be tempted to commit any, will paſs undetected. It has often happened to me to be addreſſed, by my name, in places where I thought myſelf entirely unknown; and the ſame thing occurred on this occaſion. The whole company ſeemed more or leſs acquainted with me: though they were all ſtrangers to me, except one; and it was ſome time before I could even recollect his name, and perſon. It was a Mr. ********, of Scotch origin, but, as I have underſtood, born in Poland; where his family was ennobled. He became a refugee from that country, after the loſs of its freedom. When I ſay freedom, I uſe the word in a very lax and relative ſenſe. He was now an officer in the Britiſh ſervice.

This gentleman had ſeen much of the world, had a good underſtanding, pleaſing manners, and a ſarcaſtic jocularity in his converſation. It is a misfortune that few foreigners ſpeak favorably

ably of the people among whom they reſide. In Mr. ********'s opinion, the ſparing habits of the Dutch greatly exceeded thoſe of wholeſome economy: he painted them as exceſſively ſelfiſh, and mean. He particularly ridiculed their vanity, in ſuppoſing that their language was rich, expreſſive, and eloquent: he owned that, in their ſenſe, it was all the three: for that a Dutchman's ſpeech always began and ended by ſome part of the verb *betaalen*, "to pay."

I had heard of many artful modes of defrauding, practiſed by the diſtreſſed and inventive French, in conſequence of the revolution. Mr. ******** related an anecdote of this kind; which had happened ſince his arrival at Amſterdam. To the beſt of my recollection, it was as follows.

A Frenchman went to a rich Jew, and told him he wiſhed to exchange a number of dollars for louis d'ors, which he was under the neceſſity of immediately procuring. The Jew, after bargaining to his own advantage, conſented; and promiſed the gold ſhould be ready the following day. At the appointed hour, the Frenchman came with his bags: which, having holes in the ſides and near the top, ſuffered ſome dollars to be ſeen. The gold being counted and weighed, he preſented an empty bag, in which it was put.

Juſt at this moment, when the dollars were to be examined, a friend entered in great haſte, and called him away, on urgent buſineſs. However, he left, not only the bag ſuppoſed to contain the gold, but alſo the bags ſuppoſed to contain the dollars; and ſaid he would return in two hours, to ſee them counted: deſiring, in the mean time, they might be locked up in the Jew's bureau.

The two hours elapſed, and the Frenchman did not make his appearance: but the Jew thought himſelf ſafe. He was unwilling to unlock the bureau, till the Frenchman ſhould be preſent. At length, another hour having glided away, he began to

ſay to himſelf, "Is it poſſible that I can have been cheated?" The very queſtion was alarming, to any man; and eſpecially to a money-changer. The firſt anxiety of the Jew led him to the ſuppoſed bag of gold: this he untied, and diſcovered that the bag containing the gold had been exchanged for one which was full of leaden counters.

He ſcarcely needed to have inquired further; however, he opened the bags of ſilver, and found himſelf equally deceived.

He haſtened to go and acquaint the police: but, when he came to an outward door, that led to his apartment, it was locked and bolted. The Frenchmen had poſt-horſes prepared, and had inſtantly taken flight: but, when they were at a certain diſtance, they were guilty of ſome imprudent delay; and, after the Jew had obtained his releaſe, the vigilance of the purſuit was ſo great that the Frenchman, againſt whom the Jew had depoſed, was taken.

During his impriſonment at Amſterdam, his behaviour and abilities were equally remarkable. By the aid of burned turf and ſtraw, he drew the ſiege of Mantua on the walls; with Bonaparte on horſeback, heading the French armies. While the executioner was whipping him, he ſpoke of the magiſtrates in the moſt contemptuous terms. "What," ſaid he, "is my crime, compared to theirs? I have but cheated a Jew; a vile fellow, who has become rich by cheating: while the wretches, who condemn me to this ignominious puuiſhment, have betrayed and ſold their country." He was afterward branded; and, at the moment of inflicting the mark, he cried aloud, *vive la Republique.*

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STADT-HOUSE: VAST, MAGNIFICENT, AND BUILT ON PILES—NUMEROUS WORKS OF ART, WONDERFUL PICTURE BY VANDERHELST—TALES FOR CONNOISSEURS; AND COMPLAINTS MADE BY THE HOUSEKEEPER, OF REVOLUTIONARY DEPREDATIONS—THE SAME REPEATED BY A PERSON OF A DIFFERENT CHARACTER—REFLECTIONS ADDRESSED TO THE FEW.

THE eighth wonder of the world! Such is the epithet which has been beſtowed upon it, by its admirers. It is indeed an extraordinary building; and, for the purpoſes to which it is dedicated, I believe unequalled. The ſums that have been laviſhed upon it are immenſe. It is not only vaſt in ſize, but wonderfully embelliſhed; by gilding, by the richeſt marbles, and by moſt beautiful works of art. Several volumes would not adequately deſcribe its contents.

It muſt be remembered that Amſterdam is built among marſhes. Nine months were employed in driving down the piles, on which this ſingle edifice was to be erected; the number of which amounted to thirteen thouſand, ſix hundred and ninety-five. The firſt pile was driven on the 20th of January, 1648; and the firſt ſtone was laid on the 28th October: it was of marble.

A ſtranger, intending to remain only two days in the city, could not attempt to item the particulars of ſuch an edifice; and, were the whole contents thus to be catalogued, it would require great art to render ſuch a liſt entertaining. He who views them for

the firſt time is embarraſſed by his own reflections; and, if he be accuſtomed to inquire into the reaſon and utility of things, his embarraſſments are multiplied.

I had a particular motive for viſiting the Stadt-houſe: it was to ſee thoſe pictures of which I had heard ſuch unuſual praiſe. Having ſeen them, I do not find that I can add to what others have related: words cannot repreſent to the mind the prodigies of art. All connoiſſeurs have read that there are ſuch pictures: but, to know what they are, they muſt be examined; and with much more time than I could allow, and much greater knowledge than I poſſeſs.

It appears to me that, for beauty of colouring, there is ſcarcely in the world ſo extraordinary a picture as that of the Peace of Munſter,* by Vanderhelſt. The man of taſte regrets that ſuch a painter, treating ſuch a ſubject, ſhould conſider it as ſo highly meritorious to paint the tranſparency of glaſs, the brown colour of beer, and the mingled red and white of a knuckle of pork.

The real powers, however, of the mechanical parts of painting may here be ſeen; and, perhaps, ought here to be ſtudied. Were I a painter, I would perform a bare-foot pilgrimage of any diſtance, to ſee and endeavour to underſtand this wonder of the art.

The houſe-keeper, who is the *cicerone* of the place, told us that a ton of gold had been offered for it: that *Milord Engelſche* would have covered the famous Rembrandt, which hangs oppoſite to it, with guineas; as the purchaſe money: and that I know not how many thouſand florins would have been paid, by another *Milord*,

* Sir Joſhua Reynolds, in his Journey to Flanders and Holland, ſays—"It repreſents a company of train-bands, about thirty figures, whole length, among which is the Spaniſh ambaſſador ſhaking hands with one of the figures."—I can only ſay they told me it repreſented the ſigning of the Peace of Munſter.

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on condition that he might have cut out a ſingle head, from a painting by Vandyck; in the ſame chamber.

Such ſtories are eaſily told; and indeed ſuch offers may ſafely be made: ſince he who ſhould make them muſt know they could not be accepted.

The good old lady complained bitterly of the depredations that had been committed, by the French, on the Stadt-houſe. She ſpoke with no leſs feeling than that of a perſon who had loſt her property; and, in a certain ſenſe, ſuch was her loſs: for, not having ſo many rarities to ſhew, the liberality of her cuſtomers ſhe found was diminiſhed.

I muſt not omit to notice the excellence of the paintings in *baſſo-relievo*, by De Witte: a ſcholar of Rembrandt. They are in the council chamber: with others, by Bronkhorſt, and Vlink.

A friend in Hamburg had requeſted me to deliver a letter, to a merchant in Amſterdam. We entered into ſome converſation; and I made ſuch inquiries as what I ſaw had ſuggeſted. The city was populous; yet it had not that air of ſerious activity, which is common to great mercantile places. I inquired the reaſon; and this led to a mournful narrative, of the preſent ſtate of trade, the innumerable depredations committed by the conquerors of Holland, and the individual ruin and general bad effects with which they were attended.

I could but liſten: I knew not how far political prejudice, or private loſs, might influence the narrator. Yet he ſpoke like a true friend of freedom, appeared to poſſeſs excellent principles, and, as far as I could judge, was only the enemy of thoſe who, under the maſk of freedom, had been guilty of the moſt odious rapine, and deſpotiſm.

The ſubject is painful: the evils are committed; the good remains: let every wiſe man, whatever may be his opinions or his party,

party, endeavour to render that which is good permanent; and, by mildneſs of ſpeech and humanity in action, alleviate the bad, and prevent the return of miſery.

I left the houſe with pity for its owner, pity for the nation, and pity for all mankind. Is it not pitiable that it ſhould ſtill, at this hour, be the univerſal opinion that the ſword is the weapon of wiſdom? I ſay univerſal: for of what force are the few, who are convinced that it is the weapon of vice?

The Stadt House Amsterdam.

CHAPTER XV.

SITUATION, SIZE, STREETS, BRIDGES, CANALS, AND POPULATION OF AMSTERDAM——MORE TRAITS OF DUTCH MANNERS: METHOD, KITCHENS, CLEANLINESS, CUT-TREES, CHINESE AWNINGS, WEATHER-COCKS, TULIPS, AND TASTE IN ORNAMENTS, WORKS OF ART, AND PAINTING.

THIS city boaſts of no high antiquity: ſix hundred years ago, no traces of it were to be ſeen. Its ſquare contents now conſiſt of eighteen thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety geometrical feet; and it is ſaid to be larger than Haerlem, Leyden, Delft, Rotterdam, and Dordrecht; incluſively: though theſe are each of them large towns. So watery is its ſituation that it is built upon eighty-two iſlands: which communicate with each other by the aid of nearly three hundred bridges. This is what I read in the Amſterdam guide: in a manuſcript account, I have ſeen the number of bridges ſtated at four hundred. Either of the numbers ſufficiently denote the nature of the ſoil.

The ſtreets are many of them uncommonly ſpacious: ſome, ſuch as the Heerengragt, Keyzerſgragt, and Prinſſengragt, I am told are upward of a hundred and forty feet in width. They are equally remarkable for their cleanlineſs, and goodneſs of pavement. This laſt is chiefly of brick: becauſe, as there is a canal that runs in the middle of each ſtreet, ſome few excepted, the heavy carriages are much fewer than in other cities; and the pavement leſs worn: every kind of merchandize and effects being uſually tranſported by water.

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The eſtimate of the inhabitants is from two hundred and thirty to two hundred and fifty thouſand. I ought to have noticed, as a mark of the order to which the Dutch are ſo wiſely addicted, that the bridges are regularly numbered.

I have ſtated theſe particulars in ſupport of what I before remarked; of the induſtry, habits, and powers of the people. To give ſtatiſtical accounts is no part of the plan of this work: but that the mind ſhould conceive ſuch a city in ſuch a place, riſing in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time, among ſo many waters and marſhes ſo muddy, poſſeſſed of population, wealth, and power ſo great, influencing and ſubduing regions ſo remote, and contending for ſuperiority with the moſt potent nations, this, in the whole and in its parts, is a phenomenon that offers the moſt inſtructive facts, to the profoundeſt thinker.

The traveller ought to be a conſcientious man; and very careful not to miſlead: I would not propagate an opinion that every thing in Holland is great and grand. The prudence and caution of the Dutch ſeem to have been forced upon them, by a multitude of concurring circumſtances: but the qualities, which in ſome reſpects have rendered them ſo great, have alſo led them to other habits, that appear to be wholly oppoſite.

Enter a Dutch inn, and you will ſee the landlady with her cap in ſmall plaits, her keys numbered at her ſide, and a worked purſe under her apron, with three partitions; for gold, ſilver, and ſmall coins.

She has two kitchens: one for uſe, and one for ornament. She wiſhes the latter only to be ſeen. Go into it, and you are ſurpriſed at the order, neatneſs, and cleanlineſs of its contents. Caſt your eye upward, and you ſmile at a row of chamber utenſils, hanging over her clean diſhes, bright copper pots, and unſoiled ſauce-pans. It is a combination which could only have been made by a Dutch woman.

Neatneſs, in Holland, is every where to be met with: but taſte, I will not ſay no where, though certainly it is a very ſcarce quality. The people delight in trees cut into the ſhapes of animals; in traverſe brick-work, the bricks accurately laid; in their doors and ſhutters, nay their churns and milk-pails, painted green; in Chineſe awnings, hung with ſmall bells; and in chimneys with weather-cocks, capped in the ſame taſte. A Dutchman always wiſhes to know which way the wind blows: for he is often either miller, ſailor, waterman, or merchant.

The paſſion, or rather the mania, for tulips appears as if it could only have originated where it did. The tulip is a flower of gaudy colours, but without ſcent: an object ſcarcely worthy the culture or the care of man: yet the price that has been given for a tulip-root has been ſometimes as great as that which a proud man muſt pay for a coach; and more than ſufficient to build the poor man a cottage and buy him a garden.

They are great admirers of the fine arts, and particularly that of painting: yet every amateur is aware that the national taſte has degraded the nobler parts of this art: while high finiſhing, and all that depends upon a faithful repreſentation of the objects before them, have been brought to admirable perfection.

What can be more ludicrous than the gilded tridents, gilded trumpets, and other gilded ornaments of the alto and baſſo-relievos (all the other parts of which are in ſtone) that decorate the Stadt-houſe?

It cannot be ſaid that no Flemiſh or Dutch artiſts have poſſeſſed the diſcrimination that induces the mind to ſelect pleaſing objects: but certainly the national taſte has not led to ſuch a choice. The examples to the contrary are but too numerous. Not to mention the boors of Teniers, the ſtrolling muſicians of Oſtade, the ſmokers of Hemſkerk and Brawr, and innumerable other characteriſtic, it

A *Muſico*, or *Spiel-haus*, is a place ſufficiently known, to thoſe who are acquainted with Holland. It is the reſort of the vicious, from depraved appetites; and of the ſober citizen, from curioſity. Imagine a tolerably ſpacious room, with fidlers at one end; eighteen or twenty young women, in tawdry dreſſes, ſcarcely one of them handſome, and moſt of them ugly; with a muſcular Dutchman, who is the maſter of the brothel; and a number of men viſitors, old and young, and you have nearly a picture of the place.

If a man go ſingly, he pays a florin at the door: or, if two or three men go in a company, one florin is ſufficient for them all. Wine is handed round to the men, and to the girl with whom any man is in converſation; but not to the reſt of the ſiſterhood. Should any man think proper to dance, he leads out his dulcinea; and, if his deſires be ſufficiently groſs to become enamoured of her, they trip out at a ſide door; without the incident being noticed by the company. It is to be lamented that to frequent a Muſico is ſcarcely conſidered as a diſgrace.

The game of billiards is much practiſed at Amſterdam; and, provided no wagers were laid, it would be one of the moſt rational recreations. Exerciſe is wholeſome; and it is a ſtrong motive to exerciſe.

The higheſt and beſt ſpecies of relaxation after labour, which has come to my knowledge, in this city, appears to be that of the *Felix meritis*. To ſome, that is, to the profeſſors and perſons employed, it is not an amuſement; it is the buſineſs of their lives: but, to the greateſt part of the members, it is the diſtinguiſhed place of literary reſort, and ſcientific intercourſe.

It was begun in 1777, by forty members: the numbers of whom encreaſed ſo faſt that they found it neceſſary to erect a building for themſelves. This edifice is ſixty-ſix feet in front, ſeventy-five in height, and a hundred and fifty-one in depth. Behind it is a garden; fifty feet long, and forty wide.

The ſociety is divided into five departments: 1, Commerce; including Navigation, Agriculture and the Mechanical Arts: 2, Experimental Philoſophy: 3, Painting: 4, Muſic: and 5, Literature.

Nothing can be more animating to the mind than to perceive ſocieties, like this, riſing up in every country; and extending themſelves, though on a leſs ſcale, not only to populous cities but even to villages. The latter, it is true, have not their profeſſors, laboratories, and expenſive inſtruments for philoſophical experiment: but they have their reading ſocieties, their book clubs: infants that will hereafter take the mature and manly form.

When ſpeaking of the theatre, I ought not to have forgotten that I ſaw the tragedy of Macbeth advertiſed. It excited my attention: but how great was my ſurpriſe to find it was not the Macbeth of Shakſpeare, but of Ducis: a tranſlation of an imitation; a French metamorphoſis. The Germans better underſtand our immortal poet.

The Dutch, like the Germans, are habitually honeſt. A friend's ſervant left a part of his baggage in the berline for the ſpace of a week; and, when he remembered to look for it, found it ſafe.

The manners of the two people reſemble each other in another point; for which they neither of them deſerve praiſe. If a man be invited to dine, it is expected, as well even by the maſter as by the ſervant, that a florin ſhould be dropped at the door, when he departs. It may ſave ſome part of the wages, which the maſter muſt otherwiſe have paid: but it is pernicious to the moral habits of the ſervant; and neither beneficial nor honourable to the maſter. In Hamburg, the going of the gueſt is watched with all the aſſiduity of a ſentinel, when a city is beſieged.

There are many deformed people, in Amſterdam; but the number I believe and hope is not in any degree equal to that of Hamburg.

Hamburg. The manner of nurſing children, in theſe countries, is very vicious.

The number of public buildings, for the relief and ſupport of the poor, is great; and highly honourable to the wealthy.

The Jews are more numerous here than in any other city, that I have ſeen; the reſpective degrees of population being taken into the account. Far be it from me to depreſs the depreſſed. I hope the liberality of the riſing age will teach this people cleanlineſs, and honeſt dealing: but it is a fact that, every where, the ſtreets in which they reſide, for their filth, and the appearance of the inhabitants with which they ſwarm, are as diſgraceful to themſelves as to the other parts of the city.

There is one thing here which is very offenſive, to a foreigner; and certainly unwholeſome to the natives: which is the diſagreeable ſcent of the canals. The ſtreets, which are kept ſo admirably clean, are impregnated with an odour, ſuch as perſons, who perceive it for the firſt time, can ſcarcely endure. This is an evil for which I hope a remedy will be found; but which I almoſt fear is radical. There are many beggars, in Amſterdam: ſome of them are permitted to go their weekly rounds.

CHAPTER XVII.

RELIGIOUS TOLERATION, AND ITS HAPPY CONSEQUENCES—THE NEW CHURCH: BUILT BY A MERCHANT: PAINTED WINDOWS: MONUMENTS OF DE RUYTER, OF CAPTAIN BENTINCK, AND OF THE FAMOUS DUTCH POET, VONDEL—STORY OF A SICK WOMAN AND A MIRACULOUS WAFER: THE CURES IT PERFORMED, AND THE COFFER IN WHICH IT WAS PRESERVED—BEHAVIOUR IN CHURCHES—WHINING CHROMATIC TONES OF A PARISH CLERK—RELIGION ONCE THE STAPLE TRADE OF EUROPE—MORALS AND MONKS.

IT would be uſeleſs to ſay much, on a ſubject which is ſo well known as that of religious toleration, in Holland: yet to paſs it over, without a ſingle word in tributary praiſe, would be unjuſt.

The word toleration ought to ſignify an unlimited freedom, to every man, of living not only undiſturbed in but without being reproached for the opinions he may entertain. Falſe opinions ought to be reaſoned with, not perſecuted. It has been proudly though perhaps not improperly anſwered, to thoſe who ſay they will grant toleration, if you pretend to tolerate us, we pretend to tolerate you.

Could any man demonſtrate to another that his opinions are erroneous, he muſt neceſſarily renounce them. An individual has a ſtrong conviction that the Catholic Religion is pernicious to mankind. This opinion is ſo forcible that it irritates and gives him pain. But will an opinion authoriſe him to perſecute and deſtroy the Catholic prieſts of France, who are of a different opinion? Their belief impoſes the duty on them to preach and propagate that

that religion. His belief impoſes the duty on him to ſhew its pernicious conſequences. But, if either party indulge animoſity, and perſecution, there can be no doubt that in this reſpect the perſecutors are acting viciouſly. In Amſterdam, all religious ſects are allowed places of religious worſhip; except Pagans, and Mahometans. The exception is a diſgrace: yet the comparative ſtate of religious freedom is ſo great a merit, and a bleſſing, that Amſterdam is highly indebted to it for the ſplendour to which it has riſen.

The new church, as it is called, and it certainly was new once, was the only one I entered. It was founded in 1408, by William Eggaart, mérchant; who, having paid the debts of William VI. Count of Holland, was by him created Lord of Purmerende. He intended the building to be after the model of the cathedral of Amiens; but died before it was finiſhed. It was burned down in 1645; and immediately rebuilt.

Some of the windows are of painted glaſs. On the North ſide, William VI. is repreſented; beſtowing on the city the ſilver croſs, which is a part of its armorial bearings.

On the ſouth are emblematical paintings of Peace. War, and his attendants, perſonified, are trodden under foot: Mars is in fetters, Peace on her throne, and Proſperity is pictured by the collective merchandiſe of the earth. Scattered books denote the flouriſhing ſtate of the Arts and Sciences.

There are ſome ſumptuous monuments, in this church. Among them is the tomb of the famous De Ruyter: that of Captain Bentinck; who died of the wounds he received off the Dogger-bank, Auguſt the 5th, 1781, while engaging the Engliſh fleet: and that of the poet, Vondel; whom the Dutch adore, almoſt as we do Shakſpeare.

In the annals of legendary ſuperſtition, the *nieuwezyds kapel* holds

holds a diſtinguiſhed place. About the year 1345, a ſick woman received the ſacrament. Her ſtomach rejected the wafer; which fell into the fire, and remained there ſome time, unconſumed. It was carried to the rector of the pariſh: but, that not being its proper place, it three times returned to the coffer of the woman, by whoſe indigeſtion it had been refuſed. The rector, at length, was obliged to go to her houſe, in proceſſion; ſolemnly accompanied by all the eccleſiaſtics of the city: who determined to publiſh the miracle, and bear this conſecrated hoſt with all due pomp to the pariſh church; where a caſe was prepared for its conſervation.

It was afterward reſolved to build a chapel, on the place where the houſe ſtood, in which the miracle had happened; and on the very ſpot of the fire-place an altar was erected.

The chapel being finiſhed, the hoſt again performed miracles. It happened on one occaſion that the city was entirely inundated: except that not a drop of water approached this holy place. Fire however was leſs reſpectful of its ſanctity: for, in 1452, it was burned down; but, being rebuilt, miracles were performed at it, with the ſame certainty as ever. The Archduke, Maximilian, attacked by a dangerous fever at the Hague, was cured; in conſequence of making a vow to viſit the holy place: in gratitude for which, he preſented a chalice of gold, and other ornaments, to the chapel.

There were no leſs than ſix magnificent altars here: to which devout pilgrims from all parts repaired. Even to this day, on Trinity Sunday, the Catholics privately go there in pilgrimage, barefooted, and in woollen garments. The annual proceſſion was held on the ſecond Thurſday in March.

The caſe, or coffer, in which this wafer was formerly preſerved, is ſtill to be ſeen, at the *burgerweeſhuis*. It has three locks in front; which front has ſeveral wafers painted on it, before one of

which are two kneeling angels. Each of theſe wafers repreſented a god: but only one of the gods could work miracles. This miraculous gift it had acquired in the diſordered entrails of a ſick woman.

I forgot—I am very forgetful—I forgot to ſay that, though it was ſervice-time in the new church, many of the men had their hats on; and did not ſcruple to talk aloud, and behave in what would be thought a very irreverent manner, in England. Were it not profane to laugh in a church, I ſhould certainly have laughed at the ſtrange canting whining voice of the reader. Such a ſucceſſion of chromatics was never heard from the moſt faſhionable of our muſical performers. This I acknowledge is a bold aſſertion.

The pulpit was very remarkable for its carvings. Religion was formerly the ſtaple trade of Europe. There ſcarcely was a profeſſion that was not employed in its ſervice: there ſcarcely was a man whoſe worldly and perſonal intereſt was not engaged in its ſupport. Morals are the bond of civil ſociety, without which it cannot exiſt: therefore morals were interwoven with ſuperſtition; and he who attacked ſuperſtition was in danger of burning at the ſtake, as the enemy of faith, without which there could be no morals; while drunken, laſcivious, and gluttonous monks rendered the temples they ſaid they had ſanctified the labyrinths of deceit, and the dens of vice. Yet, ſo great was the ignorance and infatuation of the times, that theſe ſlothful, debauched, and pernicious monks were in danger of becoming the entire landholders of every ſtate; and of ruling the earth.

Let it be underſtood that I ſpeak of monks as a multitude, and as acting in bodies. That there have been innumerable wiſe and virtuous individuals, who, ſecluded in cloiſters, have devoted their lives and noble faculties to deep reſearch and dignified labour, and to whom the human race will eternally remain indebted, every liberal minded man will be proud to teſtify. But were theſe individuals

dividuals ſatisfied with the ſcenes they witneſſed? Did they approve the ſloth, the ſenſualities, and the vices, by which they found themſelves in ſome degree contaminated? Many of them, blinded by that *eſprit de corps* of which the mind is ſo ſuſceptible, acquieſced in ſilence. Deceived by the purity of their own hearts, others did more; they defended men, whom they would not ſuffer themſelves to condemn as guilty. But that the depravities of monks were become the ſcoff and contempt of mankind is a fact to be found in every library; it is pourtrayed in antiquated jeſt-books; it is carved in wood upon the ſeats of conſecrated ſanctuaries; nay, it is recorded in the buffooneries and farces in which themſelves and their retainers were the chief actors.

The New Church and Custom House.

Published Sep. 1803 by R. Phillips, No. 71 St. Paul's Church Yard.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OUR JOURNEY CONTINUED—HOLLAND INTERSECTED BY CANALS, AND TRAVELLING THEREFORE CHEAP—LEYDEN PASSED IN THE DARK—A SPECIMEN OF DUTCH ECONOMY—DELFT—SAW-MILLS—MUCH WATER, YET FEW WATER-MILLS—THE DUTCH EXCEL IN SIMPLE MECHANICAL CONTRIVANCES: THEIR SAGACITY INSTANCED, BY BUILDING HOUSES AND MILLS UPON THEM.

WE left Amſterdam at three in the afternoon. In juſtice to our landlord of the New-bible, it is right to mention that his charges were moderate, and his manners very obliging. The *treck-ſchuit* was to travel all night: but, as we had no competitors for the cabin, and as that cabin was planked and made into a large bed at night, the inconvenience to travellers was trifling.

Moſt of the towns in Holland communicate with each other, by the means of canals: journeys therefore are generally performed in the treck-ſchuit; and the principal cities in Holland may be viſited, by the man who has leiſure, at a ſmall expence. Land-carriage is perhaps much dearer than in England: for the price is little leſs, the roads far from ſo good as the Engliſh, and the time conſumed in travelling poſt much greater.

We paſſed through Leyden about two in the morning; for which I was very ſorry. I was much pleaſed with its appearance, as a ſpacious and well-built town; and its ſcholaſtic fame made me regret that I muſt immediately leave it without the leaſt examination, and with not ſo much as a ſingle anecdote, or one mark of remembrance.

I perceived

I perceived indeed that, like other towns in Holland, it was interſected by canals; and in the ſame flat ſituation. I could not think of theſe places, while I ſaw them, without the aſſociation of catarrh, aſthma, and rheumatics. Have the doctors of Leyden found antidotes to theſe evils? Of the Dutch phyſiognomy I could not but continually remark that it had a faint pale hue, which might well be called watery; eſpecially in the female face.

When at night we retired to reſt, the maſter or captain of the treck-ſchuit, without aſking leave, came and took his place beſide me, on our great bed. We did not undreſs, and perhaps it would have been unkind to have contended: but contention would have been vain. Few people have leſs ſenſe of delicacy, than Dutchmen of the lower claſſes. By paying him, I might readily have induced him to depart: but this would have been a ſacrifice to pride; and in ſome ſenſe a want of feeling. The man ſlept quietly, and ſo did we.

When the morning came, they furniſhed us with hot water, for our tea; and each with a ſingle lump of ſugar-candy: as I before noticed. They thought us very waſteful, when we required the ſame quantity for each diſh.

Day-light appeared, and Delft ſoon came in view. This town is famous as an arſenal.

Between Delft and Rotterdam, there is a great number of ſaw-mills. An obſervation had forced itſelf upon me, ſoon after I entered the United Provinces. The country abounds in water; and the Dutch neglect no opportunity of profiting by the gifts of Nature: yet I do not recollect to have ſeen a ſingle water-mill. The reaſon was before us. There were innumerable canals, but no ſtreams: it was almoſt a level ſurface. In the winter, vaſt tracts of the country are overflowed; and ſome of the mills are employed to drain the lands. The Dutch are remarked for the great

great ſimplicity as well as benefit of their mechanical contrivances. A friend, who has purſued ſuch ſtudies, informed me that thoughts of the higheſt utility had more than once been ſuggeſted to him, by the mechaniſm of Dutch toys.

Proofs of national ſagacity are continual: half a life perhaps might be uſefully ſpent in collecting and publiſhing them. The land is low; and a wind-mill is the better for being high: the Dutchman therefore builds his houſe firſt, uſually in the form of a truncated cone, and then erects his wind-mill upon his houſe. This is rather more rational than the mode, in Weſtphalia, Holſtein, and many other parts of Germany, of erecting one building for houſe, cow-houſe, barn, ſtable, and pig-ſtye.

CHAPTER XIX.

ARRIVAL AT ROTTERDAM—POVERTY AND FILTH NOT ENTIRELY BANISHED HOLLAND—INNS SMALL: LODGINGS AFTER SOME DIFFICULTY FOUND AT THE GOLDEN FOOT—CAUTION A COMMON QUALITY IN HOLLAND—THE CLOSET OF CLOACINA IN THE KITCHEN—NATIONS DIFFER IN CUSTOMS AND IN TASTE—THE STATUE OF ERASMUS, AND PLEASANT ASSOCIATIONS—A WORD IN FAVOUR OF THE DUTCH LANGUAGE; THAT OF THE GERMANS LESS MUSICAL—AN APOSTROPHE TO STRATFORD UPON AVON—THE HOUSE IN WHICH ERASMUS WAS BORN.

AT ten in the morning, we arrived at Rotterdam: which we entered by a dirty canal of villainous odour, ill correſponding with the cleanly and well-built town. Poverty and filth however find their place, even among the Dutch, as we had frequently remarked. Beggary and deformity of body are but too frequent; and the war with England had given the firſt a large increaſe.

One of the boatman went with me, in ſearch of an inn; and I was a little ſurpriſed to be obliged to run from houſe to houſe, in different quarters of the town, before one was to be found, that had vacant apartments. The fact appears to be that inns here are on a ſmall ſcale; and that thoſe to which we went happened to be full. We finally lodged ourſelves at the Golden-foot. This was not the foot of Nebuchadnezzar: but it was a foot for which a Dutchman appears to wiſh. His wife is never ſo beautiful as when her ears and fingers are loaded with rings; and her neck and boſom with plates of gold.

The

The landlord however did not admit us till he had made inquiries that ſatisfied him, concerning the kind of gueſts he was to receive. He then had only ſmall and inconvenient apartments; but, when he afterward ſaw my wife and daughter, and the trunks that were wheeled after them, he *made intereſt* with ſome young men, his lodgers, that we ſhould have his *beſt front room*. He was a German: but the Germans adapt themſelves, with greater facility than perhaps any other people, to the manners of the nation where they reſide; eſpecially to the beſt and profitable part of thoſe manners. At home they are the clumſieſt of workmen: tranſport them to another country, and they become the beſt. Our German was an inn-keeper in the cautious Dutch ſtyle.

I was very much ſurpriſed, being among the cleanly Hollanders, to find the cloſet of Cloacina in the kitchen. This was not the arrangement of our German: it is a common practice. I am afraid of Engliſh prejudices; but I verily believe Engliſh kitchens are the cleaneſt on earth. I am equally perſuaded that their cookery is the beſt, moſt nutritive, and moſt wholeſome. A Frenchman prefers his garlic, a German his greaſe, and a Spaniard his oils. I have no right to diſpute their taſte; and, when I am at a foreign table, I am a blockhead if I find fault, make wry faces, and am impertinent enough to call the people fools.

Travelling in a treck-ſchuit is oftener accompanied by dulneſs than fatigue. We were ſoon refreſhed, and made an excurſion of inquiry through ſome of the ſtreets. We had not gone far before we came into a kind of ſquare, or open place, in which various objects caught our attention.

The firſt and moſt attractive was a large pedeſtrian ſtatue, in a flowing ſchoolman's gown and cap; which ſtatue I immediately recollected muſt be that of Eraſmus: a name dear to philoſophy,

loſophy, dear to the progreſs of knowledge, dear to the lover of polite learning, exquiſite taſte, and acute diſcrimination.

Since Eraſmus was a native of Rotterdam, why may not Vondel be what his countrymen affirm; a poet worthy of any nation? Who, among men of letters, have ſufficiently ſtudied the Dutch language, to enable ſo many of them dogmatically to decide on its demerits? It has its defects; becauſe all languages have them. It is leſs ſweet to the ear than the Italian: but it is leſs grating than the German. The latter is now cultivated with great diligence: but I doubt whether it be not a misfortune that Luther's tranſlation of the bible, which fixed and became the ſtandard of the German language, was not made in *Platt Deutſche*; which is a much ſofter dialect, and conſiderably like the Dutch. I know the Germans, who doat on their language, and magnify its beauties, while foreigners perhaps magnify its defects, will ſmile at this opinion. I riſk it only in a problematical and not in a poſitive form: but I never can forget the harſh effect produced on my ear, by a German poet, who recited ſome paſſages from a German tragedy; purpoſely that I might admire the powerful ſounds of the language, of which I was then ignorant. Since I have ſtudied it, and underſtood at leaſt ſome of its beauties, a part of this feeling has died away, but far from the whole. There are ſweet ſpeakers, in all languages; and, in the eaſe and fluency of converſation, thoſe of Germany may be heard with pleaſure: but their ſinging and their ſerious recitation never can be agreeable to my ear. The deſpiſed Dutch is ſurely more muſical.

In the age of Eraſmus, readers were few; and were ſcattered over all Europe: it was neceſſary to write in a language known to them all: therefore to write in Latin was not pedantry, but good ſenſe; and Eraſmus wrote in Latin.

With what pleaſure did we examine the ſtatue! The workmanſhip is honourable to the artiſt; and ſuch ſtatues are the ornament and the exaltation of the cities by which they are erected. When will Stratford upon Avon recollect itſelf, and aſſume the mighty honours which are its due?

This is the place to mention that we afterward went and ſaw the houſe in which Eraſmus was born. It is now a ſmall alehouſe, but it is dignified by the buſt of this famous man. I do not ſay adorned; for the buſt is placed too high, and is too inſignificant, to deſerve that epithet.

CHAPTER XX.

ANOTHER TREE OF LIBERTY, GUARDED BY IRON RAILING AND A SENTINEL; AND MORE EMBLEMATICAL PAINTINGS—WHAT IS FREEDOM? IS IT FORCE; OR IS IT PEACE AND UNION? BUILDINGS, STREETS, PHYSIOGNOMY, AND DRESS HAVE SIMILAR MARKS OF CHARACTER—THE POST-HOUSE: PETTY INSOLENCE—A MEMENTO OF LATE PROSPERITY NOW INTERRUPTED—THE MADNESS OF MEN—POOR ROTTERDAM.

WE have wandered from the great ſquare: we muſt return. Here too was a pole, called the tree of liberty. It was guarded by a ſentinel, and by a railing of iron. I could not but aſk myſelf what did this denote? The cap of liberty was changed to a tri-coloured hat. I had been accuſtomed to look at Britannia, with her ſpear and cap, and felt a diſſonance in this hat that was not conſoling. Here too there were emblematical paintings: a female figure with lightning, a vaſe of incenſe in one hand, and an overflowing cup in the other; beſide her were Hercules and the Nemean Lion; and beyond another female with a ſpear, and the olive branch: and ſtill another, with a hat raiſed, and leaning on a maſſy club.

What do theſe incongruous emblems mean? Is freedom a virago, equally ready to ſtab or kiſs? Why ſhould ſhe be ſurrounded by ſo many types of violence? I love liberty ſo truly that my heart is wrung when I ſee trees planted by force to her honour, her image diſfigured by implements of ſlaughter, and her pretended adorers guilty of the deſpotiſm againſt which they rail. The

tree of liberty muſt be planted in peace, and with unity of heart, nurtured by induſtry, and ſheltered by ſecurity, or it never can fructify.

We walked on, and were more attentive to the countenances around us than to the buildings; yet the buildings, the ſtreets, and the faces accorded, in picturing a people where order and perſeverance had produced their bleſſings. Theſe bleſſings, alas, had been ſuſpended; but not long enough to efface their active influence: they were ſtill viſible. May they never diſappear!

We walked to the poſt-houſe, to inquire for letters; and I tapped at the window of the Hamburg office. I ſpoke in French: two men were there, and one of them replied, in the ſame language, that he could not ſpeak French. He then began to ſpeak Dutch, telling me there were no letters for me, and turning to the man at his elbow with a ſignificant grin, which his companion repeated, while he with a very rude air ſhut the window.

As we turned the corner, there was a poſt-box; on which we read—*Hier beſted men de naar England, Schotland, en Ireland brieven:* which ſignifies—" the letter-box for England, Scotland, and Ireland." The words England, Scotland, and Ireland were not eraſed; but they were ſtruck through and ſcratched over. It ſeemed as if the hand that had been ordered to obliterate them was unwilling to perform its office.

The thing appeared in itſelf trifling: yet the firſt feeling it inſpired was bitter regret; followed by aſſociations which volumes ſcarcely could exhauſt. The madneſs of men, the infatuation of example and habit, the miſeries they inflict, the murders they authoriſe, the frenzy with which they perſiſt in repeating their crimes! Oh, 'tis endleſs! Poor Rotterdam! Thou ſeemeſt to wreak thy vengeance on England, Scotland, and Ireland: but it is only ſeeming. Great is thy grief of heart!

CHAPTER XXI.

A PASSPORT: THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE TIMES—ENGLISHMEN RENDERED SUSPICIOUS, AND PANIC STRUCK—A PAINFUL REFUSAL—A TRIBUTE OF THANKS FOR A PROMISE PERFORMED—NEW HOPES AND ANOTHER TRIP TO THE HAGUE—THIS SPLENDID VILLAGE THE PRESENT SEAT OF GOVERNMENT—MORALS AND PURSUITS OF TRAVELLING CLERKS—EATING, AT THE SUPPER OF A TABLE D'HÔTE.

THERE are occaſions on which a man may be allowed to ſpeak of himſelf, without deſerving the appellation of egotiſt. My unoffending principles and conduct, at Hamburg, had made the obtaining of a paſſport to Holland a thing of no difficulty. The French miniſter was at the Hague: a friend had written to him in my behalf; and I ſuppoſed he would readily empower me to proceed to Paris.

There never was a period, in civilized hiſtory, in which the affairs of men, and the ſocial relations between people and people, were ſo impeded, injured, and oppreſſed, as during this revolutionary war. Suſpicion never before bore ſo odious, I ſhould ſay hideous, an aſpect. Had the old man of the mountain diſperſed his aſſaſſins through every region, and into the boſom of every family, miſtruſt could not have been more trembling, nor alarm more deſpotic.

Engliſhmen, among whom egreſs and regreſs had been a common right, Engliſhmen, who uſed to pity and almoſt deſpiſe the ſlaves that could not paſs their borders, without a written permiſſion, Engliſhmen now found their path cribbed and circumſcribed, like

like the limits of a Pruſſian recruit. When they left their country, it is true, they were at all times obliged to ſubmit to foreign regulations: but, even among foreigners, their character was ſuch that their difficulties were leſſened.

The time at laſt came when they themſelves conſented to be manacled. Free of ſpeech, liberal in their oppoſition, and diſdainful of fear, as they had been, ſuſpicion ſuddenly ſeized them; and, perſuaded that they were ſurrounded by danger, they conſented to meaſures which they had formerly affirmed none but tyrants could imagine, and none but ſlaves could endure.

If a nation, whoſe habits of unſuſpecting intercourſe and openneſs of heart were thus rooted, could be ſo impreſſed by the terror of the times as to render the virtue of caution contemptible, and alarm lunacy, it cannot excite ſurpriſe that the ſame puerile exceſſes ſhould exiſt, with increaſe, among a people where they had been native.

I applied to the French Miniſter, as an Engliſhman? Subterfuge, in my opinion, is as dangerous as it is mean. He anſwered that his orders were abſolute: as an Engliſhman, my entrance on the territories of France was prohibited. I pleaded the peaceful nature of my occupations, and my principles; that my wife was the niece of a French man of letters, a member of the National Convention, of the Counſel of five hundred, and afterward of the National Inſtitute; that theſe were well known facts; and that ſurely they ought to have weight. I pleaded in vain: his anſwer was the ſame; and I returned from the Hague with the ſole ſatisfaction of having ſeen the place.

Our motives for wiſhing immediately to proceed to Paris were very ſtrong. They were of a private and family kind; and not to be deſcribed with brevity: except that my wife's advanced pregnancy, and her deſire to enjoy the aid and conſolation of her friends, were among the moſt urgent.

I again went to the poſt-houſe, and found three letters. One of them had been forwarded to me from Amſterdam: to which city it was directed *poſte reſtante*; and there would have remained, but for the kindneſs of the gentleman already mentioned, Mr. ********. Men readily promiſe ſuch favours: but, in general, they as readily forget their promiſe. Mr. ******** remembered his; and did me an eſſential ſervice.

Perhaps it is too trifling to mention that the ſame man, at the poſt-office of Rotterdam, repeated the ſame rudeneſs. I am very far from ſuppoſing it characteriſed the manners of the people. The inſolence of office ſeldom appears, except when its power is queſtioned. I conclude it was the character of the man; and people in ſuch employments have no ſuperviſors of their politeneſs.

Our letters gave us new hopes: for they informed us that the ſame poſt brought new recommendations in our favour to the French Miniſter. I therefore determined to return that very evening to the Hague.

It was fair time, at this ſplendid *village*: for, having no municipal rights, ſo I underſtand it is called; though moſt people affirm it is the handſomeſt town in Holland. Its diſtance from Rotterdam, as I recollect, is ſeven miles; and the *treck-ſchuit* goes and returns three times a day.

I knew I ſhould be too late to ſee the Miniſter: but I ſhould have the advantage of ſupping at the table d'hôte; and of being ready the next morning to viſit both him and the town. The Hague was properly the ſeat of government; and was in every ſenſe too famous a place not to render a few hours ſpent there highly gratifying.

Three young men were going from the inn at Rotterdam, where we lodged, and offered to be my guides, through the fair. Their manners were wild, they ſpoke ſeveral languages, and appeared to have

have little value for money. I ſuppoſed them the ſons of rich merchants, at leaſt, who had broke looſe perhaps from their families, and were ſcattering a part of the parental wealth. They were three travelling clerks, for mercantile houſes. From the proceedings which I have had occaſion to notice of this claſs of men, I have often queſtioned myſelf, with ſurpriſe, concerning the nature and extent of their revenues?

It was dark, when we arrived at our inn, and I underſtood from the converſation of theſe youths, intruſted with the mercantile concerns and in a certain ſenſe with the fortunes of their employers, that they had all the grand balls and fine women of the place to viſit that night; that probably they ſhould not come back to bed; and that, in the morning, they muſt look to their maſter's buſineſs. Doubtleſs they would be excellently fitted for their office. I was fool enough to preach a little morality to them, and was laughed at. I foreſaw this conſequence; and have often diſcovered that I am the true Adam Overdo.*

I had little to obſerve at the table d'hôte; except that the gueſts each ate enough to ſerve a moderate man four and twenty hours: and that one of them, an old Dutch officer, was notwithſtanding greatly ſuperior in the faculty of devouring to all the reſt. He had at leaſt a double portion.

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* A character in Ben Jonſon's Bartholomew Fair.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HAGUE: STREETS: SOLDIERS: REVOLUTIONARY TIMES—THE GREAT MALL: FAIR TIME: SHEW-BOOTHS, MONKIES, JUGGLERS, BUFFOONS, AND PHILOSOPHY—KITCHEN SPLENDOR—A DUTCH GAME —THE COSTUME OF THE COUNTRY.

MY firſt buſineſs in the morning was that of gazing. A man in a foreign town having but a few hours to remain in it, and avaricious to diſcover all that it contains, knows not where to begin, which way to turn, nor of whom to inquire.

I walked through the ſtreets: they were clean and wide. I came to a great ſquare: at ſuch a ſeaſon, I ſhould have ſuppoſed that booths would have been erected in it, and merchandiſe ſet off for ſale: it ſwarmed with ſoldiers. The whole town ſwarmed with them. I know not whether their numbers would not have been ſufficient to defend the works of Luxemburg.

The place was ſmall: why were they here? The legiſlative bodies held their deliberations in it; and it was publicly aſſerted that theſe deliberations were perfectly unawed. Surely the troops of the republic of France did not come to inſtruct the lawgivers of the republic of Batavia in the principles of freedom. They were revolutionary times; and, in revolutionary times, I have heard the pretended partiſans of freedom aſſert, the public preſſes may be ſtopped, and men tranſported, without trial; and, which is ſtill more ſtrange, to keep the guillotine at work is a revolutionary

virtue. Heavens! Into what exceſſes will not the heat and forgetfulneſs of the moment lead men! The rage of opinion prevails, common ſenſe becomes ſtupefied, and wiſdom ſtands aloof bewildered.

I came to the great Mall, where ambaſſadors and diſtinguiſhed perſons many of them reſide. Here it was that the fair was held; and I walked up the row, to view an exhibition of varied induſtry and art. Not only the moſt uſeful neceſſaries were here, but many of the luxuries and ornaments of life. A diſplay of the collected powers of the human mind, and the contemplation of them, is its higheſt pleaſure.

I walked forward, and came to ſhow-booths: bears and tigers within; monkies and parrots without. Here rope dancers, notorious jugglers, and Dutch buffoons; and there a cabinet or muſeum of natural hiſtory, with all the arcana of philoſophy developed. A whimſical aſſemblage. But a Dutch fair is not the only place in which philoſophy plays the fool.

This is ungenerous in me. Poor philoſophy is fallen into ſuch diſcredit, at preſent, that to beſpatter her now is as unmanly as to throw mire at a wretch in the pillory.

But what is it that diſtinguiſhes a Dutch fair from a fair in England? This is the difficult part of the picture. The efforts to attract notice, and the arts to get money, every where greatly reſemble each other: yet the local ſhades are ſufficiently ſtrong, and numerous, to form a very different whole. It is the minuteneſs and multiplicity of them that render them far from eaſy to deſcribe.

I came to an aſſemblage of booths; the decorations of which were certainly national. Within and without, they were hung with large braſs diſhes: clean, bright, and emboſſed with various figures;

figures; of no ordinary workmanſhip. What could they mean? They ſurely were a kind of ſigns? The people within were of the lower claſs: what had they to ſell? I inquired and found it was a kind of greaſy cake, or pancake, which they cooked; the ſauce to which was drams. The fineſt ornaments of a hundred kitchens were here expoſed to admiration. This was Dutch: what could be ſo attractive to the gueſts?

Near the ſame ſpot, I ſaw groups of boys, diverting themſelves; while peaſants ſtood round, watching, and admiring. And what was their dexterous game? It was to place a cake of gingerbread, in equilibrium, on the edge of a hatchet; and, by ſtriking at it with another hatchet, to cut it in two parts.

I did not perfectly underſtand the rules; but it appeared the boy gave a ſmall coin, to the vender of gingerbread: for which he had one or more ſtrokes. The place, round where he ſtood, was ſtrewed with ſand: the gingerbread was purpoſely made pliant, that it might not eaſily be divided, and the blow was ſeldom ſucceſsful. The cake was dirtied, the boors laughed, and the vexed boy tried again. He obtained his gingerbread, after perhaps paying trebly for it, and had the ſand into the bargain. It amuſed the ſpectators, exerciſed his ingenuity, and prompted him to better attempts.

But the chief thing which affects the eye of a foreigner, as ſomething unuſual, is the general coſtume: the dreſſes, phyſiognomies, and peculiar appearance of the lower claſſes; decked in their holiday finery. Broad pewter and ſilver buckles; large and ſmall buttons, both in exceſs, and both of ancient uſage; ſome with ſhort veſts, and others with coats down to their heels, each of them fitting cloſe and ſhewing the waiſt; projecting hips, the men wearing eight or ten pair of breeches, the women at leaſt as many petti-

coats; ſtockings of various colours, not excepting purple, red, and yellow; peaſant girls in ſhort jackets, with their gold ornaments and rich Bruſſels lace; tobacco pipes, various in their form and ſize; and countenances with a frequent tinge of the livid: theſe are a few of the many marks, which catch the ſtranger's eye, and characteriſe the people.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A WALK IN A WOOD—ELEGIAC THOUGHTS—A PALACE BECOME A TAVERN: FUGITIVE POTENTATES—SERIOUS AND NECESSARY DOUBTS—SIGNS OF PRINCELY GRANDEUR GONE—A SECOND DIPLOMATIC INTERVIEW: CHANGE OF MANNER: MY REQUEST GRANTED.

I LEFT the croud, and walked into the wood. I wiſhed for meditation; and here it was inſpired, with painful abundance. He, who ſhould not heave many a mournful ſigh, to recollect what grandeur ſuffers when it falls, muſt ſurely be but a ſorry travelling companion. In this wood, the palace of the Stadtholder is built. Along theſe ſpacious roads, how many ſumptuous equipages have paſſed; how many princes of the earth have hurried; how many pleaſures have rolled! The dancer and the deep politician have met: each buſied in his golden dreams; each inflated with his own importance. The king of Pruſſia, Voltaire, and Veſtris, ſaid the latter, are the three wonders of the age!

I have touched upon a falſe chord. Human weakneſs is indeed the theme; but it is rather elegy than ſatire: it is impaſſioned and full of plaintive ejaculations. "By the waters of Babylon we ſat down and wept." How true, and therefore how beautiful was the thought.

I purſued my road. At proper diſtances, boards were nailed upon poſts; which had probably contained directions, and regulations, for the preſervation of the premiſes. They were open to the public; and long had been a favourite place of reſort. The inſcriptions on theſe boards were now effaced.

It

It was near an hour, for my walk was ſlow, penſive, and full of pauſe, before I arrived at the chateau. Where were the lordly owners of the manſion? They were gone; fugitives in a foreign land; and it was become a coffee-houſe, or a tavern, or I know not what. I know the world needs improvement. I know that innovation, change, is inevitable: I am what I have been, an unſhaken advocate for reform. But reform muſt be gradual, innovation tempered with mildneſs, and the people to be improved muſt conſent to and aid in their own amelioration; or the whole fabric is of ſand, which the returning tide will level.

My paſſport! My paſſport! While I am revolving theſe mighty affairs, over which I have no or little influence, the Miniſter may be gone out; and another day may be loſt. Mind your buſineſs, ſimple man; and leave ſuch matters to thoſe who undertake their direction. The advice has all the appearance of good ſenſe. But how if ſuch affairs ſhould be ill-directed? Have I no ſtake in them? Ought I like the ſumpter mule to bear my load, till thoſe who drive me have by conſumption made it light? The ſimile is defective. Experience, alas, has taught that conſumption does not lighten but increaſe the load.

I quickened my pace, and haſtened to the door of the Miniſter: he was gone out, and I could not but blame myſelf, for having loitered. Yet, I had thought ſo much, and in ſo ſoft and melancholy a tone, that I could wiſh to loiter an hour thus every day. He would return before dinner, and the misfortune was not great. I left my letter, which I had written to explain to him why I again aſked what he had deſcribed as impoſſible to be granted.

After another walk in the fair, and breakfaſting at a coffee-houſe, where I own I ſaw nothing that ſeemed to companion with the vicinity of a court, I came back. The concierge opened the

the door of the great ſaloon, deſired me to ſit down, and immediately ſent up my meſſage. This expedition was a good omen.

While the footman went up ſtairs, I had a glance at a picture by Rubens. The ſubject was allegorical, and ſoothing: it was War, withheld by Love, and Beauty; whoſe means of reſtraint were ſoft ſmiles, and gentle prayers.

Had I been left an hour alone, the time might have been well employed: but the footman returned almoſt immediately to ſhew me to the Ambaſſador. His manner was greatly changed: for, though he had before received me with the politeneſs which men in ſuch ſituations generally practiſe, yet, it was a freezing affability. He had bowed, apologiſed, and proteſted great regret; but compliance was impoſſible. His eyes were then averted: they now met mine with an openneſs that ſhewed my requeſt was become leſs painful.

After ſome explanations, the affair was arranged. He had received a letter from Paris, was convinced I was the perſon I had deſcribed myſelf to be, and no longer had any doubt but that I might ſafely be permitted to proceed on my journey.

CHAPTER XXIV.

AN AGREEABLE REPAST—DIFFERENCE OF OPINION NO REASONABLE CAUSE OF QUARREL—THE AMERICAN AND THE FRENCH CHARACTER COMPARED—A REMARKABLE FEUDAL RIGHT—LIBERTY THE GROWTH OF TIME.

I HAD the pleaſure of meeting Mr. Murray, the American Miniſter at the Hague; and he, in conſequence of what he had heard and read of me, invited me to dinner. His manner was open, and well bred; and I willingly accepted the propoſal. In a foreign country, to meet with a well informed man, who ſpeaks your language, and has been bred under laws and cuſtoms that have a great affinity with your own, is a peculiar enjoyment. It is the green mould of Cheſhire cheeſe, which is always poignant to the taſte, when at home; but, abroad, it is a luxury, which money can ſeldom procure.

Mr. Murray, with amiable frankneſs, told me he knew ſome of our opinions differed: but that liberal men, acquainted with the world, never made difference of opinion a cauſe of quarrel. Let them but think and diſcuſs with good humour, and it is the cauſe of mutual benefit.

All his remarks were of a public nature; and many of them were founded in truth. The American character, he ſaid, was formed on the Engliſh; and the manners of the Americans, conſequently, had in them a mixture of democracy. This mixture perhaps was greater, from the daring ſpirit of many of its original coloniſts: men who had offended the laws of England, and had been

been ſent into the woods and wilds of America to effect their reform. Here neceſſity rendered them induſtrious, and orderly; and their audacious habits fitted them to repel the aſſaults of the native Indians. The progreſs of the American revolution might be traced: it was prepared, gradual, and for that reaſon took a permanent form. In France, the revolution was ſudden, the ſhock violent, and the change extreme. The French character, he added, was criminal; but denied that it was vicious. I did not underſtand the diſtinction; and he explained it to conſiſt in their impetuoſity: their ſudden impulſe to act, without due reflection. If I rightly recollect, Locke tells us there is no other vice. I perfectly agreed with him, that the French had great qualities: that at one moment they were magnanimous, at another cruel, and that both were in the extreme.

I know not where he had read it, but, ſpeaking of the aboliſhment of feudal rights, he mentioned one which finely characteriſes their capricious tyranny. During the lying-in of the lady of the manor, the vaſſals were obliged to ſilence all the frogs: if the latter croaked, the former were fined, or puniſhed.

He maintained it would require a century and half to render the French as free as the Americans are at preſent. I hope the calculation was falſe; but I have fears, of which I ſhall ſpeak in their place. We enjoyed our ſocial hour unclouded by pride, miſtruſt, or affectation. I know not what we ate, but I know the dinner was excellent: for, excluſive of the meats which hoſpitality takes a pleaſure to provide, there was "the feaſt of reaſon and the flow of ſoul." Mrs. Murray honoured us with her company; and the ſweetneſs of her manners gave charms to her underſtanding. Of this, judging from ſo ſhort a viſit, I can give no decided opinion; but it appeared to be well and perhaps

highly cultivated. They have now left the buſy world: the forms, and ſeemings, and ſmiles, which diplomacy impoſes. May they enjoy, not only the peace of retirement, but, that variety which gives a charm to life: of which tumultuous cities are ſcarcely more prolific than the country retreat; if well ſtudied, and well underſtood.

CHAPTER XXV.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEPARTURE—A LAST HOMAGE TO THE HOUSE OF ERASMUS—A SHORT PARALLEL OF RELIGIOUS AND POLITICAL REVOLUTION—TRAVELLING BY LAND DEAR IN HOLLAND—ASPECT OF THE COUNTRY: THE MOERDYK: POSTILLIONS: A DUTCH BREAKFAST AND A FRENCH EATER: THE ADROIT REFUGE OF EXTORTION: A REMARKABLE FEMALE HOSTLER: THE FORCE OF EDUCATION: DISTANCE GIVES WORTH TO COMMON OBJECTS: DELAY OCCASIONED BY CONTRABAND GOODS: LAUDABLE BEHAVIOUR OF A CUSTOM-HOUSE OFFICER.

THE welcome news I brought home put us all in high ſpirits. We ſhould not now be obliged to remain in a place where we had not a ſingle friend; at a period when nature requires every care, and every conſolation. We determined to make the reſt of the journey by land; and prepared for our departure the next morning.

We roſe early, but our landlord of the Golden-foot was up before us: he made it a rule to accompany his gueſts to the treck-ſchuit, or the carriage.

I indulged myſelf in the pleaſure of going a little round, and taking a laſt look of the houſe in which Eraſmus was born. A train of thoughts took poſſeſſion of my mind: the ſimilarity of thoſe times to the preſent forcibly ſtruck me. How did Luther and his reformers then agitate Europe! How violent were the

wars, and how endleſs! How infatuated, how enraged, were the different parties! How many evils did they engender: yet how great the good that was the reſult! During thirty years, the infernal arts and engines of deſtruction deſolated Germany. Diſſenſion took ſuch root that to this hour its baneful fruits are taſted. May the animoſities of the preſent times, violent as they have been, find a quicker death. Politics were then mingled with religion; religion is now mingled with politics: experience ſhews, they cannot be ſeparated. Adieu to the ſhade of the philoſophic, active, and conciliatory Eraſmus! It was the love and reverence of wiſdom that dictated the ſatire upon folly.

In Holland, as travelling by the treck-ſchuit is uncommonly cheap, ſo travelling poſt is proportionally dear: but the variety is pleaſant. The country afforded ſome change of ſoil, and appearance. The fields began to be ſeparated by hedges, which we had indeed often ſeen before; but canals are likewiſe a frequent fence, and the landſcape is then naked.

We were ſorry to obſerve ſo much heath; but glad that ſome of this land had been put to a uſeful purpoſe: that of producing twigs, for baſket making; of which twigs we noticed many plantations. We had four ferries to croſs: that of the Moerdyk is a ſmall bay, over which we ſailed. The poſtillions had not the activity of the Engliſh; but they were far from being ſo tedious and ſo prating as the German: they ſtopped no oftener, nor any longer, than was neceſſary.

As we proceeded, the change of ſcenery was gradual; and began ſtrongly to remind us of England. The appearance of the people likewiſe varied; and, no doubt, their manners. Of theſe we could only catch ſlight and paſſing traits. Where we breakfaſted, the woman of the cottage, for it was little better, loaded the

the table not only with her clean earthen tea equipage, but with cheeſe, butter, cold meat, and eggs. There was plenty; but, the eggs excepted, nothing was good.

Some French paſſengers were travelling in another carriage. One of them, with a tongue that was never ſtill, the voice of Stentor, and the appetite of a cormorant, finding that the breakfaſt was at ſo much a head, ate till the poor Dutchwoman began to be out of patience. Her diſtreſs was a little ridiculous; and was teſtified by ſignificant hints that, when he had finiſhed what was before him, ſhe had nothing more to bring. Far from being abaſhed, he continued to eat, banter, and teaze her; by ſaying that, when he had done at his own table, he would come to ours; for we had plenty.

Further on the road, my wife wiſhed for a glaſs of beer; for which we called without alighting. The landlord, inſtead of bringing what we aſked for, brought a two quart jug, full; for which he required to be paid. I was taking the money from my pocket to comply; but thought it right to endeavour to make him aſhamed of the trick: at which he took ſuch high affront that he covered his diſgrace by refuſing to accept my money; telling me, he could afford to give me a jug of beer, though I could not afford to pay for it.

Juſt as we quitted the Batavian territories, and entered thoſe which now belong to France, the poſtillion ſtopped to bait. Inſtead of a hoſtler, a girl of eighteen came to water the horſes. It is but ſeldom that I have been more painfully affected, by the appearance, figure, and behaviour, of a human being. She was tall, excellently formed, had regular features, and under different circumſtances might have eclipſed the greateſt beauties, and bewitched a hoſt of admirers. Inſtead of this, it was impoſſible to look

look at her, hear her, and watch her behaviour, but with mingled pity and diſguſt. Her arms were chapped, like a raſp: her face and neck were engrained in dirt: her dreſs was too filthy for a Hottentot: ſhe ſtrided through the mud, ſwore at the horſes, ſtruck them in the face with her fiſt, and whiſtled to them, that they might ſtale. When ſhe had done her buſineſs, ſhe began to talk to us with a fooliſh familiarity; and regaled us by whiſtling a tune.

What is education? What forms can it make a human being aſſume? How may circumſtances change; how may habits reduce, degrade, and brutify! The ſavage of Aveyron, and Sir Iſaac Newton! Let thoſe who plead the cauſe of ignorance contemplate ſuch pictures, and determine.

When we are at home, incidents like ſome of theſe are ſcarcly noticed; but, at the diſtance of two or three hundred leagues, in countries of which we have vague and fantaſtic ideas, they acquire importance by aiding preciſion, and by becoming pictureſque.

Our delay at this place was increaſed, by the unwillingneſs of our poſtillion to proceed without being accompanied by the other carriage. It would be late, and the gates of Antwerp muſt be opened to let us paſs: this was the reaſon he urged. The cauſe of the delay of the other carriage was contraband goods, diſcovered in one of the trunks. Our trunks had been opened; but I had given the man a dollar, and the ceremony was very ſhort. I know not whether I had or had not goods, which theſe odious and pernicious laws make contraband: though I certainly had no intention to have any. My greateſt fear was that of having my trunks, which were packed as cloſe as poſſible, opened and wholly deranged. The articles of our fellow traveller that were ſtopped were

were two dozen pair of Engliſh cotton ſtockings; and other items, equally trifling. Having ſeen them, the officer was obliged to detain them: but he behaved as well as his duty would permit him; he agreed that they ſhould be ſent back to Hamburg. They would not greatly have enriched the ſtate; and the man had the generoſity to forego his part of the plunder. I have known very grave moralizers, who had not half this man's virtue.

CHAPTER XXVI.

KINDNESS OF HEART EXHIBITED: AGRICULTURE: ROADS: THE APPROACH TO A ONCE FAMOUS CITY; AND THE RECOLLECTION OF GREAT PAINTERS: ARRIVAL AT ANTWERP: A WOMAN THE GUARDIAN OF THE CITY GATES: PERQUISITES AND COMPLAINTS: THE HÔTEL D'ANGLETERRE: A WALK THROUGH THE CITY: MELANCHOLY FEELINGS: THE SCHELDT AND ITS PORT: PAST INDUSTRY AND PRESENT INDOLENCE: THE FLAGITIOUS ATTEMPT OF AVARICE —THE CHURCH OF THE DOMINICANS: A MOST REMARKABLE EXHIBITION OF THE ARTS OF THE MONKS: FLANDERS RENOWNED FOR SUPERSTITION—AGRICULTURE AND COMMERCE THE SUPPORT OF EACH OTHER.

SOON after we left the place of our delay, a military officer ſtopped the carriages; and demanded to ſee our paſſports. He returned them after examination, very civilly wiſhed us a good journey, and cautioned us to have them reviſed by the preſect, at Antwerp. There was anxiety in his caution: he was well acquainted with the common incidents of the day, and feared the diſtreſſed traveller would be ſtopped on his route. The man had a good heart, or his tone would have been different.

We now began to feel that we were in a country highly and deſervedly famed for its agriculture. But the pleaſure was not unmixed. I could not behold human induſtry, ſpreading its beneficent effects, without deeply regretting the half barren countries we had ſeen, and the ſmall part of the earth over which its happy influence is extended in the ſame degree.

The

The roads correſponded with the ſtate of agriculture; and I began to believe in all that travellers had told me, of the rich harveſts, abundant proviſions, and general proſperity, of the Netherlands. We were approaching the city, in the former commerce and wealth of which much of this proſperity had originated: a city famous for the arts, famous for its artiſts. Rubens, Vandyck, Teniers, Jordaens, Paul Brill, the famous blackſmith, and many, many others, whoſe works remain, had here been born, or taught and flouriſhed.

We arrived at the gates: they were ſhut. It would be difficult to give a reaſon why; for the care of them was intruſted to a woman. Having opened them, ſhe demanded our paſſports; which were taken to be examined.

When ſhe returned them, ſhe aſked for money; and I deſired to know on what pretence? She was ſurpriſed, or affected to be, at the queſtion. Had not ſhe opened the gates, after the hour; and could not ſhe have refuſed, if ſhe pleaſed? "What," ſaid I, "madam, is the opening and ſhutting of the gates at your diſpoſal?" Inſtead of a direct, ſhe gave an angry anſwer; and a perſon from the other carriage aſked her if ſhe was not paid by government? "Paid!" ſaid ſhe, with diſcontent; "yes; we are paid: but, if we had not our little perquiſites, we ſhould ſtarve on our pay." I ſuppoſed the anſwer had ſome truth in it: but the little French woman was ſo irritated, that, when I and others were giving her money, ſhe exclaimed—"God help me, if all the travellers that paſs were as teazing!" The incident afforded much reflection on ſervants, ſalaries, maſters, and governments: the ſcene of which was not confined merely to Antwerp.

After we had quitted Germany, we had not the diſagreeable taſk, being ſet down at the poſt-houſe, of walking through the ſtreets in ſearch of an inn. At Antwerp, we were brought to

the Hôtel d'Angleterre; where we found good accommodations, civil people, and reaſonable charges.

Deſirous as we were of arriving at our journey's end, we could not paſs through this city without dedicating a few hours to it, and taking a paſſing view of what we had not time attentively to examine. It is in vain to inquire of landlords, or the common inhabitants, what is moſt deſerving of notice, in any place. They frequently have no anſwer to give: or they turn the traveller's attention to hackneyed or uninſtructive objects. We inquired for a guide; that, by queſtioning him, we might judge for ourſelves in the choice.

Our firſt attention was turned to the river Scheldt, and the port. As we walked through the ſtreets, the man wiſhed us to notice this grand hotel, and that fine building: he thought them admirable. How different were our ſenſations! It was ſplendour, not in decay, but, abſolutely loſt: it gave poverty additional wretchedneſs. The ſtreets and the houſes, that former wealth had raiſed, were ſo quiet, ſo forlorn, ſo hung with emblems of miſery, that the eye was ſhocked; and the heart afflicted. The remembrance of what Antwerp had been increaſed the feeling; and our imagination ſaw more perhaps than was the truth.

We came to the river: it had a noble appearance. The quays, which had been loaded with the wealth of Europe, remained: but the merchandize was gone. Some half a dozen fiſhing-boats, and coaſting veſſels, were lying, in ſolitary inſignificance, there where numerous fleets had ridden. Beggars were loitering, and ragged boys at play, on thoſe banks which the intercourſe of nations had made the rendezvous of the induſtrious.

The cauſe of this ruin is recollected with indignation, which no language can expreſs. What, in an age when the benefits of navigation are ſo well underſtood, when ſums ſo immenſe are expended

pended to interſect countries with canals, that commerce may render them opulent, when the rights of the human race to the enjoyment of all the common benefits of nature have been ſo vehemently diſcuſſed and publicly pronounced, in ſuch an age, ſhall one of the nobleſt rivers in Europe be clogged and dammed up purpoſely to render the mighty bleſſing uſeleſs? Nay, worſe! To render it, not only the ſource of miſery to the inhabitants on its banks, but, the pretext and the cauſe of war among the ſtates of Europe! Is there a man on earth who does not feel amazement, contempt, and horror, when he reads of Nero ſetting fire to the city of Rome? Is there a man on earth who will affirm, that the wickedneſs of ſetting fire to the city of Rome, in any degree, equals the wickedneſs of damming up a navigable river? In one caſe, the loſs, however great, will be quickly repaired by time: in the other, the injury muſt be eternal; unleſs the injuſtice be redreſſed. Had it the power, the ſpirit of avarice, which dammed up the Scheldt, would dry up the ſources of nature; or turn them into that narrow channel where their effects would be deſolation, and deſtruction.* Can this avarice find pretexts and put motives in action for the continuance of ſuch an outrage? Will virtue and common ſenſe conſent to its further exiſtence? Time muſt determine; for things ſo incredible have happened that nothing is too incredible to be ſuppoſed.

Was there any thing in Antwerp after this that could rouſe the attention? Will it not at firſt appear paradoxical to ſay that we changed the ſcene, and were led to the contemplation of a ſubject,

* Since this was written, I have been aſſured by a merchant of Antwerp that the ſuppoſed damming up of the Scheldt is a popular error. It is a queſtion I have not leiſure to examine; though I have little doubt there is ſome foundation for the report. In any caſe, the reflexions are equally juſt.

which, in its hiſtory, cauſes, and conſequences, would render the one juſt touched upon a thing of trifling moment?

We aſked our guide if there were any remarkable churches; and, having repeated what every body has heard of the great church, he told us that in his opinion the fineſt of all was the late Dominicans'. Thither we went, entered it, and ſaw ſuch objects as are common to Catholic churches: but nothing which gave this a decided ſuperiority. Our guide however told us ſomething much finer was yet to come; and we accordingly followed him, and the ſexton.

They walked through ſeveral aiſles, opened an iron gate, and led us——where? To paradiſe, to purgatory, into the ſociety of legendary ſaints, martyrs, prophets, and evangeliſts, each ſculptured in ſtone, and labelled. What a pleaſure to become perſonally and individually acquainted with the real figures; and ſo as not to be miſtaken, or in danger of confounding perſons! The cock that crowed to Peter, Chriſt crucified, rods of iron, painted red to repreſent ſtreams of blood, iſſuing from his wounds and falling into the hands of Mary, who ſtood in coloured ſtone, all the figures of Mount Calvary, Moſes, David, angels, a dragon, a dog with a bone, St. Peter treading on him, hell, carved in wood and painted flame colour, the damned, grinning in horrible caricature, Chriſt, in all the gradations of the croſs, the grave, and the reſurrection, candle-ſockets in abundance to illuminate purgatory, every object, the trivial, the deſpicable, and the grand, all that can work upon the imagination, to terrify, bewilder, and leave it in ſtupid amazement, ſeem there to be collected.

I never before was ſo forcibly ſtruck with the practice and the arts of the Catholic religion. Reading cannot produce the ſame ſtrong conviction and feelings as thoſe which are produced by the ſight of ſuch objects. There is a diffidence in the minds of readers:

readers: they juſtly fear the writer ſhould be prejudiced, inaccurate, or exaggerate from a deſire to aſtoniſh. The enumeration I have made of the objects this place contained would appear inſignificant, were the account books to be produced belonging to the monaſtery, in which the different items are or were inſerted.

Of the ſenſations of the ignorant, when they behold ſuch ſpectacles, it is impoſſible to form a true eſtimate: though there are incidents that will enable us to gueſs. Of this nature was the behaviour of our guide. He was a Catholic; he took off his hat, when he approached the place; and the awe that was painted in his countenance was very expreſſive. He aſſured us, with great ſolemnity, every thing we beheld was the very truth: all was here ſhewn juſt as it had happened; for a Dominican friar had made a journey to Mount Calvary, in the Holy Land, that nothing might poſſibly be omitted, or miſtaken.

I put the poor fellow's ſimplicity to the proof, by aſking him if the friar had ſeen the dragon (to which I pointed) when he was at Mount Calvary? And the ſimple fellow anſwered, with eager earneſtneſs, "Oh yes! He had ſeen there every thing that was to be ſeen here!"

The people, in proteſtant countries, are few of them aware of the odious quarrels, and ſtruggles for power, which have exiſted among the different orders of monks. I ſpeak from conjecture, but I have little doubt that this exhibition was contrived to attract and gain over the vulgar, from ſome order that was in rivality with the Dominicans. It afflicts me to ſay, what is literally the truth, it was a grand pantomime, prepared at an enormous expence, in order to produce overflowing houſes. Whether there was or was not contention with other orders, this was no leſs the fact. Flanders was once one of the Catholic countries that have been the moſt credulous, and extravagant in ſuperſtition; from which credulity it is but partially relieved.

As it is the peculiar duty of a man, who undertakes to ſtate facts, not to ſtate them in ſuch a manner as to induce error, truth requires me to remark, before I quit Antwerp, that, as it is probable this city once made agriculture flouriſh, ſo, I imagine from appearances, agriculture now ſupports the city; and prevents it from falling into total decay. The picture, which I have given of its preſent wretched appearance, is relative to its former grandeur; and not ſuch as ought to make it ſuppoſed that there are not many towns inferior to Antwerp.

CHAPTER XXVII.

ANTWERP A PLACE OF PLENTY: A CONSCIENTIOUS HINT TO TRAVELLERS: EMIGRANT PRIESTS; THEIR DISTRESSES, APPREHENSIONS, AND HOPES: DANGEROUS CONSEQUENCES OF ATTRIBUTING DIVINE VIRTUE TO MEN: A SICK PRIEST AND HIS CONDUCTOR; TOKENS OF EXTREME BIGOTRY: WAR THE DESTRUCTION OF ROADS: FLOURISHING STATE OF AGRICULTURE: PHYSIOGNOMY AND REPUTED CHARACTER OF THE PEOPLE: IMAGES OF THE VIRGIN: REMARKABLE BEGGARS: BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY SEATS: A WORD ON BRUSSELS: THE SUPPER OF A SICK PRIEST.

THE weight of our luggage, the desire of mixing with strangers, the fixed routine and prices of public vehicles, these and other considerations induced us to prefer travelling by the diligence. We quitted Antwerp and the Hôtel d'Angleterre, well satisfied with the charges and civility of our host. The cheapness of provisions, in this country, will not admit of charges which an Englishman would consider as exorbitant. Good inns are great conveniences, to a traveller: but I would not follow the bad example of pronouncing decisively, against a landlord with whom I happened to be dissatisfied; nor in giving an exclusive preference, to the house at which I happened to lodge; unless, by actually residing at others, I could speak from my own knowledge. I do not think it just to assert that this is the best, or that is the worst inn in any town, on slight and presumptive evidence. Were I an innkeeper, I should keenly feel and perhaps might deeply suffer by such assertions.

Our

Our diligence was full; and contained no leſs than fifteen paſſengers. The greateſt number of them were emigrant prieſts; old, worn by misfortune, and, as their conduct proved, ſeveral of them returning under anxious alarms of being ſtopped. When they approached a fortified place, they alighted; and paſſed the gates as inhabitants. They inquired, with apprehenſion, of the conductor and others, whether the paſſports were ſtrictly examined? And their diſcourſe, among themſelves, proved the nature of their fears.

Some of them ſeemed to have acquired new habits, and modes of thinking; ſpoke like men of the world, and appeared almoſt to have forgotten that they were prieſts.

Others gave proofs of the bitterneſs of their reſentment, at the perſecutions they had ſuffered; and of the perſuaſion, which they ſtill maintained, that the time of redreſs and of revenge was approaching.

Theſe are great frailties; vicious feelings: yet, though we cannot approve, we ought to recollect the haraſſed and wretched exiſtence which theſe poor men had endured, and pardon. None, but thoſe who are extremely ignorant of the human heart, can imagine that, by making a man a prieſt, you make him a ſaint. The inſtitution itſelf, it is true, ſuppoſes this: but that is the maſter vice of the inſtitution, its diſgrace, and will be its utter downfall. Good ſenſe ſhould conſider the prieſt as a man, liable to the failings of men; and, in addition, to the failings which his falſe pretenſions to ſuperior virtue, when he happens to poſſeſs only mean or ordinary talents, have made him ſubject.

Two of theſe perſons, in particular, caught our attention: an old gentleman, ſo feeble and ill that we thought him dying; and his companion, who was not much younger, and who, as it appeared, had undertaken the charge of being his conductor.

I know

I know not which of the two excited the greateſt pain. Our feelings were in continual apprehenſion, while we looked at the ſick man, that the ſhaking of the carriage and the fatigue of the journey would make him expire before our eyes: and we were obliged to endeavour to keep them from turning to that ſide.

The man, who had undertaken the care and office of a friend, inſtead of being attentive to that office and apprehenſive like ourſelves, took a cunning occaſion to deſert ſitting by his ſide, and to obtain another ſeat. An officer, who ſat facing us, had received a wound in the foot; and was fearful of the leaſt bruiſe. The good tempered vivacity of our little boy, which could not without cruelty be reſtrained, made his neighbourhood dangerous to the officer, who therefore exchanged ſeats with this prieſt; preferring the pain of contemplating the ſick man to the hazard of receiving hurt, in a part already ſo tender.

Our now oppoſite companion, the prieſt, had not long taken his ſeat before I perceived his lips muttering behind his hat, which was held aſkance, and his eyes turned up; ſo that the white of them could only be ſeen. He is praying for his dying friend, ſaid I. I whiſpered to him—"the poor gentleman is very ill." "Yes," anſwered he, with the utmoſt unconcern; "he will ſoon be gone." His hat again was up, and his lips in motion. It is neither pity nor piety, ſaid I. Nothing but folly and fanaticiſm can be read in the motion of his lips, and the rolling of his eyes.

He ſat repeating and repeating his ave maria, and his other automatical exerciſes; and buttoning his coat when, if his roſary had been there, he would have paſſed a bead. The narrowneſs and nature of his faculties were ſtamped in his phyſiognomy. I doubt if I ever beheld a face ſo actively inſignificant.

The fine roads of Flanders were once the traveller's proverb; and, to a certain diſtance on each ſide of Antwerp, it is ſtill juſti-

fied: but, as we proceeded, we were ſurpriſed and ſorry to remark the change, which was gradually from indifferent to bad in the extreme. The deſtruction of a major part of the principal roads of Europe is among the worſt conſequences of the worſt of wars. No country can be in a flouriſhing condition where the roads are not or have not been in good repair.

How gratified, how delighted we were, to view the ſtate of the country through which we were paſſing! Every ſpecies of agriculture, which is common to the place, was in higher perfection than I had ever beheld, except in England; and the beſt parts of England itſelf I ſuſpect are there ſurpaſſed. Gardens to each houſe, hedges, grain of various kinds, the peaſants ploughing, hoeing, manuring, harrowing, and rolling the land: few fields without men, women, and children at work in them: frequent ſtreams of water, and the general face of the country well wooded: ſuch were the chearful and delightful objects that animated every landſcape.

I had formerly paſſed through a part of French Flanders; and thought I remarked numbers of thoſe coarſe and ſtupid faces, which the Flemiſh painters have ſo often copied: but the general phyſiognomy, here, denoted good ſenſe; and ſuch habits as agreed with the appearance of the country. That they are addicted to revenge, that they fight with knives, that they hate the power which has ſubjected them, be it Auſtrian, Engliſh, or French, that they now frequently murder the ſentinels on their poſts, and are guilty of other exceſſes, are aſſertions confidently made; and, from many ſtories which I have heard, are I fear well founded. Flanders, it is ſaid, cannot be called a ſafe place for a foreigner: eſpecially at night; or if he be ſubject to the leaſt intemperance. A paſſenger, like myſelf, can neither contradict nor affirm the report.

We

We ſaw many niches, by the road ſide, in which images of the Virgin had been placed. They were all now removed.

A ſpecies of beggars, of a very unuſual kind, frequently accoſted us, on this road. They were girls and boys, who came up to the carriage with a peculiar ſong, and continued to run by our ſide ſometimes not leſs than a mile. The beggars of Ireland and England were, till now, the moſt importunate I had ever encountered: but I never met with any that in the leaſt degree could compare, in tormenting perſeverance, with theſe beggars of the Netherlands. They not only continued their Flemiſh whine, but clapped their hands, gave an occaſional cry in chorus, tumbled, rolled themſelves head over heels along the road, and played various antics to force attention.* I was deſirous not to encourage ſuch bad practices; but I could not perſuade my French companions to ſuſtain ſo long and ſo inceſſant a ſiege: for each new party of beggars ſeemed determined never to quit the diligence, till ſomething had been given.

The richneſs of the country ſeats, which we occaſionally ſaw, greatly ſurpriſed us. The beſt buildings of England, ſome very few excepted, are the country ſeats of the nobility and gentry; and I doubt whether the beſt of theſe are not ſurpaſſed by the manſions, or rather palaces, near Bruſſels.

The approach to this city, from Antwerp, is uncommonly fine: it conſiſts of ſpacious walks, perhaps a league in length, planted with trees, and kept in excellent order. It is formal: but it is grand.

Of Bruſſels itſelf I can ſay but little; for we entered it late, and left it early; except that I walked through the ſtreets, and

* A friend informs me he has ſeen the ſame practices on the Bath road: I never did, or they have eſcaped my memory.

they had the appearance of life, population, and good humour. Proviſions I was informed are there remarkably cheap.

The chief incident of the place was the ſupper of the ſick man, and his pious friend. I was amazed, thinking as I did that he could not poſſibly ſurvive the fatigue, to ſee them both ſeated in a back room with ſeveral diſhes before them: fiſh, lobſter ſauce, melted butter, ragouts, and every provocative; and both of them feeding with an appetite which an alderman might envy. When the ſupper was bringing upon the table, I aſked the man in health if he did not think it dangerous to ſuffer his companion to feed in ſuch a ſtyle. It was not in his power to prevent him, was his anſwer. It was with the utmoſt difficulty that he had perſuaded him not to ſup at the table d'hôte: for this dying perſon had ſuppoſed he ſhould not get ſupper enough, or at leaſt not good enough, if he remained below. This might be the nature of the man's diſeaſe: but, as far as eating was concerned, his friend in health had the ſame malady.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IMPROVEMENTS OF SCENERY FROM GERMANY TO FLANDERS: THE FATIGUE OF BROKEN PAVEMENT: THE NATIONAL ADVANTAGES OF GOOD ROADS: A GRAND BUT IMAGINARY CAUSE OF FESTIVITY: MALINES AND TOURNAY CONTRASTED—VICTORY GAINED HERE—A WORD TO HISTORIANS.

FROM the time that we had left the heaths of Oldenburgh till the day that we arrived at Bruſſels, the change of ſcene, the variety of objects, and the eaſe of travelling, had afforded increaſing pleaſure. As far as the ſcenery of the country was concerned, the laſt day had afforded the greateſt: but, though the fancy was delighted, the body was wearied. The fatigue was ſuch as I or any perſon, with good health and good temper, might chearfully endure: but the pavement now became ſo broken, the jolts ſo rude, and the ſhaking ſo continual, that the ſufferings of my poor Louiſa were almoſt too great to endure.

But how could you be ſo cruel to your wife as not to travel in your own carriage, ſo built as that ſhe might repoſe at her eaſe?

Ay, dear madam, how indeed! And how could you and others, who may queſtion me, be ſo cruel as not to provide her with ſuch a carriage? Though I perfectly know the diſgrace annexed to it, I will whiſper a ſecret to you; truſting to your generoſity not to make it public. The man, to whom Fortunatus left his purſe, was not a poet. Do not imagine, dear madam, that I complain.

Oh

Oh no! Let me but look round in every road, lane, or ſtreet, and be guilty of ſuch captious diſcontent if I dare.

We hoped at Bruſſels the worſt of the way had been paſſed. How wretchedly were we deceived! After we had left Arras, I do not remember any part of the road that was remarkably bad: but, from Bruſſels to that town, the ſhakes were ſo violent, and the ruts occaſionally ſo dangerous, that they cannot be recollected without a degree of terror.

It is ſtrange that any government can be ignorant of, or inſenſible to, the benefit which governments derive from a good ſtate of the roads. Who does not know that the baſis of wealth conſiſts of the products of the land? Who is ignorant that home manufactures and internal commerce are the moſt lucrative branches of private and public revenue? Neither agriculture, home manufactures, nor internal commerce, can flouriſh, unleſs a country be well interſected with roads; and thoſe roads kept in good repair.

Theſe things are no ſecret: but, alas, it is in vain to preach to the paſſions. On an appointed day, a whole nation will riſe early to hunt after pleaſure, which no one knows where to find; will hurry from place to place, through the rain and the mire; will catch colds and fevers; will ſeek diſeaſe or death, in various forms; and return home worn, fatigued, exhauſted, and ill humoured: and this will be called a feaſt. If, on an appointed day, a whole nation would riſe and go forth with the ſame eagerneſs to the performance of ſome public work, how happy would the knowledge of the good they were doing render them! How truly merry would be their hearts, how chearful their return, how ſweet their ſleep, and how exulting the triumph of their labours! Such actions would record themſelves. The praiſe beſtowed on them would neither be falſe nor forced: it would live in the hearts of men,

men, flow from their lips, and be repeated from generation to generation.

From Bruſſels to Lille, the chief things we remarked were repetitions of what we had before ſeen. The face of the country ſtill continued uncommonly fine. When we paſſed the town of Malines, between Antwerp and Bruſſels, it appeared chearful, abounded in ſhops, and had every ſymptom of activity, and wealth. To-day, the aſpect of Tournay was the very reverſe: ſolitary ſtreets, houſes in ruins, the poor ragged, and every token of decay. The fortifications appeared to be in a remarkably ruinous ſtate.

It was near this city that the Britiſh and allied forces, under the command of the Duke of York, aided by the peculiar bravery of the regiment of Kaunitz, ſuſtained an attack of thirty thouſand French, planned and directed by Pichegru, and repulſed them to their great loſs.

To a military man, the mementos of fame and diſgrace in this country are inceſſantly preſenting themſelves. The hiſtorian, while recording them, is among the moſt miſchievous of men, if he ſo records them as to excite to future ſcenes of ſlaughter, to the hatred of nations, and to the deſolation of the earth.

CHAPTER XXIX.

UNNECESSARY RESTRAINT: IMPATIENCE OF TRAVELLERS—A DISGRACEFUL TRICK: DUPLICITY OF SERVANTS AND INN-KEEPERS: DOUBLE DUPLICITY OF ONE OF THE PARTNERS OF A COACH COMPANY: GRATUITOUS INSOLENCE, AND TRIFLING DIFFICULTIES.

AT Bruſſels we had taken our places for Paris. The return of emigrants into France, who, coming from England, were obliged to paſs through Hamburg, and thus make an unneceſſary circuit of ſeveral hundred miles, had occaſioned theſe roads to be much travelled; and had given riſe to a new company, that undertook to convey paſſengers in a certain number of hours. In a diligence, belonging to this company, we had taken our places.

Greatly as Louiſa was fatigued, her deſire to be with her father and friends was ſo ardent that ſhe was impatient to proceed. This kind of impatience is the traveller's failing: I ſcarcely have met with one to whom it was not common. We were to have a night's ſleep at Lille; and this ſhe thought would be ſufficient refreſhment.

We ſupped early; and gave repeated inſtructions to be called at the proper hour. Of this we were aſſured we need not doubt: the man whoſe office it was to call the paſſengers never neglected his duty.

The hour of departure was five in the morning; and I waked at half paſt four and roſe, ſurpriſed that the call had not been given. We heard a diligence preparing in the yard; I went out and

and inquired, and was told we might ſleep an hour longer; for we ſhould not go ſo ſoon as was expected.

Wearineſs is willing to repoſe: and yet I felt uneaſy. Between five and ſix, I made freſh inquiries; and then was informed, to my utter aſtoniſhment, that the diligence was gone.

This was ſo barefaced a trick, and might to a traveller be of ſuch ſerious conſequence, that I thought it a duty to make the ſtricteſt inquiries by whom it had been played. I called for the maſter of the inn; he was not to be found: for the miſtreſs; ſhe was not up: for the book-keeper; he could give no account: it was neither his buſineſs nor his fault. The ſervants made various excuſes; knowing them all to be falſe.

Patience was our only preſent reſource. We waited till we could ſee the landlady; and ſhe denied that we had been deceived: beſide, though the paſſengers lodged at her houſe, the diligence was a ſeparate concern, not hers, and for which ſhe was not accountable. Neither could ſhe ſuppoſe there was any harm done. The lady, meaning my wife, was in a ſtate that would make her very glad of a day's reſt: and what was a day?

To reaſon with this woman, to aſk her how ſhe could determine what the value of a day might be to us, or to endeavour to make her underſtand that this was a breach of faith, were utterly in vain. She had more words than I had arguments. When however ſhe ſaw I was determined to make further inquiries, ſhe ſaid ſhe would ſend to a partner of the concern, who reſided at Lille; and he would ſpeak for himſelf.

I ſaw this partner: and his conduct was more prevaricating, more mean, and full of falſehood, than all I had heard. He declared, on his honour, that the diligence for Paris on the company's account had not departed that morning: that one of the wheels

of the carriage had been broken, and the axle-tree ſo injured that to have ſent it with a ſlight repair, in the preſent ſtate of the roads, would have been to ſacrifice the lives or limbs of the paſſengers: that he had the ſtricteſt ſenſe of perſonal reſponſibility, and of the duty which he and the concern were under never to trifle with the public: and, to convince me of the literal truth of all this, he requeſted me to walk with him and ſee the carriage, that was now repairing.

I went as he deſired, ſaw a diligence that wanted a wheel, heard him explain what repairs were neceſſary, and yet the whole tale was falſe. I almoſt believed him, though the ſervants of the inn had finally confeſſed the diligence had gone as uſual: ſo fluent were his excuſes, ſo conciliating his apologies, and ſo candid was his appearance. But our fellow traveller, the officer, who had a hurt in his foot, having gone away with the diligence that morning, met us afterward at Paris, in *le jardin des plantes*; and there told us how greatly he was ſurpriſed, when he took his ſeat in the diligence, to find it full, and we not among the paſſengers.

I was indeed convinced what the true character of this ſpecious proprietor or partner was the next morning, when we left Lille. I had aſked at Bruſſels, at the coach-office where I took the places, whether they required me to pay the whole fare to Paris, or only a part? And they anſwered, a part of the fare. For this I had their receipt: yet, when we were ſeated in the diligence, the proprietor who told me the tale of the broken wheel, ſent a clerk to demand the whole of the fare to be paid up. This was very inconvenient to me: for the *louis d'ors* I had provided for travelling were a part of them locked up in my ſecretary, which was locked in a trunk, and not to be come at without unpacking. I returned in anſwer that I had paid what was demanded at Bruſſels;

Bruſſels; where I was told I muſt pay the reſt at Paris. Inſtead of the civility of the preceding day, he ſent an inſolent and poſitive order that I muſt alight. For my own part, I can much more eaſily pardon inſolence than falſehood, ill faith, and a total want of principle in the dealings of men. The one is a diſagreeable quality: but the others are deſtructive vices.

When we came to examine, we found we had money enough without unpacking: and here that part of the vexation ended.

To ſpeak the truth is often a painful duty; but the facility of falſehood, which here was a common gift, among men ſervants and maids, maſters and miſtreſſes, the quick the immediate reſources of prevarication, and the pleaſure which ſeemed to be taken in this aptitude, of which thoſe who poſſeſſed the moſt were I fear envied for their ſuperiority; this deceiving quality formed a very unfavourable feature in the character of the people. I leave others to determine if it only belong, in this city, to coach proprietors, inn-keepers, and their menials: we had no opportunity, or wiſh, to make other trials.

CHAPTER XXX.

A WALK THROUGH LILLE: A CENTRAL SCHOOL AND ITS DEPARTMENTS; CLASSES, OF DESIGN, MATHEMATICS, AND EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY; THE PICTURE GALLERY; THE BOTANIC GARDEN; THE AMPHITHEATRE; THE HOT-HOUSE—RUBENS AND VANDYCK AT THE MERCY OF SOLDIERS—HOPES OF FUTURE CENTRAL SCHOOLS—APPEARANCE OF THE PEOPLE: THE DEFORMED: CARS DRAWN BY DOGS: THE HOUSES, THEATRE AND SQUARES: THE TOWN-HALL AND ITS BROKEN WINDOWS—A WHIMSICAL AND NOVEL KIND OF AUCTION—GENERAL ASPECT—ORDINANCES, ISSUED BY THE PREFECT.

WE have ſtepped into the diligence, it appears, ſeveral hours before we are ready to depart. To us the delay in reality was no evil. Lille is a place of ſufficient importance for a man to ſpend a day or many days in it, and receive inſtruction.

We inquired what was to be ſeen? And *l'école centrale* was the firſt thing mentioned. Thither we went, and found it eſtabliſhed in a convent, which had lately belonged to the order of the Recollets. We inquired for the concierge; and a dirty boy informed us his father, the concierge, was not at home: but he could ſhew us all the curioſities. And were there many to be ſeen? "Oh, yes! A great many indeed! The room for the claſs that ſtudied deſign: the room for the mathematical and phyſical claſſes: the botanic garden: the amphitheatre: and the picture gallery."

The boy had learned to parrot ſounding phraſes, and ſpoke with ſignificant admiration. We expected to be highly gratified. He deſired

deſired us to follow, and led us through buildings that were wholly in ruins. Here the windows were taken out, there the walls broken down, and further on the paſſage was almoſt impaſſable, becauſe of the rubbiſh. We came firſt to the room where the claſs of deſign purſued their ſtudies; and found in it little that could promote the art, except prints, and a few drawings; many of them trifling, and contemptible. In a central ſchool we expected ſuch an apartment would at leaſt have been well furniſhed with plaſter caſts.

We proceeded to the mathematical and phyſical claſs: the barrenneſs was the ſame.

We aſked to ſee the collection of pictures; and the boy led us over a round of rubbiſh, up ſtairs that were dangerous, and through rooms that wanted flooring: ſo that we were obliged to ſtep upon the beams and rafters. Our trouble was ill repaid: there was ſcarcely a picture that deſerved the name. Traſh; which, were the eye accuſtomed to it, muſt deprave the taſte.

We deſcended, with the utmoſt caution, into the botanic garden. It is a ſhame ſo to proſtitute words.

We turned to find the amphitheatre. It was a bare wall, not half finiſhed, of little circumference; but it was to produce a fine effect, the boy ſaid, when a ſtatue ſhould be placed in it, as was intended.

A ſuperb hot-houſe he informed us was begun, which was likewiſe to be admirable. We aſked him how it happened that all theſe magnificent works did not proceed? "It is the want of money," ſaid the boy. We looked at the ruins around us, and ſighed.

It was but lately that this garden had been under the care of a ſet of men who, though induced to idleneſs by the nature of their inſtitution, always took care that, while they looked on, others ſhould

ſhould work. The gardens of the monkiſh orders were ſeldom ſuffered to be overgrown with weeds: they were maintained equally well, for pleaſure and for uſe. I cannot imagine that, in the days of the Recollets, this garden was neglected: or that the canal which paſſes through it was then ſo ſtagnant, and foul.

In thoſe times, too, the pictures were of a different kind. Beſide ſeveral by other good maſters, they poſſeſſed an excellent crucifixion, by Vandyck; and a St. Anthony preſenting the wafer to an old man, kneeling, and followed by his aſs, which was likewiſe either by Vandyck or by Rubens.

What is become of theſe pictures? Might not the ſtudents have now profited by them? Perhaps they were ſold by ſome general; or, poſſibly, by ſome corporal. Such is the deſolating nature of war. Such is the conſequence of power, ſuddenly acquired by ignorance.

There is one conſolation. A central ſchool, however feeble its beginnings, however narrow its reſources, however great the neglect in which it may for a time be left, is better than a ſociety of men ſecluded from the world for the purpoſe of encouraging idleneſs, and perpetuating ſuperſtition.

We walked through the ſtreets, went into ſhops, bought ſome trifles, and endeavoured to obſerve the people. They had nothing of the phlegm of the Hollander: they were not the boors of Teniers: their phyſiognomies were lively, their voices clear, their ſpeech quick, and they ſeemed more to partake of the manners of the French, whoſe language they ſpoke, than of the Flemiſh. The lower claſſes, however, uſed the Flemiſh dialect; which is nearly related to the *platt Deutſch*, or low Dutch, as it is ſpoken by the common people of Hamburg, and all Nether Saxony.

From the great number of crooked and deformed people whom I ſaw at Hamburg, my attention was more or leſs turned to that ſubject,

ſubject, wherever I travelled. I can ſafely aſſert, there is no parity, in that reſpect, between England and any other country I have ſeen. In England, they are few: in other countries, they often abound; and are never unfrequent. They were far from ſcarce in Lille.

Cars drawn by dogs is a common practice here. It is highly condemned by ſome writers, in Paris; where likewiſe the practice is not unknown: and I do not think the powers of the animal are well calculated for this labour. Is it not very wrong to pervert the animal powers?

The houſes we obſerved were many of them daubed over with a yellow waſh, at which my eye was very much offended. The theatre appeared to be a ſpacious and tolerably good building; but we only ſaw the outſide.

Near this, we paſſed through a gate, into a place which we ſuppoſed to be the exchange; except that, inſtead of merchants, it was a neat ſmall ſquare filled with petty traders, whoſe wares gave it a lively and pleaſant effect.

The town-hall, in the great ſquare, was converted into the principal guard-houſe for the military. It had a mournful aſpect. Its civic magnificence was loſt; its orderly and cleanly appearance was effaced: nay the very windows were ſo broken that ſcarcely a whole pane was to be ſeen.

In this ſquare, I witneſſed a novel and amuſing cuſtom. A great number of people were ſeated on three long benches, before a door: one bench on each ſide, and one at the farther end. The aſſembly was wholly of the lower claſs. Four men, very meanly dreſſed, followed each other in ſucceſſion; with old clothes, ſhoes, ſtockings, kitchen utenſils, and a variety of articles: for which the people ſitting bade, as each of the men paſſed. It was an auction: but it did not appear that the article offered to ſale was always ſold

ſold to the higheſt bidder. A woman was ſeated in a ſhop, to whom the men took each article, after having gone the round; and the woman I believe received the offered price, or rejected it, as ſhe pleaſed. Rag fair would ſcarcely have afforded purchaſers, for many of theſe articles.

This great ſquare was a very lively place; and ſwarmed with ſoldiers, and the lower orders. The idlers I preſume were much more numerous than they had formerly been: for the complaints of the decay of trade were great; and had too many appearances of being true. Still however Lille had a much more chearing aſpect than Tournay: or, in my opinion than Antwerp.

We ſaw many ordinances, iſſued by the Preſect, paſted upon the walls. They related to military conſcripts, the repairing of the roads, the regulation of public games, and the recommendation to inoculate with the cow-pock.

Is it impertinent to remark that, though the prevailing orthography of this place is Lille, yet it has often been and ſtill is written *L'Iſle?* The Iſle.

CHAPTER XXXI.

TRAVELLING COMPANIONS: SICK LADIES, A LAP-DOG, A HOUND, A HERO, AND A SABRE—WINDMILLS FOR OIL MANUFACTORIES: DANGER OF PAVED ROADS IN BAD REPAIR: FALSE PROMISES: A GOOD DINNER: FLEETING SORROWS: CRUELTIES COMMITTED AT ARRAS; THE MEMORY OF LE BON DETESTED THERE: A DIFFICULT QUESTION—AMIENS: A BAD SUPPER: A CHARACTERISTIC ANSWER—A PEEP INTO THE CATHEDRAL: ORNAMENTS AND RELICS.

PEOPLE, who determine to ſee the world, muſt patiently ſubmit to little difficulties. It was not ſufficient that our diligence had its full complement of paſſengers, with our little boy to boot, one lady ſick, a ſecond very ill, a third very fat, a fourth very affected, and poor Louiſa ſitting ill at eaſe and often in pain, but we muſt admit a couple of dogs. One of them, it is true, ſat on the lap of his tender miſtreſs; but the other, a large overgrown pointer, took up almoſt as much room as his loving maſter; and very fairly promiſed to people the whole colony with fleas.

Theſe are things to laugh at, after they have happened: but they are a little vexatious at the moment. The maſter of the dog was a man to be aware of: for he was young, impertinent, and, beſide himſelf and his pointer, brought a large ſabre; which was in gentle friction with my ſhins. What can be ſaid to a hero, guarded by a hound and a ſabre? Beſide, our compaſſion was ſomewhat put to the proof. Dog though he be, a dog has feeling: this dog was fat, his feet were wounded, and it ſeemed ſomething very like cruel to inſiſt on making the wearied animal alight.

His ſufferings would have been greater than ours were. If he were indelicate, it was more than he knew; and I was aware the ſame excuſe might be very truly offered for his maſter.

In the environs of Lille, we remarked the numerous windmills, amounting as I have read to one hundred, which are employed for the manufacturing of oil. This has been a great branch of trade. Very few of theſe windmills were at work; though it certainly was not for want of wind; and moſt of them were in a ſtate of decay.

Parts of the road were ſo dangerous that the paſſengers were obliged to alight, and often when the conductor forbore to adviſe them of the ruts it was evidently from a kind of perſonal ſhame; and at the riſk of overturning, with all its perils.

As theſe roads are all paved, and the ſtones employed are large, when they become thus out of repair, the jolts and ſhaking of the paſſengers are violent. In ſome reſpects, no roads I ever travelled are ſo bad as many of thoſe in Germany: but few of them are paved; and, though the danger may be equal or even greater, the traveller's fatigue is by no means the ſame.

The company that had eſtabliſhed this new diligence, undertook to run from Bruſſels to Paris in a certain number of hours: but, inſtead of performing their promiſe, they did not keep it within a day. When the conductor was reminded of his time, he very juſtly pleaded the ſtate of the roads: but theſe honeſt proprietors very well knew the ſtate of the roads when they made this promiſe, and affixed it to the walls of Antwerp, Bruſſels, and every town through which we paſſed.

The day was far advanced when we arrived at Arras: but we found a good dinner, ready prepared; and, happy to have eſcaped in ſafety, ſat down with keen appetites, and the hope of ſoon arriving at the great city.

We

We left ſome of our fellow travellers at Arras, for which we were not ſorry; the hound and his maſter being among them. While we were at the inn, a carriage brought two young women, who were to journey with us to Paris. They were conducted to the diligence by two men; and the leave they took of each other was very tender. For the firſt few miles, they were ſilent; and appeared to be deeply afflicted. Once or twice, our affections roſe in ſympathy with theirs, and were almoſt ready to overflow: but there was a levity of look, of dreſs, of manner, that did not harmoniſe with chaſte and ſincere love; and theſe feelings were checked.

Their ſorrows were not of long duration: they recovered the uſe of ſpeech, adjuſted their locks, examined their dreſs, and played with their lap-dog; for theſe ladies, alſo, had their lap-dog.

They were well acquainted with Arras; being natives either of the town or its vicinity; and from them we heard ſuch tales of cruelty, committed by the famous or the infamous Le Bon, as made the heart ſhudder. I know not how far their narrative was accurate; neither can I faithfully repeat what they told: but, during our hour at Arras, we heard ſimilar accounts, not leſs full of horror; though it was ſo long ſince theſe ſcenes of blood had happened. The records of the times do but too mournfully prove that this Le Bon was a monſter. What an æra of blood has this been!

What is the reaſon that a few hundred people, murdered it is true, and murdered without reſiſtance, at the command of a tyrant or of the wretches his adviſers, what is the reaſon that ſuch murders ſhould excite ſo infinitely greater a ſenſe of horror than the aſſaſſination of whole armies, when they meet in mad fury for each other's deſtruction: though no one man among them has cauſe, I will not ſay of hatred, or of anger, but of the leaſt com-

plaint againſt any other? The abhorrence of the firſt kind of murders cannot be too great. Why is the ſecond ſo ſoon forgotten, ſo lightly treated, nay ſo obſtinately defended? Will man and the feelings of man never be awake to the truth?

It was late when we arrived at Amiens; and darkneſs prevented us from employing our leiſure hour in looking at the town.

French paſſengers travel in their own ſtyle. Money is more ſcarce among them than among the Engliſh; and they ſeldom indulge themſelves in any luxuries, upon the road. Indeed, they many of them conſider thoſe things as luxuries which the Engliſh ſuppoſe to be common neceſſaries. None of the company would ſup, but ourſelves: the conſequence of which was, we had only a bit of fiſh and ſome trifling ragout brought to the table; yet we were charged three livres a head.

I complained; and the girl replied, "What could we expect; there being only three of us? Had all the travellers ſupped, the table would have been well ſerved." The anſwer was equally fooliſh and impertinent: but quite in the ſtyle of a French ſervant maid, who admired her own ſagacity much, and the readineſs of her wit ſtill more. The price paid was ſufficient in this country for a good, nay indeed an elegant, ſupper: it was not juſt that we ſhould be amerced, becauſe others refuſed to eat. I notice it among the incidents that aid to characteriſe a people; not as a thing worthy of complaint. Early as it was, I found the doors of the cathedral open. I was much pleaſed with this noble edifice, ſaid to be the fineſt Gothic cathedral in France; and I had the ſuppoſed amiable frailty to rejoice when I remembered I had read it was built by the Engliſh; while maſters of ſo many provinces, got and maintained, alas, by blood; and generating wars, contention, and deadly animoſity, which ſeem as if they were never to ſubſide. The building had a light and elegant appearance, except the

the mixture of ill aſſorted ornaments; ſuch as marbles, black, white, and gilded; ſtone monuments in the ſame ill taſte; and carvings of groteſque but excellent workmanſhip. I ſuppoſe the relics were gone: among them was the undoubted head of John the Baptiſt; and the no leſs indubitable finger with which St. Thomas probed the ſide of Chriſt. Some holy father will perhaps recover ſuch ineſtimable treaſures, as there is a chance that miracles may again come in faſhion.

While I and two other of the paſſengers were indulging our curioſity in the cathedral, we depended a little too much upon the ſlowneſs of preparation at the inn. We alſo miſtook our way back; but, though ſo early in the morning, we found ſeveral of the poor in the ſtreets, and inquired our road. When we came to the inn, the diligence was gone; and I was a little alarmed: however, we were told it was to ſtop for us, in a ſtreet at ſome diſtance; and we quickened our pace in purſuit. It may be a uſeful hint to travellers, to be cautious how they calculate too far even upon that ſlow delay, which they have found ſo teaſingly regular.

CHAPTER XXXII.

RETROSPECTIVE INQUIRIES: REMARKABLE APPEARANCES OF THE CULTIVATED LANDS: NUMBER OF HUTS: CLOTHING, AND CHEARFUL LOOKS OF THE PEASANTS: BEGGARY AND WRETCHEDNESS DECREASING: GREAT CHANGES ARE SLOW, FOR HABITS ARE INVETERATE: THE PEASANTS NOW UNDER DIFFERENT CIRCUMSTANCES, CHANGE IS THEREFORE INEVITABLE: MEN ALWAYS COMPLAIN OF THE PRESENT: THE TRUE MILLENNIUM MUST BE THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE: RECAPITULATION.

ABOUT three o'clock in the morning, we left Amiens; and even I, who had been ſo often taught leſſons of delay and miſcalculation in public vehicles, ſuppoſed we muſt arrive at Paris the next afternoon, or very early in the evening.

Since we had entered the territories which had long appertained to France, the culture of the country, the look of the peaſants, and the general aſpect of things became intereſting objects of inquiry. I had twice been in France before the revolution, had travelled theſe countries, and ſtill retained vivid impreſſions of the pictures they then afforded. Did they differ from the preſent? In what do the differences conſiſt?

Theſe are important queſtions. Should a man travelling in a diligence pretend dogmatically to reſolve them, he would but expoſe himſelf to deriſion. Yet a man travelling in a diligence may catch a few flying remarks; and, by giving the little he has collected, contribute his mite.

In paſſing through France formerly, the variegated colours of the

the land in cultivation always caught the eye of an Engliſhman, as a ſingularity. In perſpective, they looked like long ſtripes of ribband; in different ſhades of yellow, brown and green. The reaſon of this was that different peaſants had each his long ſlip of land to cultivate; and that each grew the ſpecies of plant or grain which ſuited his purpoſe, or pleaſed him beſt. We remarked theſe appearances ſtill; but I think much leſs frequently.

The wretched mud huts, of which I had formerly ſeen ſuch numbers, many of them ſtill remain: I believe, but dare not affirm, they are diminiſhed.

Two things to the advantage of the preſent moment I can ſpeak of, without any doubt or fear of miſleading: the peaſants are now better clothed, in general, than they were; and their looks I will not ſay are more merry but rather more ſedate, yet more truly chearful. There ſtill are many beggars among them: but the numbers now are not ſo great. If the large and ſpreading picture of poverty, I may ſay of wretchedneſs, be not exceedingly leſſened, I am exceedingly deceived. The laſt day of our journey was Sunday; and we ſaw too many of the people, both old and young, cleanly in their dreſs and with ſatisfaction in their faces for theſe ſigns of eaſe and better days to be miſtaken. The rags, the poverty, the haraſſed looks, the livid tints, the pictures of miſery, I had formerly ſeen cannot be forgotten.

There are men ſo miſled by the impatience of hope, which magnifies one object and is blind to another, that they aſſert the change that has taken place is entire. A thouſand miracles ſcarcely could ſo ſoon have produced ſuch an entire change. A nation is a vaſt body; which, though it cannot ſtand ſtill, is imperceptible in its motion: except at the moment of ſome violent impulſe, from which it ſoon ſubſides into ſlow and unſeen progreſſion. Its cuſtoms are ancient, its habits inveterate, its modes of acting and

of

of thinking were ſuppoſed by itſelf to be the beſt that human wiſdom could deviſe. Such is the ſuppoſition to a certain degree of every man, in every individual thing he does; or he would do otherwiſe. A nation is but an aggregate of men; and, however ſome may diſapprove or cenſure the manners, general or particular, of others, each man being convinced of the goodneſs of his own, the nation, in the ſtricteſt ſenſe of the word, is for that reaſon ſo convinced. Few have the ſagacity to doubt of themſelves. He who has that ſagacity doubts but little. Where is the power that ſhall immediately induce a whole nation, that is, each individual of which a nation is formed, ſo to doubt as to detect the general and the individual miſtakes? The French peaſants have been relieved from the tyranny of feudal inſtitutions, and are placed under new circumſtances; and theſe circumſtances muſt be productive of adequate changes. No man can pretend to diſcover them at the very moment, and in the very manner, in which they take place: but is it poſſible for any man to doubt that they are inevitable?

There are peaſants who affirm they were happier under their former maſters: they make even bitter complaints, and feel deep and unfeigned regret. He knows but little of the human heart, who ſhall adduce this as a proof that the peaſants are now actually more wretched. Scarcely the wiſeſt man has the wiſdom ſo to recollect himſelf as to be ſatisfied with the preſent. There are but few ſcenes, in paſt life, ſo marked by misfortune or pain as not, when remembered, to excite regret that they are gone, never to return. In ſuch a town, in ſuch a country, among ſuch and ſuch friends, how pleaſantly ſays memory the days were paſſed. Faithleſs hiſtorian! Deceitful varniſher! How diſmal and dirty was the town; how ſolitary and bleak the country; how dull, how inſipid, how fatiguing were the friends! An old woman laments the days of her youth; an old man the days of yore.

The fable of the golden age is infinitely more abſurd than that of the millennium. The falſehoods of the firſt are ridiculous: in the latter, there is an ample mixture of truth. In the revolutions of time, millions of golden ages may have exiſted: but, if they have ſo exiſted, the concuſſions that deſtroyed them deſtroyed their records; whereas, the fable of our golden age ſuppoſes the gradual depravation of man.

By thoſe who aſſert that the Eſquimaux Indian and the Hottentot are happier than the man who enjoys the ſafeties, the comforts, and the ſweet the divine intercourſe of civilized ſociety, opinions like theſe are held in contempt; as they are by the perſons who maintain that human nature ever was and is the ſame; a finger hand, that goes its round, and ends where it began. Facts muſt decide: but it ſcarcely will be ſaid, on any hypotheſis, that the French are yet at their meridian. If ſo, each nation has a meridian of its own; which is a new ſuppoſition, and ſtill more difficult to prove.

Fearful leſt what has been ſaid ſhould not be clear, which is a great defect, I repeat. The moſt ſignal revolution known to hiſtory has happened in France; the people are now acted upon in a manner greatly different; great changes muſt be the reſult. From the violence and extent of the impulſe, ſome of thoſe changes are already viſible: but, as ancient habits are inveterate, and as a nation of adults cannot ſuddenly adopt a totally new mode of thinking and acting, the progreſs of change muſt be ſlow; becauſe the obſtacles to ſurmount are vaſt.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY, NEAR CLERMONT—CHANTILLY: FORMER AND PRESENT SENSATIONS: THE GREAT CONDÉ: THE SUFFERING EXILE: SERIOUS QUESTIONS: PROGRESS OF THE PASSIONS: THE WISH OF HUMANITY—ALARMING RECOLLECTIONS: WHO SHALL ANALYZE PARIS! ST. DENIS AND ITS LOST TREASURES: A LEGENDARY SKETCH: REMARKABLE PAINTING BY ALBERT DURER.

I CANNOT paſs over unnoticed the delightful landſcapes that caught the eye, in the vicinity of Clermont. How truly worthy are they of the lover of nature; the painter, and the poet. I do not recollect any features of the ſublime, but traits innumerable of the beautiful.

As we approached Chantilly, how ſhall I deſcribe the ſenſations I felt? Formerly, when I paſſed the road that led through the park, coveys of partridges were too numerous to be counted; hares ſcudded acroſs our path like tame rabbits; every ſpecies of game lived there, ſecure in luxury: no ſtone was hurled, no gun pointed, no ſhout heard, to rouſe them to timidity.

The chateau was then in all its ſplendour; it was the boaſt of the inn-keeper, the pride of the peaſant, the admiration of the traveller. The very ſtables were a tale of wonder: I forget the number of horſes they held; but their ſtructure and capaciouſneſs aſtoniſhed.

All theſe belonged to the deſcendants of the great Condé; and ſplendour itſelf was illuſtrated by the name.

Where

Where are theſe glories now? How ſuddenly have they vaniſhed! Are they never to return? How bitterly do the people complain, who, living in their neighbourhood, partook of their radiance! How does the advocate for the ancient order of things triumph, while he hears them! How angrily does he aſſert that all France feels like himſelf; and how furiouſly propheſy that the day of retribution is at hand! Poor exile; wounded and ſick of ſoul! Charity never will inſult thy hopes. To thee, ſhe will forbear to whiſper how vain they are; how impoſſible to realiſe. Surely it is ſufficient that Diſappointment ſhould be thy handmaid, through life; and Deſpair thy conductreſs to the grave.

Let us take a brief retroſpect. Did hares live in ſecurity, becauſe the peaſant worſhipped the prince? No: it was becauſe he had a gallows; and the power to puniſh on his own domains. The prince might be, and often was, humane: but to how many petty tyrants was his power delegated! Were the chateau and all its lordly appurtenances the gift of love; raiſed, by an affectionate people, to a being of ſuch beneficent virtues as at once to excite their gratitude and adoration? Alas! Not only this palace but the thouſand other palaces, under which the kingdom groaned, were raiſed by the progreſs of rapine. In miſery, and by the ſubmiſſion of ſlaves, they were conſtructed. In madneſs, and the fury of revenge, they were deſtroyed: they, and too often their poſſeſſors. To the manes of the departed peace! To thoſe who remain, and lament their loſs, ſolace; and every gentle aid compaſſion can afford.

We dined at Chantilly; and the diſtance and the time of day foretold how erroneous the calculation had been, of arriving early in Paris.

Permit me to pauſe. Recollection is a duty. Why am I here? The queſtion confounds. I have parental ties that call on me;

and family affections to indulge: but the grand purpoſe of my journey is to examine and endeavour to underſtand a nation by which, during twelve years, the world has been held in aſtoniſhment. And who am I, that I ſhould undertake this labour? It is no trick, no oratorical flouriſh: no; by the honeſty of my ſoul, I ſhrink and tremble at my own temerity! Paris, the city which ſat in judgment on ages paſt; while the preſent, involved in the decree, waited in dread to hear! Paris, whoſe mandates to-day were the emanations of divinity; to-morrow the rules and ordinances of the damned! Paris, whoſe intrigues nothing leſs than omniſcience could comprehend; nothing leſs than omnipotence could diſentangle! Paris, whoſe frivolities Folly herſelf deſpiſes; while Wiſdom ſtands enraptured at her ſcience! Pretend to give the world a picture of Paris?———Let me recover!

If I had not entertained ſome latent hope, ſome confuſed deſign of performing this taſk, I ſhould not have been grieved, and confounded, that a ſlight retroſpect ſhould convince me of the impoſſibility of its execution. Having taken this retroſpect, having felt my inſufficiency, and ſuggeſted it to others as well as to myſelf, I ſhall ſcarcely be accuſed of affectation for ſaying that, with this view, and under theſe apprehenſions, I approach the city with awe.

It was dark before we reached St. Denis. Here I had once ſeen the treaſures of gold and jewels; donations of bigots, princes and kings; and the relics which fraud had affirmed were holy, while ſuperſtition, ignorance, and ſtupidity adored. The relics who will regret? The gold and the jewels who will account for? Oſtentation brought them, in the pomp of open day: cupidity took them back, in darkneſs and ſtealth. Will the hiſtory of the revolution reveal theſe crimes? What ſhall we learn from the record? To ſuſpect, to detract, to imitate? From ſuch pernicious errors good ſenſe preſerve us!

There

There are many, perhaps, whoſe reading, like my own, has not often extended to the legends of ſaints. I wiſh I had the legend of St. Denis at this moment before me. I have heard but a few particulars, and of theſe few I dare not pretend to vouch for their truth or accuracy. The chief of them was that the martyr walked, with his head under his arm, to the town built and named, in honour of him, St. Denis; from what place I know not, but he paſſed through or near Paris, as is proved, to the conviction of all good catholics, by the croſſes erected on the road. Theſe were the places no doubt at which he ſtopped to kneel and pray. A ſaint might never have entered the gates of Paradiſe, who could have walked a league without ſtopping to pray; and a ſaint, who, walked and prayed with his head under his arm, muſt have been one of the moſt pious of the fraternity. I wiſh I had ſeen him.

But fortunately though I did not ſee St. Denis himſelf, when performing this miracle, I have ſeen a faithful repreſentation of it: and by no leſs an artiſt than Albert Durer. This picture is in the famous national muſeum; and repreſents Chriſt crucified; the Virgin, St. John, and the holy women, below the croſs; on the right, St. Denis, with his head under his arm, as aforeſaid; and Charlemagne, walking before him, ſtaring with exceſſive fright: on the left, St. John the Baptiſt, and St. Lewis: and in the clouds God the Father, and the Holy Ghoſt.

The painter, we find, could work miracles as eaſily as the ſaint; otherwiſe, he could not have brought perſons who lived and events that happened ſo many thouſand miles from and ſo many hundred years after each other, taking it for granted that they really did happen, all together in the ſame place; and on the ſame day.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BARRIER: PARIS SURROUNDED BY A WALL, WHICH SHUT IN REVOLUTIONARY FUGITIVES—PASSPORTS: A BLEEDING MAN: DUELS AND WEARING OF SWORDS: OBEDIENCE TO THE BAYONET—A HEAVY DILIGENCE, A WRETCHED HORSE, HIS AFFLICTED MASTER, AND INSENSIBLE POSTILLIONS—STREETS LIKE CAVERNS: ENGLISH INNS AGAIN REMEMBERED: WEALTH ITSELF IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES CANNOT COMMAND THEIR CONVENIENCES—BUT ONE PARIS; BUT ONE LONDON—THE SAVOIR VIVRE.

WE are at the barrier of St. Denis. It was about ſixteen years ſince I had travelled the road; and the barrier was then in a different ſtate. This immenſe city, after the time I left it, had been ſurrounded by a wall. And for what purpoſe? That the inhabitants might not eat, or drink, till each article had been lawfully taxed. They could not complain of what was done according to law. They have been accurſed walls. In the day of terror, when the ſword was pointed at the throats of the innocent, the barrier gates were ſhut and theſe walls forbade eſcape. Would they had been the walls of Jericho, and that the horns of rams had been ſounded before them.

We were ſtopped at the barrier, that our paſſports might be read; and, by the pale glimpſe of the moon, we ſaw a bleeding man conducted between ſoldiers to a place of ſecurity: he and another had quarrelled, and fought with ſabres. When inſtruments of murder are put into the hands of men, they will not always wait the word of command before they exerciſe their trade.

The

The gates are open, the order is given, and we paſs: all here is done methodically, and peaceably. The bayonet governs with great eaſe.

I remembered that, the laſt time I had paſſed the fauxbourg of St. Denis, it was on my return to England; in a diligence ſo heavy as to be drawn by eight horſes, and ſo clumſy as to excite more deriſion, from ſome Engliſh paſſengers, than travellers ought to indulge. I likewiſe remembered a poor countryman, who had too unſuſpectingly left his lean horſe in a cart, to ſtand without a protector; and that, unable to move out of the way, the wretched animal had his hoof torn off by the wheel of the diligence in which I ſat. How did my blood boil while the ſhameleſs heartleſs poſtillions inſultingly drove on, cracking their whips to drown the clamours of the diſtreſſed countryman; who continued to run by the ſide of the carriage. They reviled him for complaining, defied his threats of appeal, and mocked at his unaffected miſery. My imagination could not detach itſelf from the ſuffering animal. The horſe is long ſince dead; but, to this hour, I cannot think on his exiſtence, that day, without pain that ſickens the heart.

The ſtreets reverberated; the reflecting lamps caſt the broad ſhades of the maſſy ſtone buildings: they were ſo lofty that they concealed the ſkies; and we ſeemed to be winding through intricate and endleſs caverns. Theſe are not fanciful pictures, but real impreſſions; ſuch as the place is calculated to give. *La rue Bouloi* is in the centre of Paris; and to that we were driven.

What is the reaſon that habit is ſo obſtinate? Why will not neighbouring nations adopt, from each other, thoſe cuſtoms which convenience, and common ſenſe, cannot fail to prefer? An Engliſh inn is ſo excellently adapted, to the immediate eaſe and refreſhment of the traveller, that, at a firſt view, it excites aſtoniſhment not to find inns like the Engliſh in all countries; and eſpecially in

in France, with which England is ſo frequently in communication, and ſo nearly in contact. In England, a man alights from his carriage, is uſhered into a clean warm room, can order the kind of food he prefers, has a boot jack and ſlippers brought him, and a wholeſome bed well aired in readineſs. His wants muſt be uncommon, or they are all foreſeen.

His wife and daughter have equal or ſuperior attention paid them: the civil miſtreſs, or the clean maid, haſten to inquire what they can do to ſerve or oblige. The travellers are under no embarraſſment. They are at home; or, if their home be not ſomething like ſplendid, they are better than at home: for they have a retinue, waiting their commands, ſuch as the rich only can maintain.

In Paris, he that goes in his own carriage, and directs it to be driven to ſuch or ſuch a hôtel, may chance to find none of the apartments vacant; and has another to ſeek. The other being found, a very ſmall part of the conveniences of an Engliſh inn are at hand: they muſt be ſearched for in diſtant houſes, and different ſtreets. The wealthy man can every where command a certain degree of convenience: but the wealthy man, in Paris, were he willing to ſpend the income of his eſtate on a ſingle evening, could not obtain the ſame ready and immediate comfort, which the traveller, who had only five ſhillings in his pocket, would find waiting for him in England.

My good friends of France, you publiſh it to the univerſe—the world is too ſmall—you publiſh it to the univerſe, that there is but one Paris. Heaven forbid that I ſhould draw down your anger upon myſelf, by telling you that there is but one London. I would not anger you, for you have ſmiled upon me; and the honour of my nation, nay the honour of my heart, bids me ſmile again. I am aware you will think me full of Engliſh prejudices: but

but I am come among you to ſtudy the *ſavoir vivre*; and I know the urbanity with which you are at all times ready to give leſſons to foreigners. When they are preſent, you proteſt they do you honour; and you have the compaſſion and the politeneſs not to laugh at them, till they are gone. With reſpect to the inconveniences of your inns, as well as numberleſs other inconveniences, in the lightneſs of your hearts and with a manner peculiar to yourſelves, you treat them as trifles; and, when the foreigner ſhall have learned this aforeſaid *ſavoir vivre* from you, he will treat them in the ſame way.

It is not, however, the deſtiny of all men to profit by your complaiſance. Some are too buſy, others too indolent; this man wants money, and that time; in one reſolution fails, in another curioſity and loco-motion are inſufficient. The multitude every where are doomed to ſtay at home; confined, in England, to their ſea-girt iſle; denied—Alas! What are they not denied! "*Qui n'a pas vue Paris n'a rien vue!*" "He that has not ſeen Paris has ſeen nothing!" So ſaid M. du Hautpas, ſpeaking in the triumph of his heart as he approached his window, in the *Cul-de-ſac des Babillardes*, to take in the *chemiſe* his wife had hung out to dry.

CHAPTER XXXV.

AN INN YARD: MEN SCOLDING—PARIS ASLEEP—A DISSERTATION OR DIGRESSION ON POLITENESS: THE SUBJECT EXEMPLIFIED—A DIALOGUE, CONTAINING SKETCHES OF NATIONAL MANNERS: SUPERB APARTMENTS: POLITE HUSBANDS OF FRANCE: A FAULTLESS NATION: COMPLAINTS OF SUCH A NATION MUST BE ABSURD.

IT is very rude of me, and very unkind, to leave my dear Louiſa and Fanny, with the poor little Villiers aſleep in their arms, in the cold yard, beſide the diligence, at ſuch a time of night. Nor is that all. While they ſtand to watch, for the ſafety of the few effects which are ours, their ears are regaled with the wrangling and coarſe language of the men who are unloading the machine. By heaven I pitied them: but what could I do? The pain it gave me is the cauſe that I have again digreſſed to the ſubject of Engliſh inns. The men at work were quarrelling; I ought rather to ſay ſcolding; and, them excepted, we ſaw nothing but ſtone walls, and the lumber of a vaſt yard; of the inlets and outlets of which we were ignorant. Paris was aſleep. Paris did not expect our arrival. What could I do better than meditate the fine picture, which I meant to give, of the arrival of a diligence, at midnight, in this city? Pain, of any kind, would increaſe till it ſhould kill, were it not relieved by intervening thoughts, that ſlide in, nobody knows how, and combat pain, till they ſometimes oblige the dæmon to take flight. The hiſtory of mind is the goal of philoſophy; and I frequently ſtart from the courſe to attain that goal. I know, my learned

learned Doctor, it is contrary to the canons: but, if I do not tell you my thoughts as they occur, perhaps they will never occur more.

Is it true that the low people of Paris are more polite than many of thoſe who call themſelves well bred, in other countries? It is a bold aſſertion: but I have heard it made oftener than I can remember.

With the man, who will define what he underſtands by politeneſs, I ſhall be able, though but vaguely and with much inaccuracy, to diſcuſs the queſtion. For my own part, as nearly as I can at this moment recollect what I mean by politeneſs, I mean that behaviour which ſhall afford me the trueſt and greateſt degree of ſatisfaction.

Now I was not ſatisfied that my wife and daughter ſhould hear thoſe words, ſo often repeated, which the abbeſs and nun of Sterne ſo piouſly divided between them; that the mule might go, and yet they be free from ſin. I knew my wife and daughter did not underſtand theſe words; for they laughed; but the imagination———

I was not ſatisfied that my wife and daughter, after travelling two days and a night, ſhould ſtand oppreſſed with fatigue, and ſhivering with cold; while no creature, either polite or impolite, came to adminiſter comfort, or afford them aid.

I was not ſatisfied——were I to tell you all with which I was not ſatisfied, I ſhould keep them too long in this comfortleſs condition.

My diſſatisfaction made me break in upon and interrupt the oratory of the diſputants; who, had they been of the learned, would have made themſelves renowned by their polemics; and requeſt, if not from fellow feeling at leaſt for the honour of France, that one of them would inform us where it would be poſſible to procure beds?

" Oh, ho! ſir: you want beds! Had we known that!"——

A thouſand inſtances has proved it to be true that it is not want of feeling, but want of foreſight, want of recollection, want of that which the cold and orderly quality called common ſenſe gives, if a Frenchman, or perhaps any man on earth, do not afford aid to others; when it can be done without what he ſhall think injury to himſelf.

" You ſhall have beds immediately, ſir."

' Are they good?'

" Paris has no better."

' Then they are the beſt in the world.'

" No doubt they are, ſir."

' I am glad of it: we ſhall ſleep royally.'

" Pardon me, ſir: that cannot be. Nobody ſleeps royally, in France. Had you come before the revolution"———

' Aha! you love your joke.'

" There is no harm in that, ſir. Every body in Paris does the ſame."

' Then every body in Paris has at leaſt that much wiſdom.'

" Up theſe ſtairs, ladies; at the farther end of this paſſage. The apartments are ſuperb!"

' Superb do you call them?'

" There is room you ſee, ſir, in this, for the bed and a chair; and the other is large enough to hold your night bag, and band-box."

' True, true: ſuperb. But where are the ſheets?'

" I will bring them directly."

' Why does not your wife come with them?'

" I always ſpare my wife that trouble."

' Right, again: no huſbands on earth ſo civil as the French.'

" My wife ſweeps the yard: I ſweep the rooms."

' Indeed!

'Indeed! your conjugal politeneſs is greater than I imagined.'

"Each to his office, you know, ſir."

If you ſuppoſe, impatient reader, that the ſheets were on the bed and every thing in order in half an hour, you have miſcalculated. Three were brought firſt. "I was only miſtaken," ſaid the man: "but never mind, I will fetch another."

'Do ſo; and pray make more haſte.'

"That is impoſſible, ſir. No man can do things quicker than I."

'Hark you—you have forgotten—'

"Be under no concern, ſir. I know all that you want: I forget nothing: neglect nothing."

Was the ſelf-ſufficiency of this man uncommon? We muſt make further inquiries.

"So! you are here again, at laſt."

'I have been giving ſheets to a lodger.'

"If you were not the quickeſt man on earth, I ſhould adviſe you to finiſh one buſineſs before you begin another."

'Pardon me, ſir: that is not the way in France.'

"'Tis the misfortune of the nation, and its fault."

'Pardon me again, ſir: the nation has no faults.'—The man ſaid it with a roguiſh ſmile.

The beſt beds in Paris! Superb apartments!—"I wiſh, my good ſir, you would bring me a boot-jack: you, who ſo ſagaciouſly know all that we want; and ſo providently neglect nothing."

'The boot-jack is loſt: but I will try to find it.'

When a man is among a people that have no faults, it will be wiſer for him to cut his boots from his legs than to be out of temper. For who can patiently bear reproof, where there is no poſſible cauſe of complaint?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

USEFUL HINTS TO TRAVELLERS; ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND ALL COUNTRIES: ANECDOTES THAT EXEMPLIFY—ADVICE TO PHILOSOPHERS—AN AMIABLE TRAIT OF THE FEMALE CHARACTER—CONTRAST BETWEEN FRANCE AND GERMANY—A BREAKFAST IN THE PALAIS DU TRIBUNAT: THE WAITERS OF PARIS, AND THE WAITERS OF LONDON—FIRST IMPRESSIONS STRONG, YET SOON EFFACED—WHAT IS IT THAT DISTINGUISHES NATION FROM NATION, AND TRAVELLER FROM TRAVELLER?

HE, who comes to a city ignorant of its cuſtoms, and unable to profit by the conveniences which are common to the better informed, is no Socrates, if he immediately begin to imprecate, and conſign all the inhabitants to Satan, becauſe, not expecting ſuch a gueſt, they had not inſtructed themſelves how he ought to be received. I will not deny that it is his duty to remark, and to remember; that he may faithfully paint firſt ſenſations: becauſe, by doing this, he may inſtruct, while he amuſes. But, ſhould he arrive loaded with the ſuperiority of the land he has left, inflated with his own importance as the repreſentative of his nation, of the wiſdom of which he is himſelf an abſtract, prone to deſpiſe every ſhade of difference and denounce it a mark of ſtupidity, ſuch a man is to be pitied; and his nation is in danger of being diſgraced.

The ſtature of Bonaparte is ſmall. How different a man is his Majeſty! ſaid one of our diplomatic gentlemen; growing tall as he ſpoke.

" Bring

"Bring me ſome beef-ſteaks and porter!" ſaid an Engliſhman, juſt landed at Boulogne.

'We have not any, ſir.'

"No beef-ſteaks and porter? Damn ſuch a country! I will go back directly."—Take notice, reader, both theſe anecdotes are facts.

The beef-ſteaks and porter-man acted prudently. I would contribute to bribe ſuch perſons to return, whenever they have the folly to leave home.

The philoſophy that could tickle men into good ſenſe would be moſt excellent. The philoſopher, whenever he is angry, grant that he ſhould be fortunate enough to root up one vice, is certain to plant another. This is a ſerious truth: I wiſh I could remember it.

I cannot eſtimate the quantities of tea, coffee, and every neceſſary which the heart could deſire, exiſting on that day within the walls of Paris; but I know that we were ſuch fools as not to be able to get a good breakfaſt. How accommodating are women on ſuch occaſions! They murmur at no inconvenience for themſelves; and are only anxious in behalf of their huſbands, fathers, and brothers. This is one of the delightful traits of the female character. Go, ſaid my dear Louiſa, and breakfaſt at a coffee-houſe: Fanny and I can procure ſome milk; and we deſire nothing better. I yielded to perſuaſion; but my heart ſmote me.

We were in the vicinity of the *Palais du Tribunat:* which is again returning to its former appellation; the *Palais Royal.* Like an Iriſh gentleman of my acquaintance, I had formerly ſeen theſe buildings before they were erected. I had ſince heard of their coffee-houſes; and to one of them I went.

As I paſſed through the ſtreets, I ſaw too many things to notice any one; but it was morning, and there was a ſingle ſenſation that predominated over the reſt: it was that of motion; things gliding with the quickneſs of ſhadows before my eyes. We had lately

lately left Germany, and the contraſt was impreſſive. Theſe people at leaſt have life in them, ſaid I. Yet the real difference was ſmall.

Though ſituated in this moſt famous of Palaces, it was not a London coffee-houſe: there was no clean cloth ſpread; none of that preciſe order, and attentive obſervance, which add ſo much to convenience, and give the gueſt a feeling and an air of ſuperiority. To an Engliſhman, if he be a mere Engliſhman, theſe things are requiſite; or his ſelf-complacency and chearfulneſs are clouded. The waiter was not ſlow; but his manner of acting was free and eaſy, and his looks, words, and tone of voice, quite familiar.

When I had breakfaſted, following the Engliſh cuſtom, I gave him a trifle; and, though the thing was rather uncommon to him, he returned no thanks, nor ſeemed as if he thought the donation either too great or too ſmall. He was a faithful repreſentative of the fraternity; a little ſlovenly, quite at his eaſe, and without any ſenſe of ſervitude. The laſt is a fortunate forgetfulneſs. Juſtice will give the palm, in this reſpect, to the waiters of Paris, rather than to the waiters of London. I like the manner in which the latter do their buſineſs: but I hate their ſervility, when you give them much; and their inſolence, when you give them little.*

I haſtened back. Louiſa was impatient to ſee her father: he knew not of our arrival, and we had to inquire where he lived;

* On our return to London, a waiter at the Golden-croſs, who, ſtanding at the inn door called us two coaches, and aided the waterman to whom I alſo gave ſixpence to lift a few trunks and boxes into the carriages, very coolly told me I was no gentleman, becauſe I refuſed to give him more than a ſhilling. He is very wiſe, or very phlegmatic, who feels no anger on ſuch occaſions; though the recollection of them only excites a ſmile. In the preſent habits and tempers of Engliſhmen, ſuch evils ſcarcely admit of redreſs; except that very dangerous and bad one, the cane.

his

his reſidence being at ſome little diſtance, and his letters addreſſed to the houſe of a friend.

It is pleaſant to obſerve the workings of the imagination, at the firſt aſpect of ſuch a city. Though a native, Louiſa had left it at ſo early an age that it was almoſt as new to her as to Fanny. What a lively people they are! How quick their eye! How lightly they ſtep! It is a charming place! So chearful, ſo animating? I feel myſelf in another world! Such were their continual exclamations.

It ſeems ſtrange that ſenſations of ſuch force ſhould ſo quickly ſubſide. In a few weeks, they become common place habits; and have loſt that diſcriminating keen ſenſibility by which the traveller ſhould be careful to profit while it is new, and at its height; or he will be equally unable to revive his own pleaſures, or give pleaſure to others. A man of little remark, who goes from city to city and land to land, having been inattentive to firſt impreſſions, will ſcarcely be able to diſtinguiſh in what a Kamtchew Tartar differs from a Petit-maitre of Paris. Every where, men have eyes, noſe, and mouth; eat, drink, and ſleep; are ſubject to varieties of pleaſure and pain; and ſuch purblind travellers therefore conclude, and aſſert, that men are every where the ſame. I have often been ſurpriſed at this want of tact, this ſtupified and benumbed ſenſe, in others: may the wakeful powers preſerve me from falling into the ſame lethargy!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE TITLE CITIZEN—REAL CIVILITIES OF CITIZEN F——: TRIFLES DESERVE NOTICE: FORGETFULNESS A THING NOT RARE IN FRANCE—ADVICE FOR INNOCENT SWEARING—THE IMPATIENCE OF PLEASURE IS ITS BANE—THE SEARCH NOT FRUITLESS.

AT the period of our arrival in Paris, the word Citizen was not entirely exploded. Above eight months have ſince elapſed, and it is now only to be heard in *les bureaux d'office*, where it is affectation; or among the Savoyards, and *Meſdames de la Halle*; who, like other newly dignified perſons, are proud to repeat their titles. Chronological order therefore requires that, for a few pages to come, unleſs I ſhould be ſpeaking of *les marchandes des modes, les friſeurs, les decrotteurs*, and other perſons who give the *ton*, I ſhould uſe the word citizen. There was a time when certain people accuſed me of ariſtocracy; for maintaining that this title, like all others, was in danger of being miſuſed. I hope theſe ſame people will not now, when I uſe it only as a hiſtorian, accuſe me of being a jacobin.

Citizen F. keeps a *hôtel garni*, in *la Rue Honoré*. Hither we bent our courſe; for here we were to gain intelligence of Mr. Mercier. Pardon this ſlip of the pen: *Citizen* Mercier. We were received with fifty expreſſions of kindneſs: in Paris, no man is received with leſs: but words were not all. I remembered the coffee-houſe, and the milk, gave Citizen F. a hint, and an Engliſh breakfaſt was prepared. The civility was the greater, becauſe, an Engliſh breakfaſt is no part of Pariſian houſehold economy.

The

The man, that would mark national character, muſt notice and narrate incidents, which appear to ſome too trifling to deſerve being remembered. It is the accumulation of trifles that make the grand whole: like the grains of ſand and the mountain. Citizen F. and his kind family did every thing the heart could wiſh to make a ſtranger welcome: but he could not find the addreſs of his friend Mercier. It had been left with him purpoſely to give us on our arrival; and he had been ſo careful to have it ready that he knew not what was become of it. This drawer, and that, were ſearched and reſearched; his wife, his daughter, the ſervants, all were queſtioned, all taxed, but all in vain. The French have ſo much wit, or ſo much vivacity, ſo many pleaſures to purſue, viſits to return, and other no leſs important affairs on hand, that memory, and her darling child, order, are frequently abſent. The ſheet forgotten, the boot-jack loſt, the addreſs miſlaid, were but the beginning of a ſet of experiments on patience. When a man comes to Paris, I adviſe him to add, to thoſe he may have already ſtudied, a liberal ſtock of oaths and exclamations, the moſt innocent he can chuſe; that he may have a ſufficient number to repeat, as occaſion ſhall occur, in order to vent his vexation and grow cool. It is the practice in France; where the neceſſity and expediency of it are hourly felt. There is little harm in a volume of *ventre bleus!*

I did better: I took a coach, and went to Chaillot; where a gentleman lived, who, if I could but find him, knew the reſidence of my wife's father.

The eagerneſs of enjoyment perpetually deſtroys pleaſure. The mind is ſo intent on and ſo impatient to overtake the object of its purſuit that, though a thouſand delights ſhould in the interim preſent themſelves, it rejects or rather overlooks them all. Till its end is attained, it has no feeling; or none but that of

diſſatisfaction: and the moment of attainment is the beginning of new deſire; or it is the period of apathy. From *la Rue Honoré* to *Chaillot* I had to traverſe *la place de la Concorde:* lately *la place de la Révolution:* previouſly *la place de Louis XV.* in other words the place of ſuch magnificence, and the ſcene of ſuch horrors that * * * * * *

The picture overpowers. It is not now the moment to attempt thoſe feeble ſketches which I may be able to draw. I am in ſearch of a friend.

I was ſo buſied in conjectures and calculations, concerning the finding or the not finding of this friend, that I paſſed this famous place, and the neighbouring Elyſian fields, with but little conſciouſneſs that ſuch things were; and imperceptible aſſociations of the magnitude around me. My inquiries were not wholly fruitleſs. I found the houſe; and, though the inhabitant of whom I was in ſearch was gone out for the day, I obtained the information of which I was in want.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PROJECTS AND MEANS TO STUDY A NATION: ECONOMY ONE OF THEM: BARGAINING DEFINED: ITS ELOQUENCE AND ARTS IN PARIS—A MAN DOES NOT ALWAYS KNOW HIMSELF—ONE OF THE CUSTOMS OF PARIS: A FICKLE OFFICER: A MILK-WOMAN THAT HAD SUPERB APARTMENTS TO LET—A DIGRESSIVE BUT CHARACTERISTIC ANECDOTE THAT EXEMPLIFIES THE ART *DE SAVOIR VIVRE*—ANOTHER OFFICER AS FICKLE AS THE FORMER—THE NECESSITY OF A PRECISE BARGAIN.

WE did not come, like children to a ſhow-box, merely to pay for a peep at Paris: but to make ourſelves as well acquainted with this vaſt and multifarious city as our time, means, and faculties would allow. To ſtudy the manners we muſt domeſticate with the inhabitants. Repeatedly to ſee the national curioſities, viſit the muſeums, and frequent the theatres, it was deſirable that our ſituation ſhould approach the center.

Economy was another neceſſary part of the plan. If the bird of paſſage ſhould drop his ore a little too faſt, it does but induce him to haſten his flight: but we were not merely birds of paſſage. He who travels muſt learn to bargain; or, he will not only be cheated but laughed at: yet I will not affirm that it is not better to be both cheated and laughed at than to make any great proficiency in this ſcience. To bargain is to depreciate, to invent faults, to ſpeak untruths, to be ſuſpicious, and to be ſuſpected. It is an art however that is well underſtood in Paris; and, in deſpite of the bad qualities juſt mentioned, is practiſed with an affability, and a grace, that

that tickle a man out of his underſtanding. The orator is ſo voluble, he keeps the beſt ſide of the picture ſo continually in view, and he accompanies his panegyric with ſo many aſſertions that the perſons with whom he is diſputing the point has too great a love of juſtice, and too nice a ſenſe of honour, not to be of his opinion, that the agreement is frequently made ſo as to leave both parties in perfect good humour with each other. The proprietor is delighted with the proſpect of gain; and the purchaſer at having met with a perſon of ſo much ſenſe, and quickneſs of diſcernment.

It is the foible of Mercier to think he excels at making a bargain. Firſt he is too impatient: next he is too proud. He cannot condeſcend to believe that a man, of whom he knows no ill, will in the ſame breath both ſwear and lie. "I will find you a lodging," ſaid Mercier.

'And will you take care that we ſhall not be honoured like a *Milord Anglais?* We have no ſuch pretenſions.'

"Leave that to me. Do not I know Paris?"

'No, my good Mercier: there are certain points, and this is one of them, which, though you are a native of Paris, were you to reſide there a thouſand years you would never know. The acuteneſs of your diſcernment is duped by the keenneſs of your ſenſibility.'

I have often wondered why a dog will ſometimes make ſeveral turns, round and round, before he lies down. In ſearch of a place of repoſe, we were obliged to turn up and turn down many a ſtreet, and many a dark and dirty ſtair-caſe, before it could be found. One at length having been diſcovered, terms agreed on, and our trunks conveyed to the place, we were again obliged to diſlodge; becauſe, unleſs earneſt be given, the parties have a right, according to the cuſtom of Paris, to renounce the bargain. The perſon who

who lived in theſe lodgings, which he deſired to let, having let them, repented. He was an officer of rank, in the army; and I was a little vexed, and ſtill more ſurpriſed. Both ladies and gentlemen in France, however, will tell you that to be fickle is not there held to be one of the ſeven deadly ſins.

Our ſearch was again to begin; and was very near ending in ſomething like the ſame way. Madame du P. is a *laitière*, in *la Rue Honoré*—I find I muſt renounce the term citizen; or rather uſe it only when it ſhall come with grace, and feeling. In the preſent caſe, Madame du P., *milk-woman*, is ſo characteriſtic! It paints—Madame du P. had ſuperb apartments to let.

I wiſh I had the art of making a graceful digreſſion; for I often find myſelf inclined to digreſs; and, in the preſent inſtance, the inclination is irreſiſtible.

In the year 1783, ſoon after my firſt arrival at Paris, I became acquainted with a worthy man, the father of a large family, of a lively imagination, ſadly addicted to the ſin of poetry; now fancying himſelf a ſhepherd, now a farmer, and anon a gardener; delighting himſelf with rural images, which danced before him though he were walking the ſtreets, or contemplating the bare walls of a grange; and determining, as far as poſſible, to enjoy the double pleaſures of town and country. For this purpoſe he took a houſe in the ſkirts of Paris, on high ground, where he could have a view of both. This houſe was old, the walls were cracked, the plaſter falling off, the doors full of holes and crevices, and the whole manſion in as bare and deſolate a ſtate as one of Mrs. Ratcliffe's midnight caſtles. Appertaining to it were a yard and garden, worthy of itſelf; large, overrun with weeds, and ornamented with a puddle of muddy water.

I was invited to ſee his new acquiſition: as was another friend, a Frenchman, who happened to arrive at the ſame time. The owner

owner ſhewed us his premiſes; and, having ſome knowledge of his character, it a little moderated my ſurpriſe at the enjoyment which I ſaw he really felt. It was different, however, when I liſtened to the eulogiums of his friend; which, as we walked from one naked winterly room to another, were endleſs. *Mais, vraiment, mon ami, c'eſt étonnant! C'eſt magnifique! C'eſt ſuperbe! C'eſt délicieux! En vérité, vous êtes logé en prince! Salle à manger, ſalon ſuperbe, chambres à coucher, jardin, belle vue, de l'eau, de l'air, vous avez tout! Tout!* "'Tis aſtoniſhing, my good friend! Magnificent! Superb! Delicious!—Dining-room, grand ſaloon, bed-chambers, garden, a fine proſpect, water, air, every thing the heart can wiſh! The manſion of a prince!" Crevices in doors, windows patched with paper, decayed walls, and dirty floors and ſtair-caſes do not preſent the ſame picture to a French as they do to an Engliſh imagination. The aforeſaid *ſavoir vivre* is the art of ſeeing, and particularly of making others ſee, the bright and pleaſant ſide of the object.

The apartments of Madame du P. might, without much exaggeration, be called ſuperb: arm-chairs, with cuſhions, ſettees, ſophas, the pink coverings all of flowered ſatin, ſcarlet hangings and curtains that correſponded, with a balcony that looked into a dirty cow-houſe, and a ſtair-caſe as dark as a Cimerian den. The firſt were much too fine for uſe; and the latter no leſs diſagreeable than inconvenient. Finery however is ſeducing, we were weary of our ſearch, Madame Du P. confuted every objection, and once more our agreement was made.

I had been taught caution, and gave earneſt. It was well I did ſo. An officer—Paris is full of officers—An officer had been ſeveral times to ſee theſe lodgings; and could not decide whether he did or did not like them. He returned, ſoon after we were gone; and, when he was told they were let, his doubts inſtantly vaniſhed:

vaniſhed: he would give fifty livres a month more than we gave; and, when our trunks came, it was only by inſiſting that they were ſuffered to enter. The officer grew ſo enamoured of the houſe that, ſince he could not have the firſt floor, he took the ſecond. Thoſe things only are precious that are beyond our reach: the wiſdom to enjoy that which we poſſeſs neither man nor woman has yet attained.

For the information of travellers, they muſt be warned to be very preciſe, in the terms and articles of ſuch treaties. Mercier imagined he had moſt carefully ſtipulated for every convenience. Kitchen utenſils, tea equipage, linen, all that we could want. The officer's advance had taught Madame Du P., milk-woman, to recollect that towels, knives and forks, and I know not what beſide, had never been individually mentioned: for which ſhe only deſired an addition of one louis a month. I adviſe thoſe of my friends who come abroad to provide themſelves with money and good humour.

the famous monaſtery of the Jacobins,* from which the clubbiſts took their name, where now a market is building: and near that the church of St. Roch; on the walls of which were indentings made by the cannon balls of the famous 13th of *Vendemiaire*, when the Sections roſe againſt the Directory, and ſo many hundreds of the aſſailants were maſſacred. The Sections, a diſordered multitude, came down *la Rue Neuve St. Roch:* their opponents were ſtationed oppoſite in *la Rue Dauphin*; and the cannon of the latter did dreadful execution.

I ought not to have omitted the church and monaſtery formerly belonging to the Capuchins, famous for the great men it has produced.† Paſſing it eighteen years ago, I remember the

* Sebaſtian Michaelis was the projector of this monaſtery; of whom little remarkable is recorded, except that he was the author of two abſurd books. One was—The true Hiſtory of what paſſed during the exorciſing of three Girls, poſſeſſed by Devils, in Flanders: and the other—A Treatiſe on the Vocation of Sorcerers and Magicians.

† Le Pere Ange de Joyeuſe was of this order, and lies buried here. The ſon of William Viſcount of Joyeuſe, he ſerved with diſtinction; till the death of his wife, and a viſion which he ſuppoſed he ſaw, induced him to become a capuchin. The year afterward, Henry III. was petitioned by the Pariſians to return to their city; and Le Pere Ange (Father Angel; or, the angelic Father) undertook to preſent their requeſt. He departed in proceſſion, at the head of the deputies, ſinging pſalms and litanies. That he might imitate Chriſt aſcending Mount Calvary, he wore a crown of thorns, carried a large wooden croſs, and cauſed himſelf to be accompanied by the actors, who in thoſe times performed the paſſion of our Saviour. All the other deputies wore the dreſs of penitents. The king was at veſpers, when this ſingular deputation arrived, and ſaw Le Pere Ange enter the church, naked to the waiſt, and heartily ſcourged by two capuchins. This pious farce was the cauſe of much merriment. When Toulouſe was afterward in a ſtate of revolt, the Pope granted him a diſpenſation, and he threw aſide his hood for the ſword. He at length made his peace with Henry IV; and was honoured with the dignity of Marſhal of France: but ſoon after, ſtanding on a balcony under which many people were gazing at him and the king, Henry ſaid to him—"It appears to me, couſin, they are quite pleaſed to ſee an apoſtate king and an unfrocked monk together." The angelic father, or marſhal, took pet at this pleaſantry; and immediately again put on the cowl.

deep and ſonorous voices of the fathers chaunting their maſs. The monotonous ſounds were awful: I then grieved that they could give ſuch dignity to deluſion. The monaſtery and the church are become the barracks of ſoldiers; and I now grieve that ſuch violence has been done to men, whoſe errors patience ought to have reaſoned with, till they ſhould have been reformed. Of theſe errors who can have too deep a ſenſe! But, if every man who may think another in error had a right over his life, and his means of exiſtence, whoſe means of exiſtence, whoſe life would be ſafe? The friends of freedom are the friends of peace: men, who are guilty of perſecution, are the friends and promoters of tyranny; no matter for their ſect, their party, or their denomination. Fair names cannot ſanctify foul deeds.

Les Feuillans,* another celebrated monaſtery, is now devoted to the military. There is more truth than wit in the punſters of Paris, who ſay the church is now indeed become a church militant. To the eaſt of *Les Feuillans*, the eye is ſtruck by a large dome; which ſtill remains an ornament to this the grandeſt quarter of

* Jean de la Barriere, abbot and reformer of this order, is ſaid to have ſo revived and increaſed monaſtic auſterities, that he and his monks were accuſtomed to drink out of human ſkulls. The extravagant antics of piety ſeem to have exceeded even the fictions of poetry.

Jacob Bunel, a famous painter in the time of Henry IV, was employed to paint the high altar in the church of *Les Feuillans*. The ſubject was the Aſſumption of the Virgin; and Bunel, being a proteſtant, refuſed to paint the Virgin aſcending: which figure was therefore the work of La Foſſe. His zeal was great; but his notions on the queſtion of idolatry could not have been very clear. The deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt, in the church of the Auguſtine friars, was by Bunel; and idolatrous or not, was pronounced by the great Pouſſin, as Pilkington tells us, to be the beſt picture in Paris. In the *Allgemeines Kunſtler-lexicon*, printed at Zurich in 1779, it is ſaid the wife of Bunel exerciſed the art of painting with ſuch induſtry and ſkill as to excel her huſband.

Paris,

Paris. Before the revolution, it belonged to the convent of *Les Filles de l'Aſſomption*; it is now become a granary, and a hay loft, for the troops that regulate the religion and the liberty of France. The cupola is painted in freſco, by La Foſſe; had it been by Raphael, its fate had probably been the ſame.

Theſe are but the principal of the famous places in this neighbourhood; but ſtrangers, walking down *la Rue Honaré*, may think theſe few intereſting, and ſeek for further information.

Of places and of buildings, ſuddenly become remarkable during the ſhort ſpace that had elapſed ſince I had ſeen this city, how ſmall a portion are the few here enumerated. Can the foreigners, who come now to view Paris, paſs through the ſtreets without any ſenſe, any feeling, any the leaſt recollection, much leſs reſearch, concerning what has been, and what is? Their thoughts, if they have any, are known to themſelves; but the faces I have endeavoured to ſtudy appeared as unconſcious of ſuch almoſt miraculous events as if they had never been. I have liſtened to their converſation; and, ſome few friends of my own excepted, I never heard a queſtion of this nature that they aſked, or an inquiry that they made. To them it ſeemed indifferent whether a certain plat of ground contained a monaſtery or a market: or whether the walls reſounded with the *canto fermo* of monks, or the neighing of horſes. They find themſelves at Paris, but know not why they came there; and are perplexed to find an anſwer if the queſtion be aſked. Incredible! Is there no employment for ſuch idlers not even in this theatre of ——? It is not a word or a volume that can convey the multitude of aſſociations.

CHAPTER XL.

FORMER VISITS TO FRANCE OF PRESENT UTILITY: STRONG IMPRESSIONS OF A SUDDEN CHANGE OF SCENE: LANDSCAPE, COSTUME, AND VARIOUS APPEARANCES: GIRLS WITH NAKED LEGS; BAREFOOT FRIARS; MAN IN A WHIMSICAL DRESS—PARIS AND ITS VARIETIES OF STRANGE FORMS AND FIGURES: MONKS; ABBÉS; WOMEN—CHANGES EFFECTED BY THE REVOLUTION: DISGUSTING WHISKERS; FEW WELL DRESSED MEN: THE DIRTY AND THE SLOVENLY INNUMERABLE—DESCRIPTION OF A VERY COMMON COSTUME—SELF-IMPORTANCE A NATIONAL DEFECT.

IT was no ſmall ſubject of ſatisfaction to me that I had twice viſited France before the revolution, had reſided ſeveral months in Paris, and had ſtudied the people and made memorandums, ſufficiently to have a firm recollection of many former appearances, and incidents.

Seldom in my life have I felt ſenſations of greater ſurpriſe than in the year 1783, when I firſt landed at Calais. I had done little more than croſs a large river, and found the ſcene as totally changed as if I had travelled to Thibet: it was neither the ſame landſcape, the ſame forms, the ſame people, the ſame language, the ſame dreſs, the ſame voices, nor the ſame manners.

The differences were ſo general, and ſo great, that admiration was ſometimes expreſſed by laughter, ſometimes by gazing, and ſometimes by deep regret. Here I ſaw a group of girls in coarſe ſtriped jackets, blue petticoats, naked legs, and wooden ſhoes, or

ſlippers

ſlippers that could not but hamper their gait. They talked loud, laughed, and had no apparent ſenſe of baſhfulneſs. Good God, ſaid I, why are they not Engliſh?

Near the pier head, two barefoot friars were walking; one with his hood up, and the other with a tonſured crown.

A little further ſtood a diminutive man, in a grey ſilk coat, coarſe green ſtockings, dirty ſhoes, an arm, hat, a muff, a bag, a ſword, and a ſolitaire. His noſe was ſhort, broad, and turned up; his forehead low, his complexion ſallow; his beard and brow black; his mouth wide; and his eyes ſunken, piercing, and ſmall. I burſt into laughter. Impertinent untutored blockhead! What knew I of this man's real worth? When I landed, the people met me only to welcome and afford me aid. They ſaw ſuch animals as myſelf come over daily; and had learned better manners.

Arrived at Paris, the objects crouded infinitely too faſt for the eye to meaſure, or memory to retain. Rarely could I meet a figure ſuch as I then ſuppoſed a man would deſire to be. The diminutive caricature of Calais was every where: I croſſed him at every turning; and with ſo little variation that I ſcarcely could tell whether it was him, or was not.

Then the monks: white, black, and grey; who, if they were not, all looked to be fat. I was amazed to ſee them walking the ſtreets. I had imagined they were every one ſhut up in cells.

The abbé's, too; a prim race, of which I had no previous conception: their dreſs, including ſtockings, now black, now brown, and now purple: ſome with ſhort ſilk cloaks, ſome without: this with his hair in a ſingle curl, below his ſhoulders: the next in a cloſe round wig, always with a black patch, on the crown: ſome of worn and ruſty appearance; ſome ſpruce, nay elegant; and others, the greater number, neither one nor the other; but like repaired churches, motley built: or old walls, half white-waſhed:

indigence

indigence endeavouring to look gay; an appearance never uncommon in France; though various in form, dreſs, and manner.

How ſhall I picture the women? In England, I had left them clean and compact; wearing ſtays and hats, and never venturing to ſtare at men: in France, and eſpecially in Paris, their dreſs was looſe, ſeldom either neat or entirely clean, their looks bold, their ſtep ſhort, the jet of their gait and hips affected, their faces bare, unſhaded by hat or bonnet, their general dreſs a jacket and petticoat, the apron-ſtring tight, ſo as to divide the overhanging waiſt. How did the image of neat and decent modeſty ſwim before my eyes, and torment my thoughts. I could not endure that there ſhould be a nation of women ſo different from that which I conceived to be the model of propriety, elegance, and virtue.

The revolutionary ſpirit has not been limited to political and civil inſtitutions; it has pervaded every department of life. Monks and abbés, with muffs, ſilk coats, arm hats, and all the aſſimilating coſtume, have diſappeared. The well dreſſed men are either military, or habited ſo like the Engliſh as to ſeem almoſt the ſame people. They are chiefly to be diſtinguiſhed from us by difference of deportment, difference of phyſiognomy, and by an overgrown buſh of hair, on each cheek. Some of the Engliſh affect this diſguſting appearance; which, without powder, gives a man the air of an aſſaſſin; and, with, that of a grey baboon. Nothing but the frequency of the object can reconcile it to the eye.

But the well dreſſed men are very few: the revolution has far from entirely corrected the propenſity of the lower orders to ſlovenlineſs. That the phlegmatic German, who ſits, walks, or works, with his pipe in his mouth, ſhould be careleſs concerning his appearance is but the reſult of his correſponding habits: but that the great maſs of a nation with ſo much vivacity, ſo vain, ſo continually boaſting of ſuperior grace, and of giving the ton to all

Europe, I miſtake, to the whole univerſe, that the great maſs of ſuch a nation, I ſay, ſhould be ſlovenly is a phenomenon which at firſt view aſtoniſhes an Engliſhman, who has only heard their character from their own mouths. Long pantaloons, once put on and never changed till they are entirely worn out, linen not fit to be ſeen and therefore concealed, a great coat dangling to the calf of the leg, buttoned up and worn alſo while it will laſt, a ruſty round hat, uncombed hair, fierce whiſkers, a dirty chin and a handkerchief tied not under but over it, and not of muſlin or ſilk but of coarſe coloured linen rarely waſhed, ſuch is the figure not perhaps of the majority, but certainly of great numbers of the men to be met of an evening even in coffee-houſes. Such are hundreds of the figures that croud together at all hours of the day, and walk the Palais Royal, fill the billiard rooms, and exhibit themſelves in all public places where the entrance is free. At ſome even of the dancing gardens on the *Boulevards*, they find it neceſſary to write over the door—"Admittance to perſons decently dreſſed."

The French character is enterpriſing, forward, impelled by curioſity, not eaſily repulſed, and with little of that ſhyneſs which in the Engliſh is ſometimes pride, and ſometimes a fooliſh feeling of ſhame, but often likewiſe a decent ſenſe of propriety. It appears as if a Frenchman imagines he has only to ſhow himſelf to be admired. If he publicly write, ſpeak, or act, he aſſumes importance. If his portrait be painted, his head muſt be thrown back, his breaſt forward, and his air muſt either be ſmiling, dignified, or diſdainful: in his own language it muſt *impoſe*.* Would he permit his numerous good qualities to act unaffectedly, and without oſtentation, he would indeed be admirable! But he hides

* Our phraſe *to inſpire awe* has not quite the ſame meaning.

the

the real worth of his character, which is often great, by his open and extravagant claims to ſuperiority; and, when he happens to have leſs than a common ſhare of underſtanding, ſometimes his ludicrous impertinence almoſt levels him with the ape.

Theſe are not the aſſertions of arrogance, and prejudice; they are the fixed ſentiments of nations. Spaniard, Italian, German, Engliſh, nay the French themſelves continually repeat the accuſation. It would be difficult to ſay what people have really the leaſt national vanity; each diſcovering itſelf to be, on ſome occaſions, ſo abſurdly ſelf-ſufficient: but the French exceed all others in and fatigue them by their inceſſant claims to pre-eminence; by their aſſertions that they are the moſt poliſhed of nations; that they alone underſtand the *ſavoir vivre*, the art of living; that their language is univerſal, their poets inimitable, their taſte infallible, and their excellence in the fine arts ſupreme. No one of them perhaps ever wrote or ſpoke exactly theſe words; but the meaning and ſpirit of them are daily printed, and hourly repeated.

The French are a capable nation, a nation of ambition, a nation of great and daring enterprize; it is therefore a nation worthy to hear the truth. If told by themſelves, it has too often been ſuppoſed the railing of the ſatiriſt, or the libeller; and, if by foreigners, the effuſion of partial ignorance, the exacerbations of malevolence, or the invectives of envy; yet the repetition muſt be riſked.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE STRANGER'S FIRST EMPLOYMENT—HOUSES OF PARIS DESCRIBED; MISTAKEN FOR PRISONS—STREETS SILENT, LONG, AND NARROW—HÔTELS—COURT YARDS AND COACH DOORS: BUSINESS OF THE PORTER—GENERAL EFFECT—EACH HÔTEL HAS VARIOUS INHABITANTS—CONTRAST BETWEEN THE VARIOUS QUARTERS OF PARIS; SOME MEAN AND MISERABLE, OTHERS SUPREMELY GRAND—THE MEANS OF GRANDEUR PAINFUL TO RECOLLECTION.

ON our first arrival in a great city, the attention is strongly attracted by the novelty and aspect of the surrounding objects. We are eager to walk abroad; we regard the appearance of the houses, read the bills pasted on the walls, the inscriptions painted on the signs, and gaze at a thousand novelties; the cause and meaning of which we cannot divine. A description of the chief remarks and feelings that occurred, when these sallies were first made, will perhaps best afford the information I wish to communicate, and give the truest pictures.

The houses of Paris are all either of stone or faced with mortar, so as to resemble stone. By an Englishman, they are thought extremely high: they have usually five, six, or more stories from the ground; and the principal stories are all lofty. The colour they soon acquire is a dirty grey: the windows of the ground floor are often guarded by large iron bars, and are seldom clean. By the first that I noticed I was deceived, and more than once thought the house a prison.

The streets are generally long, and narrow; the principal of them, where the hôtels of the wealthy have been built, are silent and

and have few paſſengers. The grand hôtels have ſpacious court-yards; but the inferior ones, inſtead of ſtreet doors, have unwieldy folding gates, called *portes cocheres*, that lead either to a dark avenue or gloomy kind of outward hall, on one ſide of which is a ſmall and generally dirty dwelling-place for the perſon who attends the gate. This perſon is called *le Concierge*, *le Suiſſe*, or, *le Portier*, according to the ſize and deſtination of the building. He is generally a ſhoemaker, tailor, or of ſome ſedentary profeſſion; has often a wife, and is the guardian of the premiſes. Moſt hôtels are inhabited by ſeveral families. The French never give a double knock at theſe gates; which during the day are open, in all ſmall hôtels; and the words *parlez au portier*, "ſpeak to the porter," are written over his lodge.

The dingy tone of the houſes, their great height, maſſy gates, and tall folding windows dark with dirt, ſeldom painted once in many years, with the ſilence of the ſtreets, and their length and narrowneſs, produce an effect that is far from pleaſing; though it often has ſomething of grandeur. They form a viſta that, inſtead of being as an Engliſhman expects gay, is abſolutely gloomy. I ſpeak now of thoſe ſtreets in the fauxbourg St. Germain, and, on the oppoſite ſide of the city, the Chauſſé d'Antin, which are inhabited by the great and the wealthy. Of theſe two quarters of the town, the Chauſſé d'Antin is much the moſt lively; it being the lateſt built, and the moſt faſhionable. I cannot ſay houſe rent, for it ſeldom happens that an individual hires one of theſe hôtels entirely for himſelf, but lodgings, in the faſhionable quarter, are intolerably dear: before the peace and the arrival of the Engliſh, in the fauxbourg St. Germain they were to be had remarkably cheap.

Nothing can perhaps be in greater contraſt than the different parts of Paris, and the effects they produce upon a foreigner.

Before

Before his arrival, he had heard of this as the moſt magnificent of cities: if, coming from London, he enters it by the fauxbourg St. Denis, the appearances I have deſcribed are favourable, and pleaſing, compared to what there meet his eye. Yet this fauxbourg by no means exceeds, or perhaps equals, thoſe of St. Marcel, St. Antoine, and ſeveral others: in all of them meanneſs, filth, and poverty predominate. It is true, they ſwarm with inhabitants; and in this reſpect have the advantage, if the aſpect of what is or appears to be miſery can be ſo called.

If, on the contrary, a man ſhould enter this metropolis coming from Verſailles, or St. Germain en laye, how great would be his aſtoniſhment at this firſt view of its magnificence. By a ſpacious road, between a continued double avenue of ſtately trees, he arrives at the barrier of Chaillot. It is but a toll gate; where cattle and proviſions, arriving from that ſide of the country, are taxed; yet it is a ſuperb building, with maſſy pillars.

From this eminence, the grandeur of the view cannot be deſcribed; it can only be imagined. The objects of which it is formed are individually, perhaps, liable to much cenſure; yet they form a very extraordinary whole. It is one ſcene of a vaſt expanſe of foliage, formed by the innumerable and majeſtic trees of the Elyſian fields and the gardens of the Tuilleries, intermingled with palaces, the bridges and the waters of the Seine, and completed by the city itſelf, in perſpective, and the lofty towers, ſpires, and domes, by which it is overlooked.

The man that ſhould deſire to enjoy a fine dream, a beatic viſion of Paris, ſhould come to this height, and look before him for half an hour; then deſcend through the gardens of the Tuilleries, and, having ſeen the *façade* of the palace, return without proceeding one ſtep further. It would be food for imagination, remembrance, and regret, through life; he would everlaſtingly proclaim

proclaim Paris the moſt aſtoniſhing of cities, the moſt ſplendid of the works of man, and undoubtedly the metropolis of the world.

I once had a ſenſation, while contemplating this part of it, which I ſhall never forget. It was in the year 1783: I was ſtanding in *la Place de Louis XV.* near the equeſtrian ſtatue from which it then took its name; the palace and gardens of the Tuilleries were on my back; on the right was the newly erected magnificent pile called *le Garde des Meubles du Roi* (now the Admiralty) with the wideſt ſtreet in the city, terminated by the numerous columns of *la Madeleine*; on the left were the river and the *Palais Bourbon*, with the diſtant dome of the Invalides; and in front the Elyſian Fields, with the grand viſta and ſuperb iron gates which then adorned the brow of the hill. Viewing it where I now ſtand, exclaimed I in ecſtacy, it is the city of the Gods! Inſtantly recollecting myſelf, I looked at the people, who ſtood gazing at me while I was in this trance: they were in rags, many without ſhoes or ſtockings, and moſt or all with ſallow famine in their looks. The very blood and marrow, ſaid I, of theſe and their fellow wretches, have been wrought up into mortar for the palaces that excite this admiration. Would they had never been!

It was a cruel thought; and ſuch thoughts have had cruel conſequences: yet there is ſo much juſtice in them, and they call ſo loudly for the ſerious attention of every claſs of men, that they ought never to be ſuppreſſed; though they ought moſt carefully to be ſo delivered as to produce good, and not evil.

CHAPTER XLII.

COURSE OF THE RIVER SEINE—THE NORTH AND SOUTH PARTS OF PARIS—THE SEINE DESCRIBED, IN SUMMER AND IN WINTER: ONE CONSEQUENCE OF ITS INUNDATIONS—MAJESTIC APPEARANCE OF THE QUAYS; VIEWED FROM *LE PONT NEUF* AND *LE PONT DES TUILLERIES*—OBJECTS THAT DEGRADE THE SCENE.

BEFORE we quit thoſe parts which may be called the ſplendor of Paris, and of which a kind of picture, not a deſcription, or examination, is given, the quays deſervedly claim attention.

The river Seine runs nearly due weſt, and divides Paris into north and ſouth. On the north ſtand the Tuilleries, the Louvre, the Palais Royal,* and the chief theatres; in fine, that part of the city where buſineſs and pleaſure are in the greateſt activity. The Luxembourg Palace, the *Palais de Juſtice*, the Pantheon, the grand building called *la Monnoie* (the Mint), the college built by Cardinal Mazarin, called *les Quatre Nations*, the Invalides, with its beautiful church, the *Champ de Mars*, with *l'Ecole Militaire*, and particularly the Bourbon Palace, now called *le Palais du Corps Legiſlatif*, or Palace of the Legiſlative Body, with many ſtreets containing numerous grand hôtels, once the reſidence of the principal nobi-

* It is at preſent called *le Palais du Tribunat*: at one period of the revolution, after the revolutionary cognomen of its owner, it was called *le Palais Egalité*: but revolutionary names are not eternal; and, as it has long been and ſtill is beſt known by its old title, I ſhall continue to call it the *Palais Royal*.

lity

lity of France, and many others devoted to buſineſs, particularly printing, bookſelling, and various kinds of manufactories, among which the tapeſtry of the Gobelins ſtands eminent, all theſe, with the obſervatory, the garden of plants, the now forſaken *Sorbonne* and *Val de Grace*, with many more, are on the ſouth.

Imagine then a river interſecting a city, the features of which are thus prominently marked by edifices like thoſe enumerated. As a river, it is far from majeſtic, in ſummer. Comparing it to the Thames, Engliſhmen have affirmed it is but another Fleet Ditch; but this is exaggeration: yet, in itſelf, and eſpecially at this ſeaſon of the year, it is mean.

In winter, however, it aſſumes a very different appearance: the rains deſcend, it receives the inland waters, its bed, which had been more than half empty, is gradually filled, the rapidity of its ſtream increaſes, its riſe alarms, and it occaſionally overflows and inundates all the lower parts of the city.

To prevent this evil, many ſtone embankments have been made; which impart an air of grandeur to the quays; but, ſtrange to ſay, there are neglected places, at which the waters eſcape. This is inevitable, and could not but have been foreſeen.

Nothing perhaps more characterizes the French people than the magnificent works they conceive, and undertake, and the deſerted, unfiniſhed, pitiable ſtate in which they are abandoned. When the end of ſuch a work is oſtentation, the evil is not great: but, when it is utility, it is equally pernicious in itſelf and painful to recollection.

This occaſional overflowing of the Seine has I ſuſpect been the origin of a beauty, which I conſider as the greateſt the city of Paris preſents: I mean the diſtance at which the houſes, on each ſide of its banks, are built; and the quays they form. There are

two principal points of view, from which the pleaſure this proſpect affords may be beſt enjoyed.

One of them is from *le Pont Neuf.* Let the ſtranger place himſelf on the weſt ſide of this bridge, and look down the ſtream, and the ſpacious view before him, the magnificence of the various buildings on each ſide, the palaces and their remote departing gardens, the boats, the bridges, the mingled effect of water and architecture, and the moving living picture he beholds, are captivating!

The other is *le Pont de Tuilleries*, as it is now called; formerly, *le Pont Royal.* Looking eaſtward, the reverſe of the view preſents itſelf; with this difference: inſtead of the foliage of *les Champs Elyſées*, the gardens of the Tuilleries, and the diſtant proſpect of Chaillot, *le Pont Neuf* itſelf, the piles of buildings beyond, that form *la Cité*, on one ſide, and, on the other, that lead to the fauxbourg St. Antoine, with their ſpires and turrets, fill up the back ground. It is the amplitude of ſpace, the maſſiveneſs of the architecture, and the buſy activity of men, which ſurpriſe and delight the ſpectator.

As it is impoſſible by words to convey all the grand and pleaſing ſenſations, inſpired by the ſight of theſe objects, ſo is it equally difficult to convey a true feeling of the degradation they ſuffer, when the mind has leiſure to examine the more minute parts, that fill up the ſcene. One grand defect is in the appearance of the people, which has not the moſt diſtant connection with magnificence; it is the very reverſe of harmonizing; yet this is comparatively trifling. It is in fine weather, during the ſpring and ſummer months, that theſe things are ſeen in their greateſt ſplendour; and, at ſuch times, excluſive of the inſignificant wooden boxes, in which the ſellers of cyder and other traders tranſact their

buſineſs,

buſineſs, the river is loaded with petty inland craft, with charcoal carriers, and with the dirty barges in which many hundred waſher-women are all day beating, dabbling, and bruſh-ſcrubbing their linen. When taking this view, the properties, the employments, nay the very exiſtence of every living object, their motion and activity excepted, ſhould be forgotten.

The Pont Neuf.

Published by R. Phillips, 71 St. Paul's Ch. Yd. Sept. 1st 1808.

CHAPTER XLIII.

REVERSE OF THE PICTURE—ONE CAUSE OF NARROW STREETS SUGGESTED—PARIS FIRST BUILT ON AN ISLAND—DANGER AND INCONVENIENCE OF NARROW STREETS—ANECDOTE OF A FOREIGN NOBLEMAN AND A FRENCH COACHMAN—THE LIFE OF MAN OF SMALL VALUE IN PARIS.

WHILE thus examining what may be called the phyſiognomy of Paris, having taken the ſplendid profile, we muſt now turn to ſurvey it on the reverſe.

When barbarous nations began to immure themſelves in cities, they were in continual and often in dreadful apprehenſion of attack; againſt which they were obliged to guard. One of the means was to occupy as little ſpace as poſſible, by their buildings. The ſtreets, through which no coaches rolled, were narrow; and ſeem, by their relative poſition, to have been ſo conſtructed as that to defend the entrance of one ſtreet ſhould anſwer the purpoſe of defending many. The bleſſings of light, air, and health, were either overlooked or neceſſarily ſacrificed to ſafety. Of this the city of Paris,* the antiquity of which is great, is a ſtriking example. It is built on an iſland, formed by the Seine branching itſelf into two ſtreams, below the quay *de la Tournelle*, and uniting again at the *Pont Neuf*. Here the ſtreets, or rather alleys, are ſome of them ſtill ſo narrow as that I doubt whether two wheel-barrows could

* I mean that quarter of Paris properly called *la Cité*: which is the only very ancient part.

paſs.

paſs. Theſe extremely narrow ſtreets are few; but one of any conſiderable width is ſcarcely to be found.

Habit and imitation are often productive of much evil. When, in the middle ages, Paris began to extend itſelf on the north of the Seine, one would have imagined that the inconveniences of theſe narrow avenues would have been fully proved, and avoided; yet the ſame plan prevailed. After having been to look at the *Palais Soubiſe*, which is immured by ſuch kind of ſtreets, and is now in a deplorable ſtate, I was coming down *la Rue du Chaume*, and was met by a cart. The paſſage was ſo narrow that I and ſome other people were obliged to turn back, till we could find door-ways, under which to ſtand till the cart had paſſed.*

Of the populous thoroughfares of Paris themſelves, there is ſcarcely a ſtreet which is not ſo narrow as to be extremely dangerous to foot paſſengers. They are rendered more ſo at ſome times by the extreme careleſſneſs, and at others by the brutal inſolence, of coachmen. There is no foot pavement; and the only guard, againſt carriages, is formed by large ſtones placed at certain diſtances, but cloſe to the wall.

The firſt time I was at Paris, not ſufficiently aware of this danger, coming from the Italian Theatre down *la Rue de Richelieu*, now *la Rue de la Loi*, I was ſuddenly ſnatched aſide by a French gentleman, who was with me. Luckily, he was ſtrong in the arm, and perhaps ſaved my life. The carriages were numerous, the noiſe was great, the hearing was confuſed; an Engliſhman has no habitual fear of ſuch accidents, there was a coach at my heels, I ſcarcely diſtinguiſhed the deep and inſulting ſound of *gare!* and ſhould infallibly have been run over.

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* It was the narrowneſs of *la Rue de la Feronnerie*, and the meeting of carts, which obliged the coach of Henry IV. to ſtop; and gave the aſſaſſin, Ravillac, an opportunity to murder that monarch.

The famous Saint Foix* relates, with great indigation, the following anecdote.

"A foreign nobleman, driving haſtily through a narrow ſtreet in the duſk of evening, overturned and broke his light chaiſe. To add to the misfortune, a coach followed; and the driver, diſdaining to ſtop, ran over and killed the fallen horſe, which was of great value. Enraged at careleſſneſs ſo cruel, and more intent on the loſs of his horſe than to the fears of the man who had killed him, the nobleman ran at him, with his drawn ſword, and furiouſly demanded why he did not pull up, when he ſaw the horſe on the ground?" "Ah, ſir," cried the terrified coachman, "it was dark; and I thought it had only been a man."

St. Foix adds—"This trait, of ſublime atrocity, paints monſters, whom nature has created only to warn legiſlators to exterminate them."

The author, in his indignation, probably invented the ſtory; the concluding ſentence of which by the way is revolting: yet, ſuch an accident might have happened; and, if it did, ſuch an anſwer was truly in character. The life of man is little reſpected, in Paris; and by none leſs than the drivers of coaches, and cabriolets.

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* *Oeuvres complettes de M. de Saint Foix:* vol. iii. p. 441. Paris MDCCLXXVIII. octavo.

This author, ſpeaking of *la Rue du Chaume*, informs us that the part of the *Hôtel de Soubiſe*, which is next to this ſtreet, formerly was the *Hôtel de Cliſſon*; famous for his enmity to and exploits againſt the Engliſh. Immediately after the loſs of an eye, pierced by a lance at the battle of Auray, "It was miraculous," ſays a writer (I believe Froiſſard) "to behold him part like lightning, with his *martel* in his hand, and beat down and diſcomfit, on the right and on the left, whomſoever he could attain." The gaining of this battle gave the Duchy of Brittany to the young Count de Montford. Cliſſon ſoon after quarrelled with this prince, for beſtowing the caſtle of Gavre on the renowned John Chandos. "The devil ſhall take me, my lord," ſaid Cliſſon, "if ever I ſuffer an Engliſhman to be my neighbour;" and immediately ſet fire to the caſtle, of which he did not leave one ſtone upon another. Id. p. 84, 85.

CHAPTER XLIV.

REVIEW OF STREET INSCRIPTIONS; REMARKABLY CHANGED; THEIR FORMER WHIMS AND ABSURDITIES—IGNORANCE OF INSCRIPTION WRITERS EXEMPLIFIED—PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF IGNORANCE—FALSE ORTHOGRAPHY COMMON—WRITING OFFICES, AND THE IGNORANCE OF THE PERSONS WHO KEEP THEM—AMUSING SPECIMENS OF STREET INSCRIPTIONS; THE SENTIMENTAL, THE VAIN, AND THE MODEST—VARIOUS DIFFERENT EXAMPLES OF ORTHOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

WE are at preſent examining only ſuch things as firſt catch the eye, and excite the attention, of a ſtranger. Among theſe, ſtreet inſcriptions, bills paſted on the walls, and the ſigns of different trades are prominent. I do not think it of trifling conſequence that, among the real reforms of the revolution, the reform of ſtreet inſcriptions ſhould have been ſo marking, and ſo great. The ignorance, the caprice, the abſurdity, which were formerly ſo common, on the ſigns and over the doors of tradeſmen's houſes, in Paris, is ſcarcely credible.

In the years 1783 and 1785, being in this city, I made it a practice to examine them. The whims they exhibited were endleſs. No regard was paid to the beginning or ending of words: thoſe imagined themſelves the moſt expert, who could make the ſtrangeſt flouriſhes. I frequently was perplexed to diſcover each individual character. Capital letters were put at random: the colours of them were black, red, gilded, or whatever ſuggeſted itſelf, as *magnifique*, or *joli*. Every thing here muſt be *magnifique*, or *joli*.

Of

Of orthography, or grammar, there ſeldom was an inſcription writer who had the leaſt knowledge; and their ignorance, added to their capricious ſallies, frequently rendered what they wrote unintelligible, till deciphered. To multiply examples would fatigue: neither could the majority of them be given, but as facſimilies, which would be uſeleſs. The following, as a ſimple ſpecimen, may ſuggeſt ſomething of their manner: it was in the fauxbourg St. Denis.

iCi oNL OgE APi è achEVal.

That is: *Ici on loge à pied et à cheval.* "Entertainment for man and horſe." To make this more ſtrange and unintelligible, ſome of the letters were painted red, and others black.

It is a proper place here to remark that the principal cauſe of the failures, the miſeries, the horrors of the revolution was in the extreme ignorance of the multitude. Nothing has ſurpriſed me more than the doctrine, which by ſome has been ſo hotly maintained, that it is politic and neceſſary to keep the common people in ignorance: for nothing is ſo blind, nothing ſo cruel, nothing ſo dangerous to ſtates as this origin of all vice.

It is well known that the perſons, I will not ſay who write, but, who ſpell their language correctly, in France, are few. The neceſſity, ſince conveying our thoughts by writing has become common, of having people to perform this office for the vulgar, in France, is proved by the number of perſons who exerciſe it: in all the public ſtreets of Paris, you frequently read *Bureau d'Ecrivain*, "Writing Office." At theſe, letters, petitions, and memorials, are either compoſed or tranſcribed.

In the year 1783, theſe *Bureaux d'Ecrivains* were all, or moſt of them, under the vaulted arches, which are now deſtroyed, of *le Cimetière des Innocens.* To thoſe who love to laugh at ignorance, and they are not a few, for ſelf-love delights to tickle itſelf, a walk

walk down theſe cloiſters was very amuſing. The manner, in which the writers mentioned diſplayed their *ſavoir faire*, their talent, was exactly in the ſtyle already deſcribed; as then practiſed in ſtreet inſcriptions. The change is certainly extraordinary; for ſuch writers now exhibit none of theſe ſigns of vain and ſtupid folly, though ſtill quite enough of falſe orthography.* It will be well if the inſtruction of a century to come ſhould be ſufficient to render this profeſſion uſeleſs, in France: in England, it is ſcarcely known; for, if a poor man cannot write himſelf, he always has a wife, a child, or a friend, who can.

There is a characteriſtic whimſicality, in the ſtreet inſcriptions at Paris, which ought not to be overlooked. To tranſcribe a few of them will beſt exemplify their ſpirit.

A la bonne amitié; "to friendſhip."

A la famille réuni; the united family.

Café d'Harmonie; "the Union Coffee-houſe."

Theſe are of the ſentimental claſs. The French are very ſentimental; yet the following ſpecimens paint them better.

A la ſource du goût; the fountain head of taſte.

This was a barber's ſhop, in *la foire perpetuelle du Kaire* [Caire]: the perpetual fair of Grand Cairo: a mean alley, ſo called, leading into *la Rue St. Denis*.

Au protégé des Graces: the favourite of the Graces: a milliner's on the *Boulevards*; near the Italian Theatre.

L'Ami de l'agriculture, et des arts: Ici on vend du lait: the friend of agriculture and the arts; milk ſold here: at the door of an obſcure houſe in the ſkirts of Paris; I do not know where, for the inſcription was copied and given me by a friend.

Au rendezvous de la nation: the rendezvous of the nation:

* I am informed an expreſs law was made, during the revolution, to produce this reform. The effect was uncommonly ſalutary.

over the door of a dirty wretched cabaret, in the dirty wretched village of Montmartre.

A la renommée des pieds du mouton: the renown of ſheep's trotters: in the fauxbourg Montmartre.

A large collection of the ſame kind might eaſily be made.

Meeting with one in which the man endeavoured to teſtify his modeſty, I carefully tranſcribed it, as a ſingularity. *Au ſeul déſir de contenter:* the ſole deſire to give ſatisfaction. This was at a petty japanner's ſhop in the aforeſaid perpetual fair of Grand Cairo.

Inſcriptions, however, are now legibly written; though ſometimes they are ill ſpelled, and not always without ſome mark of freakiſh eccentricity. At Chaillot, for example, I copied the following.

MAGU-ENT^PRENER DEMENIUSERIES.

That is: MAGU, ENTREPRENEUR DE MENUISERIES: Magu, carpenter and joiner.

On a *porte cocher*, in the ſame village,* the following writing was affixed.

Il faut ſone (ſonner) *pour le rédechauſé* (rez-de-chauſſée) *frapper un coup fort pour le premier deux coup* (coups) *pour le ſegon* (ſecond) *et trois coup* (coups) *pour le Citoyen Commaille.*

In Engliſh—Ring for the ground floor; knock hard for the one pair of ſtairs; twice for the ſecond floor; and three times for Citizen Commaille.—Such a paper, paſted on the coach doors of a large hôtel, is but a picture of the contraſt between grandeur and meanneſs, knowledge and ignorance; which here are always neighbours, and uſually aſſociate like friends and brothers.

On the cabarets and guinguettes, in and near Paris, after the owner's name, you frequently ſee written *Nops et feſtin*; inſtead of,

* It is within the walls, and therefore included and regiſtered as a part of Paris.

Nôces

Nôces et feſtin. Signifying wedding entertainments are furniſhed there. *Nôces* was antiently written *nopces.*

Their orthographical miſtakes are ſometimes whimſical. A lady invited a gentleman to her houſe, one evening; and, being there, he very aſſiduouſly carved for all the company. Seeing him do nothing elſe, the lady at length aſked him why he did not eat? "That, madam," ſaid he, "is not my office: you only invited me to carve." The lady's note was produced; and, inſtead of *Monſieur eſt invité de venir ſouper*, the words were, *Monſieur eſt invité de venir couper.* The c, with a cedilla, ç, has the ſound of ſ; this occaſioned the lady's miſtake. In England, ſuch a joke would have been an affront, never to be forgiven: in France, it was ſomething to laugh at; and it is polite never to take offence at a joke. The rule is excellent, and highly deſerves imitation.

The proofs of uncertain and falſe orthography occur, not only in caſes like theſe, but, in their printed journals, books, and grave compoſitions. Thus the actor *Clauzel's* name is ſometimes ſo ſpelled in the play-bills and *dramatis perſonæ*; at others *Clozel.* The name of the famous ſculptor, *Goujon*, is in various parts of the ſame work* ſo written, and in various other parts *Gougeon.* The ſtreet, the true name of which is *St. André des Arcs*,† is not only frequently printed but is labelled at the end of it *St. André des Arts.*

Numberleſs ſimilar inſtances might be adduced. In France, to write and ſpell the language correctly is confined to a few; yet no nation vaunts ſo confidently, no nation has written ſo oſten-

* *Deſcription Hiſtorique des Monumens, &c. par* A. Le Noir.

† Becauſe men who made bows and arrows formerly inhabited that ſtreet. *St. Foix*, iii. 26. It is remarkable that, in the table of contents of this very book, it is ſpelled *St. André des Arts.*

tatiouſly of the correctneſs, the purity, the excellence, and the univerſality of its language. At courts, it is indeed the univerſal language; and, in France, the court was and again is become every thing. Any court is miſtaken, which ſhall ſuppoſe that to annihilate and depreſs the laborious part of the community is its true intereſt.

None of the above are given as uncommon inſtances of the things exemplified: on the contrary, to memorandum and to print them all would be a difficult taſk, of which both writer and reader would ſoon be weary.

At preſent, the ſtreets of Paris, like the ſtreets of London, are no longer incumbered with ſigns: of thoſe that were common, in the year 1783, I wiſh I had taken written notes; for many of them I recollect ſtruck me as remarkably ſingular. The game of billiards is a very frequent amuſement in Paris: over the door of a wretchedly mean houſe, where billiard tables were kept, the implements of the game were rudely painted; and underneath was inſcribed—*Au trois fois noble jeu de billards*: to the thrice noble game of billiards. This is in the grand ſtyle: in the very ſpirit of the people.

One of the ſigns which I recollect to have been frequent was a woman with a ſtar above her head; and labelled beneath—*A la belle étoile.* This I never could unriddle; unleſs the woman was the belle, and the ſtar the ſtar: or, unleſs the woman and the ſtar were both and each *la belle étoile.* Perhaps, the woman repreſented the Virgin Mary, with the ſtar in the Eaſt.

A third, much more whimſical than either of the above, was that of a village accoucheur, or man-midwife. His name and profeſſion were inſcribed; and beneath was a hand painted with an eye in the palm. An Engliſhman would not have ventured ſo ſignificant a hieroglyphic. A common phraſe with gentlemen of that profeſſion is—*Madame, mes yeux ſont au bout de mes doigts.*

CHAPTER XLV.

A REVIEW OF THE POSTING BILLS OF PARIS, OF WHICH THERE ARE FOUR PRINCIPAL CLASSES; POSTING BILLS OF THE GOVERNMENT, AND OF THE POLICE; THEIR CHARACTER; THEIR PARADE, AND THEIR PRIVILEGE: POSTING BILLS OF ESTATES TO SELL: THE PLAY-BILLS, AND THEIR DEVIATIONS FROM THOSE OF LONDON; IMPROVEMENT SUGGESTED: AND BILLS OF QUACKS, AND QUACK MEDICINES; WITH VARIOUS SPECIMENS.

THE printed bills, and notices, that are paſted upon the walls of any city, conſtitute one of its prominent features: they denote much of the employments, manners, and propenſities of the people. Buſineſs and gain are the purport of them all; yet, in Paris, one great diviſion of them appears to be pleaſure: but pleaſure, as I ſhall have occaſion more amply to deſcribe, is the ſtaple trade of the place.

There are four general claſſes of theſe wall advertiſements, here: thoſe of government; thoſe of eſtates to ſell; the bills to announce plays, public gardens, and dancing aſſemblies; and the advertiſements of quack medicines. To theſe we may add miſcellaneous articles: ſuch as *reſtaurateurs*, auctions, and people ſoliciting trade; but the laſt are few.

In order to examine whether and how far printed bills can characterize nations, let each of theſe claſſes be ſeparately conſidered.

In France, every thing muſt be decorated, and tricked out for exhibition.

exhibition. Even in the turbulent times of revolution, this national habit was never forgotten, or treated with neglect. Appearances muſt not only be ſpecious, they muſt if poſſible aſtoniſh; at leaſt, they muſt *impoſe*; they muſt claim pre-eminence. Thus the ruling power, whether it be that of *le grand Monarque*, that of the ſovereignty of the people, or that of the Citizen-General-Firſt-Conſul, muſt aſſume and demand, not only precedency, but, that deference which ſeems tacitly to confeſs it is ſomething like infallible.

That it may demonſtrate the real ſupremacy which is derived from an open and impartial adminiſtration of juſtice, the walls of Paris are papered with its laws, decrees, regulations, and judiciary proceedings. To the eye, nothing can be more public, and undeſigning: in fact, nothing can be more cautious, concealed, and artful. All Paris and all Europe may, if they think proper, read that which the firſt Conſul decrees, and his firſt Secretary ſigns: but as almoſt every day produces a new decree, or a revival or alteration of the old, no one attends to them: it is too much for human induſtry. To be remembered, they ought to be few, and permanent.

In like manner, a variety of the proceedings of their criminal and civil courts are diſplayed; encumbered, and rendered unintelligible, by all the repetitions of legal ſentences; which, in France, as irrefragable proofs of impartiality, are motived, and remotived, till they ſet common underſtandings and common ſenſe at defiance. Beſide, it is ſcarcely poſſible to read them, without a ladder and a magnifying glaſs; ſo ſmall is the type in which they are printed.

There is another marking and ludicrous trait in theſe government advertiſements. A law has been gravely decreed, and is as gravely enforced, that none but the poſting-bills of the acts emanated

nated by public authority* ſhall be printed upon white paper. With what pernicious emanations has this pure paper been frequently ſpotted!

Of this claſs, I ſhall only add that, at firſt, my endeavours to read and comprehend them, ſome few ſhort and ſimple ones excepted, were a vexatious loſs of time.

I have but two things to remark, concerning the advertiſements of eſtates to be ſold: the one is that they are very numerous; and the other that they are chiefly *biens patrimoniaux*: that is, inherited property; which is carefully marked to diſtinguiſh it from confiſcated, or national property. There is pride, as well as price, in the pre-eminence which this property claims.

Few people go to Paris, who do not read as if they were ſtudying the play-bills; for few go there, who have paſſed the age that delights in ſuch pleaſures. He that would read them all, however, muſt employ little leſs than a quarter of an hour; and certainly more, ſhould he include the public gardens, with all their detail of dancings, diverſions, fêtes, and fire-works.

The play-bills of Paris deviate, in two eſſential points, from thoſe of London: they name ſome of the actors, but do not give the *dramatis perſonæ*; ſo that, two or three of the principal performers excepted, the beſt informed ſtranger cannot diſcover by whom each part is acted: neither do they give the various prices of admiſſion, or the hour at which they begin; which, to foreigners, are great inconveniences. I concluded that the reaſon of their omiſſion was that they were familiarly known to every man, woman, and child in Paris. This was a miſtake: when I inquired, while

* *Les ſeuls affiches des actes émanés de l'autorité publique ſeront imprimées ſur papier blanc; celles des particuliers ſur papier de couleur.*

ſitting

ſitting to ſee a play, it rarely happened that any perſon near me could tell the names of the inferior performers.

Several of the leſſer theatres, very much to their own injury, are irregular in their days of performing; and even thoſe of the firſt claſs are occaſionally ſhut; ſo that, ſometimes, there are not more than ten or twelve theatres open, of an evening: at others, I have read the bills of eighteen.

The claſs of quacks, and quack medicines, is ſtill more numerous; and of a totally oppoſite complexion. Inſtead of exhilarating mirth, and gaiety that is balſamic to the heart, their theme is pain, diſeaſe, and death.

Their manner however is their own: it is national, and highly coloured. Quacks of other countries boaſt as much, and are guilty of no leſs falſehood; but their mode of announcing is different. Each quack of Paris has what may be called a head line, or running title, to his poſting-bill: and theſe alone will ſufficiently exemplify the marks, by which an empiric in Paris is diſtinguiſhed from an empiric in London. I give them, with their tranſlations; as far as they will admit of tranſlation: but they are French, and their ſpirit cannot but evaporate.

Avis aux dupes des charlatans. Advice to the dupes of quacks.
Aux victimes de l'ignorance. To the victims of ignorance.
Danger imminent! Beware of your danger!
Prenez garde à vous, Citoyens! Citizens, beware!
Citoyens, faites attention. Be attentive, citizens.
Je deſempoiſonne. I *un*poiſon. Pſhaw! It is *un*tranſlatable.
Précieuſe découverte. A precious diſcovery.
Succès de l'oxygene. Succeſs of oxygen.
Sucre doré. Gilded pills.
Plaiſir ſenſitif. Senſitive pleaſure.

Bienfaiſance.

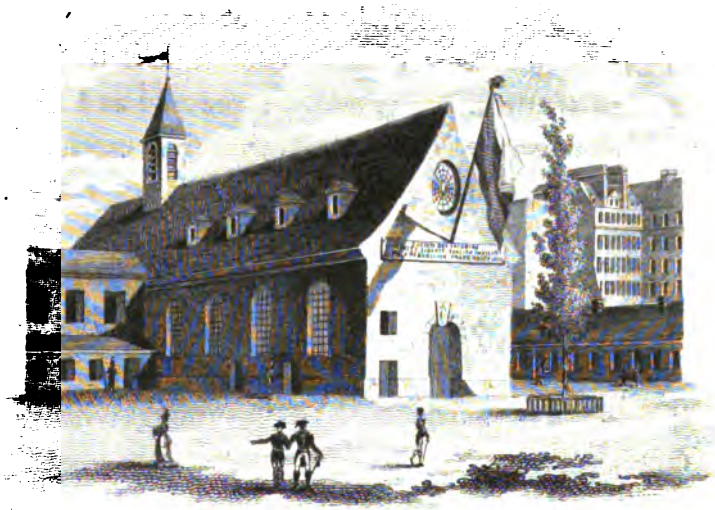
Bienfaiſance. It wants no tranſlating.

Remède friand; agréable à l'odorat, [illegible] au goût. A dainty remedy, pleaſant to ſmell and taſte.

Cours théorique et pratique [illegible] des maladies vénériennes.

Reader, tranſlate for [illegible] yourſelf; and then let the world know your thoughts on the [illegible] there be any means [illegible] practical part of this courſe of lectures; if to exemplify in h[illegible] to determine whether the doctor undertook the various ſtag[illegible] phyſic[illegible] own perſon, or hired others to go through, all of a fin[illegible] of the diſeaſe.

aſte. S[illegible]
packets[illegible]
ſpecta[illegible]
read[illegible]
H[illegible]



Hall of the Jacobins

CHAPTER XLVI.

AN ARDENT WISH: TRANSITION FROM ONE CLASS OF EMPIRICS TO ANOTHER: YOUTHFUL PLEASURES AND PLEASANT ASSOCIATIONS: VARIOUS EXAMPLES OF QUACKS, AND OF THEIR ARTS TO DRAW ATTENTION: A CERTAIN METHOD TO EXCITE LAUGHTER: *LE GRAND SUISSE*, HIS GRANDEUR, HIS WHISKERS, AND HIS BAND, WITH HIS MODE OF ORATORY: THE WHIMSICAL HARANGUE OF ANOTHER QUACK.

OH how great would be the ſatisfaction of heart I ſhould feel, if I could but accurately ſo paint the minutiæ, the various parts of the picture, as that the reader ſhould feel there is unity, keeping, and truth in the whole. I proceed as I have begun: I endeavour to pourtray thoſe objects that firſt catch the attention of the ſtranger. If the manner be accurate, he, who has only made the viſit of a week to Paris, will be reminded of what he ſaw; and he who has reſided there a year, or years, perhaps may ſometimes ſay, ideas and images are here revived which were more than half forgotten.

From empirics, that exhibit themſelves on walls, to empirics that parade the ſtreets, and harangue on the *Boulevards* and in the ſquares and *carrefours* *, the tranſition is eaſy. To the end of life, we generally retain a lively ſenſe, though not an accurate recollection, of our early pleaſures. When I was a boy, the travelling Doctor and his Merry-Andrew, with a cap and gridiron painted

* *Carrefour* is any broad place, at which two or more ſtreets croſs.

jacket,

jacket, were to be ſeen at every fair. This aſſociation, of itſelf, frequently led me to be one of the auditors of the ſame tribe, which is ſtill ſo numerous in Paris. They do not here erect their ſtages; there would be too many of them: but they have their ways and means to draw attention; which are various, and ſuited to the people of the place. Of itinerants, who are ſo often obtruding themſelves upon the public, only a few can be noticed.

One of them, in an old four-wheeled chaiſe, drawn by a ſingle horſe, delivered his orations with a woman ſeated by his ſide; whoſe phyſiognomy was ſomewhat coarſe, and weather-beaten; but of a fine form, and dreſſed as if ſhe had ſome pretenſions to taſte. She perfectly underſtood the manner of delivering her packets and phials with that kind of grace which ſhe knew her ſpectators admired; and, if any of the crowd ſpoke to her, had a ready anſwer. The plan was well imagined; and the Officer of Health * diſtributed his drugs, and collected the *ſous*.

Another, when I firſt remarked him, had only his horſe, his budget of poiſons, and himſelf. The horſe was a ſorry beaſt; but he had green houſings, and a net that, had it been waſhed, might have been white. This fellow, I ſay fellow, for he looked the epithet, was an inexhauſtible talker; and, by his effrontery and powers of perſuaſion, appeared to thrive. He not only obtained a better coat but a fool, that played excellently on the fiddle, and talked ſomething ſo like obſcenity, to the laughing women, and wiped his fingers after blowing his noſe upon his maſter's coat ſo comically, that the people were fully perſuaded of the efficacy of the infallible eye-water and the miraculous powders.

The moſt remarkable of the tribe that caught my attention was

* *Officier de Santé* is the title which moſt of theſe quacks, even to the very loweſt, aſſume.

one who called himſelf *le Grand Suiſſe.* Of what country he was I do not know, but he had not the Swiſs accent: however, that he might look like what he profeſſed to be, he had an enormous pair of whiſkers, and a hat fiercely cocked *à la militaire.* This man drove himſelf, through the ſtreets and to the public places, in his chaiſe; and was accompanied by a military band of wind inſtruments. His progreſs was the reverſe of the man I laſt mentioned: his pomp declined, the parade he made diminiſhed, his band leſſened till it diſappeared, and after it, as I ſuppoſe, himſelf; for I ſaw no more of him, before I left Paris.

As a ſpecimen of the petty importance which this great perſonage attributed to himſelf, the following morſel of a harangue, which I heard him deliver, may ſerve. Imagine him ſeated in his vehicle, in blue and gold, ſurrounded by his muſicians dreſſed up in ſcarlet and ſilver, and ſtationed in *la Place de la Concorde,* near the fatal ſpot where the unfortunate king was beheaded.

*Ecoutez, Meſſieurs: faites attention, Meſdames. Peut-être vous me croyez bien malheureux; n'eſt-ce pas? Eh bien! Vous vous trompez, allez. Et pourquoi ne le ſuis-je pas? Parce que j'ai du crédit. L'homme qui a du crédit n'eſt pas malheureux. C'eſt clair; c'eſt juſte; c'eſt bien ſimple, allez. Je trouverai crédit pour cinquante louis à l'inſtant même: oui, pour douze cens francs, ſi je voulais l'accepter; moi, pauvre charlatan. Je trouverai crédit ici à Paris, partout, à Lyon, à Straſbourg, à Baſle, à Vienne; en France, en Suiſſe, en Allemagne: oui, Meſſieurs et Meſdames, partout. Et pourquoi trouverai-je crédit pour cinquante louis? Parce que, Meſdames, je ſuis connu partout: oui, Meſſieurs, connu et très connu; bien connu, pauvre charlatan que je ſuis, allez. Pour cinquante louis, foi d'honnête homme.**

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* In its original idiom, this has character: in tranſlation it will be inſipid. But, though the French is the univerſal language, there are thouſands by whom it is not underſtood;

People, who are only acquainted with the nature of credit in England, will be ſurpriſed to hear that this man, quack though he was as he frankly owned, ſhould make this repeated boaſt that he could have credit for fifty guineas: but this is no inſignificant mark of the ſtate of credit, in other countries. As the orator ſaid, a man muſt be known, ay and well known, who can have credit for fifty guineas, ſmall as the ſum is, among his own countrymen abroad. It is to the honour of the underſtandings and the honeſty of Engliſh merchants, who, by the probity of their dealings and punctuality of their payments, have given ſtability to the national credit, that an Engliſhman at Paris and other cities, though but little known, will more eaſily caſh a draft for money on his country than a Pariſian can at home, if he be not a man of eſtabliſhed character. The Grand Suiſſe himſelf, I fear, when he loſt his military band and his carriage, loſt his credit.

A friend gave me the ſubſtance of another harangue, by a quack, which is too whimſical to be omitted. The reader muſt be told that the ſtreet orators, of Paris, are always ſucceſsful in proportion as they can excite ſurpriſe, or laughter. What follows

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underſtood; millions by whom it was never heard; I therefore make it a rule to tranſlate.

Hear me, gentlemen, attend to me, ladies. Perhaps you think me a miſerable fellow; do you not? Go! You are deceived. And wherefore am I not ſo? Becauſe I have credit. The man who has credit is not miſerable: that is clear. Nay, it is juſt; it is the courſe of things. I can find credit for fifty pounds, this minute: ay, pounds or guineas, if I will accept it, quack though I am. I could find it here or elſewhere; in Paris, at Lyons, Straſburg, Baſle, or Vienna; in France, Switzerland, or Germany. Yes, ladies and gentlemen, here or any where. And pray, how does it happen that I could every where find credit for fifty guineas? Why it happens, ladies, that I am every where known; yes, gentlemen, known; well known, thoroughly known, a poor quack though I am. Ay, credit for fifty pounds, *by* the faith of an honeſt man.

was

was delivered at a time when France was at war with all Europe. The man muſt be ſuppoſed elevated above the crowd, on horſe-back, ſtanding on a ſtool, or, perhaps, like the foregoing, ſeated in his carriage, and thus addreſſing them.

*Qui et quels ſont vos ennemis? Vous croyez que ce ſont les Anglois, les Autrichiens, les Vauriens. Non, Citoyens. Vous les croyez dans l'extérieur? Par Dieu, vous dis-je, non. Ils ſont dans l'intérieur: ils ſont dans vos propres entrailles. Ils vous rongent, ils vous mangent, ils vous détruiſent. Les Anglois? Bah! Qu'eſt-ce qu'ils peuvent vous faire? Ce ſont les petits animaux de grande force qui vous rongent, ce ſont les vers qui vous ruinent. Tenez! Voyez ce Citoyen à gros ventre. Homme malheureux! Si vous perſiſtez à ne point prendre de mes pillules, vous êtes morts. Oui, en vingt-quatre heurs, je vous déclare morts. Tenez. Avalez ſeulement cette petite doſe, et, en préſence de cette reſpectable compagnie, je vous ferai rendre de quoi faire tuer une armée.**

Though I was not myſelf preſent at this ſcene, I can ſafely pronounce that, could any one picture to himſelf the *reſpectable company*, to whom the cunning orator addreſſed himſelf, it would not only infinitely heighten the humour but would be claſſed among the tokens and land-marks of national character.

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* What and who are your enemies? You ſuppoſe them to be the Engliſh, the Auſtrians, or I know not who. No, citizens. You ſuppoſe them abroad. By G— I tell you no. They are at home, they are in your entrails. They are gnawing you, eating you, undermining you. The Engliſh? Pſhaw! What can they do? The little animals of great force that are feeding upon you are neither more nor leſs than worms. Look you; do you ſee that citizen with a round belly? Unfortunate man! If you perſiſt in not taking my pills, you are dead. In four and twenty hours I pronounce you dead. Here, take this ſmall doſe; only ſwallow it, and in preſence of this reſpectable company I will make you caſt up that which would kill an army.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BOULEVARDS AND THEIR EXTENT: THE SOUTH PART DESCRIBED: THE NORTH THE PRINCIPAL SCENE OF SPORTS AND PASTIMES: APPEAR NEITHER LIKE TOWN NOR COUNTRY: CONTRADICTORY QUALITIES OF PARIS: HETEROGENEOUS TRADERS ON THE BOULEVARDS: MEANNESS AND MAGNIFICENCE: AN ATTEMPT TO CATALOGUE AND GIVE AN ABSTRACT OF THE VARIOUS OBJECTS: THE BOULEVARDS THE RESORT OF THE IDLERS OF PARIS: THE GARDEN AND CONVENT OF *LES CAPUCINES:* HOW AT PRESENT DISTRIBUTED AND OCCUPIED: PHILOSOPHERS AND THEIR TRICKS AND SHOWS: THE PANORAMA: FRANCONI AND HIS DANCING HORSES: THE ELOQUENT AND GALLANT PUNCHINELLO: PARIS A GALLANT AND ELOQUENT PLACE.

THE tranſition from the race laſt deſcribed to the *Boulevards* is a natural one; that being among the principal places where they exhibit. St. Foix tells us * that the *Boulevards* now form the circuit on which the new ramparts, from *la Porte St. Honoré* (long ſince deſtroyed) to *la Porte St. Denis*, were built; and which ramparts were eraſed by Louis XIV.: who thought that the metropolis of a great king, and a great kingdom, ought not to be ſo guarded.

This diſtance however includes not ſo much as one-fourth of the whole of the preſent *Boulevards*. The part on the ſouth of the river was not begun till the year 1761. It is planted with trees,

* Vol. iii. p. 24.

like

like that on the north; and appears to be of equal breadth. The total length of both is ſix thouſand and eighty-three toiſes *: little more than ſeven Engliſh miles. As a public walk, the ſouth part, comparatively, is but little frequented: it has none of the trades, ſhows, and miſcellaneous entertainments of the north; ſome few dancing places excepted. Before the preſent walls of Paris were built, though rather a ſilent, it was a ſpacious and a grand walk; from which the country was ſeen on one ſide, and the city on the other. It is now immured; and its charms, if not wholly loſt, are greatly injured.

It is the north *Boulevard* which is the delight of the Pariſians, the ſcene of their paſtimes, the place to which they flock in multitudes. How ſhall I give the reader, who has never ſeen it, any tolerable picture of this place? Like the Mall in St. James's Park, it is planted with double rows of trees; yet the Mall and the *Boulevards* have ſcarcely the leaſt reſemblance. The latter is not only a public walk but a public ſtreet; over the broad pavement of which the few carriages, that are now in Paris, are continually rolling. The trees, the ſpacious walks, and the gardens that occaſionally decorate each ſide, intermingled as they are with ſtalls, booths, ſhops, coffee-houſes, and hôtels, many of them among the moſt magnificent in Paris, give it an air that neither reſembles town nor country.

I have no conception of any other place ſo contradictory to itſelf, as well in appearance as in mind and manners, as Paris: no where elſe are the great and the little ſo mingled. In face of theſe hôtels, at the ſtalls, ſheds, and ſhops I have mentioned, the moſt trifling wares are ſold, the moſt miſerable exhibitions are made. Here a Savoyard ſtrings his packthread againſt the walls,

* The toiſe is ſix feet Paris meaſure.

and

and hangs up vile prints, ſlips of printed paper, with grub-ſtreet wit for the *Badauds** of Paris, plans of the city, and whatever refuſe of the ſhops he is able to collect. He makes a great ſhow, and is a reſpectable trader.

Beſide him ſits a woman, or man, it may be either, who patches up and ſells coarſe night caps, linen drawers, and foots and mends ſtockings. There is utility in the employment, and therefore it is not contemptible; but his next neighbour is a conjuror, a diſtributor of lucky numbers: he demands only two *ſous* and the firſt letter of your name, and, though he be himſelf a wretch, who never made a good meal or put on a new coat in his life, he will tell you how immediately to get rich.

To go through the catalogue would be impoſſible: it is much too vaſt. Stalls of dirty books; treſſels with toys; ſellers of cakes and canes; fan-menders, bead-ſtringers, beggars, quacks, tumblers, and ſhow-booths; fellows diſplaying tricks of legerdemain; venders of miraculous dyes and powders, who dip bits of white ribbon in a liquor that turns them pink; orators parotting over two-penny ſyſtems of geology, and the order of the univerſe: teachers of ſecrets that will enable the buyer to cut glaſs under water, etch landſcapes upon egg-ſhells, engrave portraits by pricking paper with pins and duſting it with lamp-black; theſe, intermingled with the diſplay of milliners, linen-drapers, print-ſellers, and a variety of trades, continued through an avenue two miles in length, ſpacious, enlivened as I have ſaid with carriages, and adorned by lofty trees, gardens, and hôtels, with the gates, or rather the triumphal arches, of St. Denis and St. Martin, the ſtructure that was the Opera Houſe, theſe, I ſay, and thouſands of other objects, which no memory can retain, if the reader can arrange and put them

* *Badaud* is equivalent to our cant word, Cockney.

together, will form a ſomething that he may imagine to be the *Boulevards* of Paris.

What has been ſaid is but a partial and barren abſtract of the place. To give a mere table of contents, which at laſt will be very imperfect, to the things already noticed many others muſt be added. If contraſted with various of the nations in Europe, the French are an active and induſtrious people; but, compared to the Engliſh, they are great idlers: and, for the claſs of idlers, the *Boulevards* is one of the principal places of reſort. The conſequence of this is that numbers of thoſe, who make it their trade to amuſe the idle, here take their ſtations.

Beginning at *la Rue St. Honoré*, and proceeding toward the *Fauxbourg St. Antoine*, after paſſing the forlorn columns of *la Madelaine*, we ſoon arrive at the garden *des Capucines*. It formerly belonged to a convent; but the garden and the building are now become the mingled abode of idleneſs and induſtry. Here paper-hangers, cabinet-makers, and other tradeſmen have their warehouſes; while beſide them are petty tailors, barbers, obſcure coffee-houſes, and billiard-tables, in rooms that ſcarcely admit the light of day. Theſe are in the cloiſters, where the ſecluded uſed to walk; and in the rooms, or if you pleaſe the cells, they ſo lately inhabited.

In other compartments are ſhow-men, great and ſmall: Robertſon, and his Phantaſmagoria; his neighbour, I forget his name, as great a philoſopher as himſelf, who writes hydraulics and I know not what other bombaſtic terms over his door, and intermingles the ſpouting of water and the ſparkling of gunpowder, to the great aſtoniſhment and inſtruction of the Pariſians.

At a ſmall diſtance, in the garden, the Panorama of Lyons and that of Toulon are or were exhibited; and oppoſite to this is the booth of Franconi, who has taught horſes to dance almoſt as miraculouſly

culouſly graceful as Mr. Aſtley himſelf, and employs his faculties with ſcarcely leſs benefit to the public.

Between the two is their ancient rival, Punchinello, accompanied by king Solomon and all his court; or at leaſt by ſomething no leſs pompous in recital. Will you accept a ſhort extract from a handbill, which the prime miniſter of this renowned perſon diſtributes at his door?

POLICHINEL AUX DAMES.

Meſdames, me voici de retour de mes petits voyages; et vous me retrouverez dans le jardin des Capucines, proche la grille qui donne ſur le Boulevard Caumartin.

Partout, où vous portez vos pas,
On ſe plaît à ſuivre vos traces,
Les palais ſeroient des grabats,
S'ils n'etoient ornés par les Graces.
De même, il en eſt de nos jeux,
Le local a de l'importance!
Il devient le ſéjour des Dieux,
Embellit par votre préſence.

Les Dames. Polichinel eſt galant!

Polichinel. Meſdames, je ne ſuis que l'écho de l'univers entier.*

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* PUNCHINELLO TO THE LADIES.

Here I am Ladies! After a trip into the country you find me again in the garden of the Capucines, near the iron-gate that faces the Boulevard Caumartin.

Wherever you tread, we but follow your traces;
The Hôtel's a hut, unadorn'd by the Graces.
Embelliſh'd and honour'd, our booth we compare
To the ſeat of the Gods, when the ladies are there.

The Ladies. Punchinello is gallant!

Punchinello. Ladies, I am but the echo of the whole univerſe!

From the fine words of Mr. Punchinello, it would be natural to conclude he was a perſon of conſequence, and had ſome extraordinary place, and apparatus, for the diſplay of his feats. I defy the reader to imagine any thing more mean, poverty ſtruck, and dirty, than him and his whole paraphernalia. It was comic beyond the power of deſcription, yet almoſt afflicting, to look at and liſten to the man who harangued, and diſtributed theſe bills: he was wretchedneſs perſonified. And then the paſſing Graces, to whom he thus poetically addreſſed himſelf! The ladies, that were to embelliſh his booth, and render it the abode of the Gods! Well, well; he only ſpoke the language of and pretended to be no more than the echo of the univerſe, *entire*.

Let it not be imagined that this is a ſolitary inſtance of the grace, the gallantry, and the poetry of Paris: ſimilar and even more extraordinary proofs occur in every corner. They are ſo numerous that the difficulty is to ſelect. How does it happen that they ſo often paſs unnoticed? We all walk through the world with our eyes ſhut, or this would be a very inſtructive book.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE *PAVILLON D'HANOVRE* RIVALLED AND ECLIPSED BY THE *FRASCATI*: OPERA-HOUSE NEAR THE GATE OF ST. MARTIN: FIRES AT SUCH THEATRES FREQUENT: THE PARISIANS SOON AFFLICTED, AND SOON CONSOLED: PRESENT DESTINATION OF THAT OPERA-HOUSE: THEATRES ON THE *BOULEVARD DU TEMPLE*: COFFEE-HOUSES AND GARDENS WITH THEIR MODES OF ATTRACTION: EXHIBITIONS OF VARIOUS KINDS—THE FAMOUS THIEVES OF FRANCE IN WAX AND WOOD: DESCRIPTION OF THE EFFECT THEY PRODUCE ON THE IMAGINATION: DEFORMITY AND MONSTERS A SOURCE OF REVENUE: A PICTURE OF THE MULTITUDE IN MOTION: THE PRACTICE OF HIRING CHAIRS: EFFECTS OF SUCH AN ASSEMBLAGE UPON A STRANGER—THE READER WARNED AGAINST MISTAKES—WHAT IT IS THAT CHARACTERIZES NATIONS: A DIFFICULT TASK AND A SERIOUS DUTY.

LEAVING theſe gardens, in which I do not recollect to have ſeen a ſingle blade of graſs, and where, beſide the amuſements already mentioned, the ladies and gentlemen every evening divert themſelves by dancing, and by riding on the wooden horſes of a round-about, both ſexes aſtride and neither aſhamed to ſhow a handſome leg, we proceed and preſently come to the *Pavillon d'Hanovre.*

I do not know to what grand family this building once belonged, but a few ſeaſons ago it was the grandeſt coffee-houſe and public garden on the *Boulevards:* it has ſince been eclipſed by the *Fraſcati*, and is no longer in faſhion. To what ſtyle the connoiſſeurs in the art would ſay either of theſe gardens belong is more than

than I can divine; but, though they are neither of them large, they ſeem as if they were purpoſely contrived, if people are ſo diſpoſed, to play at hide and ſeek in.

Paſſing the Italian theatre, the gate of St. Denis, and that of St. Martin, we arrive on the left at the ſtructure that was the Opera-houſe. It is not perhaps a ſubject of wonder that the buildings, where this grand ſpectacle has been exhibited, have frequently become a prey to the flames. The old Opera-houſe was deſtroyed by fire on the 6th of April, 1763; a ſecond was built adjoining to the *Palais Royal*, and opened in 1770; this was burnt down the 8th of June, 1781; and a third was conſtructed, in ſixty days, near the gate of St. Martin.

The Pariſians love lively emotions. They were afflicted deeply, when they firſt ſaw the Opera-houſe of the *Palais Royal* burning: in a few days, they were dreſſed in flame coloured robes, named after the conflagration *feu d'Opera*; and, in a few more, they were aſtoniſhed and delighted to ſee the ſpectacle in which they glory recommence.

Dulaure relates the following anecdote.

"The next morning the people regarded the fearful ravages of the fire with conſternation, when a cart loaded with dreſſes that had eſcaped the flames paſſed the ſquare before the palace. A fellow who was in it thought proper to place a helmet, which he found near him, on his head, and throw a royal mantle over his ſhoulders. Erect in his car, like a conqueror making his public entry, he ſoon drew the attention of the people; whoſe ſorrow immediately changed into peals of laughter. Such is the ſorrow of the French. A few days afterward there were dreſſes *couleur de feu d'Opera.**"

* *Dulaure: Curioſités de Paris. Paris* 1791, *deuxième partie*, p. 248.

This

The author further adds—"Several perſons periſhed by this fire; which continued burning eight days."

In 1793, the Opera performers removed to their preſent theatre, in *la Rue de la Loi*; and left that near *la Porte St. Martin*, which long remained vacant. It is now in the poſſeſſion of actors who, if their promiſe be kept, are to vie with, if not to excel, every theatre in Paris: but, of all things in this city, promiſes are in the greateſt plenty; and may be had at the leaſt expence, that of ſincerity excepted.

At this theatre begins that part of the *Boulevards* which is peculiarly dedicated to ſhows, paſtimes, dancing-gardens, and theatrical exhibitions. Excluſive of the Opera-houſe, here we find the *Théâtre des jeunes Artiſtes*; that is, for young performers: *Théâtre ſans Prétenſion*; rightly named, for they have even leſs merit than pretenſions: *Théâtre Lyri-comique*; where the beſt tragedies have been burleſqued into buffoonery: *Théâtre des jeunes Elèves*; for children performers: *Théâtre des Variétés Amuſantes:* beſide other nameleſs and forgotten theatres, and, as the climax, *le Théâtre de l'Ambigu-comique*; that being the chief of the theatres on the *Boulevard du Temple*, on which all thoſe I have juſt named are ſituated.

The *Fauxbourg St. Antoine* is the largeſt, and ſaid to be much the moſt populous, of any in Paris; and to this the *Boulevard du Temple* lies contiguous, while it is at no great diſtance from other *Fauxbourgs* and quarters of great population. The *Boulevard du Temple* is therefore the grand ſcene of merriment, every evening; but chiefly for the lower orders, and the higheſt claſs of them, *les bous bourgeois*,* as they were formerly called.

* Like our phraſe, good fellow, the true meaning of *bon bourgeois* is difficult to convey, in a foreign idiom. It is ſomething of a mixture of unpoliſhed and reſpectable citizen: but moſt the latter; or rather as the context ſhall colour the meaning.

In

In the neighbourhood of theſe theatres the coffee-houſes, billiard-tables, and dancing-gardens,* are numerous; and on a ſcale which, in many inſtances, may be rightly called that of vulgar magnificence: bands of muſic playing, diſcordantly enough, but with no want of noiſe; nightly illuminations, balls, and fire-works; theſe are common, and to theſe are added every new device, by which the proprietors imagine they can attract the crowd.

Here too ſhowmen and exhibitors of every kind make their diſplay. *Les Ombres Chinoiſes*, by the notorious *Seraphin:* wax-work figures, in which every king in Chriſtendom may, if he pleaſe, look for his likeneſs: *Les grands Voleurs*, where are the pretended portraits of *Cartouche*, *Mandrin*, *Nivet*, and the whole ſuite of worthies, who have ſo peculiarly diſtinguiſhed themſelves, in France, by ſacrilege, murders the moſt wanton and the moſt horrible, and atrocities ſuch as the very image of makes the ſoul revolt.

Of this exhibition I muſt ſtop to ſay a word: I ſaw it only the firſt time I was in Paris, but cannot forget the effect it produced. The ſhowman and his thieves had but one apartment; but it was made darker than twilight, and partitioned off to reſemble cells. The malefactors were put in different attitudes; ſitting, ſtanding, and lying, each in ſtraw, not of the cleaneſt, and loaded with chains.

As I entered, theſe chains were clanked with a din that might inſpire horror: the exhibitor, with a gloomy terror in his voice, recounted their individual crimes; their grand robberies, rapes, and aſſaſſinations; appearing to value himſelf moſt upon him who had been the moſt wicked; and ending with their execution, and

* A French gentleman told me, they amount on the whole *Boulevards* to one hundred and twenty, or perhaps thirty. He is a well informed perſon, yet the number appeared to me exaggerated.

their

their blaſphemies, after having been racked, while expiring on the wheel.

The effect was more than theatrical, it was oppreſſive; and yet was produced by ſomething like contemptible means: for theſe heroes were moſt of them nothing but manikins; ſtuffed dreſſes; ſurmounted ſome with painted barber's blocks, and others, that were more in the light, with wax rudely modelled. Such was the account a Pariſian gave me. Of the effect produced I was myſelf a witneſs. In France, they can frighten other animals beſide crows, by ſtuffing rags.

I return to my catalogue. Excluſive of the hocus-pocus tribe I have before deſcribed, who, ſcattered through different parts of the city and its public places during the day, many of them aſſemble here in the evening, there are various moveable booths, and ſhow-carts; but none more remarkable than thoſe that collect and exhibit deformity: no matter what the animal; if it be but unnatural and diſguſting, it will be profitable in proportion. To procure himſelf a livelihood, the exhibitor of this claſs eagerly inquires where he can procure a monſter?

I will forbear to deſcribe objects that here ſolicit to be ſeen; as I would, had I the power, perſuade mankind not to endure their exhibition: at leaſt, unleſs it were for a better purpoſe than that of gratifying a depraved curioſity. To any increaſe of knowledge, which the philoſophical ſurgeon or phyſician might acquire, it is a general duty to contribute.

When the beings thus exhibited are of the human ſpecies, from thoſe that I have ſeen, there is great reaſon to believe they are generally unhappy; and often to exceſs. Of the two extraordinary giants, both upward of eight feet in height, who appeared in London a few years ago, one was diſeaſed by confinement, dejected in temper, and drank to relieve his ſufferings. I ſaw him,

and was afterward told that, having had hopes to realize an independence, his door-keeper robbed him, and he ſoon died.

The following anecdote is of a more extraordinary kind.

"The Marſhal de *Beaumanoir*, hunting in a foreſt in 1599, had a man brought him by his huntſmen, whom they found ſleeping in a buſh; and whoſe figure was very ſingular. He had two horns, like thoſe of a ram, on his forehead; was bald; and, at the lower part of his chin, had a red clotted beard, in the manner we paint ſatyrs. He was ſo grieved, at being taken from fair to fair, that he died in three months at Paris. He was buried in the churchyard of the pariſh of *St. Côme*; and a ſilly epitaph,* which then no doubt was thought very pleaſant, was put over his grave."

"Dans ce petit endroit à part,
Gîte un très ſingulier cornard;
Car il l'étoit ſans avoir femme,
Paſſant priez Dieu pour ſon ame."†

Pray paſſengers for this man's ſoul,
Here ſleeps his body, after life:
His fate was ſtrange, paſt all control,
For he was horn'd, yet had no wife.

Among the many animating features of the *Boulevards*, that which is produced by the life and motion of this multitude of human beings is not the leaſt marking, or amuſing. In taking the courſe above deſcribed, from *la Rue St. Honoré* to the *Boulevard du Temple*, not only is there a continual ſucceſſion of paſſengers, that is of an evening, but the numberleſs coffee-houſes ſwarm with gueſts, within doors and without.

Added to theſe, it is a common practice among the Pariſians, as well here as in the gardens of the Thuilleries, the Luxembourg,

* *Recueil d'Epitaphes*, p. 67.

† *Saint-Foix*, iii. 94.

and

and the *Palais Royal,* to ſeat themſelves in rows, and remain ſometimes the whole evening converſing together. For this purpoſe, there are people authorized by government, for every thing here is ſo authorized or ſo prohibited, even to the hiring of old chairs,* there are people, I ſay, who hire theſe chairs at two *ſous*; for which each perſon is allowed two chairs: it being genteel to ſit upon one, and to loll or lay your legs upon the other.

With theſe rows of converſers, or babblers, many parts of the *Boulevards* are lined. As the evening declines and night approaches, this collected multitude, from chairs, coffee-houſes, ſhow-booths, theatres, and gardens, begin to be in motion. A walk at this hour, to meet them, is very amuſing. Not only the numberleſs feet but the numberleſs tongues that are all in action, and the latter are much the moſt nimble, inſpire an Engliſhman with a ſucceſſion of whimſical ideas. He liſtens to the language, he hears the ſentiments, regards the dreſſes, examines the figures, and diſcovers ſuch a volume of what appear to him inconſiſtencies, phraſes and remarks that cannot appertain, or at leaſt cannot be reconciled, to the coſtume, look, or occupation of the perſon by whom they are made, that at one moment he ſmiles, at the ſecond is perplexed, and at the third laughs in his own deſpite.

To learn ſentences by rote, which at firſt were the reſult of acute thinking and even of ſcientific reſearch, is a practice ſo general that it often deſcends to the very loweſt. Of this I ſhall

* I do not mean that the *Grand Monarque*, or the Citizen-General-Firſt Conſul, did or do perſonally, and in all caſes, ſo authorize; but the ſyſtem of their government does. Few things can be performed, in which that ſyſtem can poſſibly interfere, that are not controlled by its authority, which is derived from the chief; and the more authority is delegated, the more it paſſes from deputy to deputy, the more it becomes vicious. From the hiring of theſe chairs the government derives a paltry revenue; which, as I am informed, amounts to fifteen hundred a year.

have occaſion to give examples; for it is one of thoſe national habits that peculiarly deſerve attention.

I think it high time to warn every reader againſt a miſtake, into which ſome may have been led, by my remarks. I ſhould be ſincerely grieved, for I ſhould have committed a deep injury, nay a ſerious crime, were I to induce the Engliſh to hold the French nation in contempt. Be it remembered that, in thoſe things in which nations act with real common ſenſe, they entirely reſemble each other; and that the deviations, be they great or ſmall, are the very peculiarities by which they are characterized. Were I to deſcribe the peculiarities of my own nation, they would be of a different kind; but, whenever they deviate from common ſenſe, which common ſenſe I underſtand to include neither more nor leſs than the moſt wiſe and virtuous mode of acting, they would be to its diſadvantage. And how innumerable are the deviations to which all nations are ſubject! I am conſcious I write with an intention that, by noticing, men ſhould avoid their miſtakes: it is their intereſt that they ſhould be noticed; and, by the taſk I have undertaken, it is become my duty. Were this nothing more than a perſonal apology, it would be ſomething leſs than trivial; but its aim is not ſo mean: it is that I may avoid the common yet the moſt pernicious practice of increaſing the animoſities of nations; which retard civilization, excite to war, and are the curſe of mankind. As a people, the French are truly great; but their peculiarities, their defects, are truly little.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE *PALAIS ROYAL*: SKETCHES OF ITS HISTORY: FOUNDED BY CARDINAL *DE RICHELIEU*: ITS FIRST APPELLATIONS, AND THE CONTEST ONE OF THEM PRODUCED: THIS PALACE THE CONTINUED SCENE OF AMUSEMENT: PROFUSION OF THE CARDINAL; HIS AMBITION TO BE A POET: ANECDOTES: THE GARDENS OF THE PALAIS ROYAL THE RESORT OF POLITICIANS: CHANGES WHICH THE PALACE AND THE GARDENS HAVE UNDERGONE; AND THE DISCONTENT SOME OF THESE CHANGES EXCITED: THE *TRIBUNAT*, AND HOPES IN FUTURITY: FORM, SITUATION, AND PROPERTIES, OF THIS PLACE AT PRESENT: SERIOUS RETROSPECT OF SCENES THAT HAVE CONVULSED THE WORLD: PRACTICE OF FACTIONS: FOOD FOR REFLEXION.

FROM the *Boulevards*, famous as they are become in the annals of Paris, I would lead the reader to a place of ſtill greater fame; renowned for its founder, renowned for the changes it has undergone, and ſtill more renowned for the ſcenes that have there been acted. I ſpeak of the *Palais Royal*.

According to hiſtory, this palace was founded in 1629, on the ruins of the hôtels *de Mercœur* and *de Rambouillet*, and of ſome neighbouring houſes. It was then partly within and partly without the city, as incloſed by Charles V. of France. Cardinal *de Richelieu*, a man who cannot be remembered but with the moſt contradictory emotions, was its founder; and *Jaques le Mercier*, ſaid by ſome to be the moſt able architect of his time, was the builder he employed. It was firſt called the *Hôtel de Richelieu*; but, increaſing in ſize as the miniſter increaſed in power, the name

name was changed, and *Palais Cardinal* was inſcribed on marble over the great gate in letters of gold. The vanity of the inſcription ought to have excited the general cenſure; inſtead of which, its grammatical propriety was the inquiry and amuſement of the Pariſians. *Balzac* affirmed it was neither Greek, Latin, nor French; and others maintained it was a pure galliciſm.

In 1639, whether from oſtentation or gratitude, the Cardinal bequeathed his palace, with its furniture and precious jewels, to Lewis XIII.: which donation he confirmed by his laſt will.

In 1643, Ann of Auſtria, the Queen Regent, with her ſons, Lewis XIV. and the Duke of Anjou, left the Louvre to reſide at the *Palais Cardinal.* To her it was repreſented that it became not the king to ſuffer the title of a ſubject to remain on the palace he inhabited; and the inſcription was eraſed. The name of *Palais Royal* was then beſtowed upon it; though this ſame Queen Regent, at the entreaty of *la Ducheſſe d'Aiguillon,* cauſed the title *Palais Cardinal* to be reinſcribed. On the preſent occaſion, convenience requires the appellation of *Palais Royal*; becauſe by that it is beſt known. It no longer pretends to be the Palace of Equality; and the reader might forget the ſcene of action, were it called by the name inſcribed at preſent over the gate—*Palais du Tribunat.*

To review this palace, through all its changes and gradations, would be no eaſy taſk; and could ſcarcely avoid being tedious; a few of the principal traits will be ſufficient, for the purpoſe of this work.

From the time of its founder it has been the ſcene of amuſement. Richelieu well underſtood the Pariſians; and, to increaſe their pleaſures, countenance ſhow, and gain the praiſe of their favourite writers, he built a theatre, and penſioned ſeveral of the reigning wits: among whom were *Rotrou* and the great *Corneille.*

In conſtructing this theatre one thing particularly deſerves to be

be mentioned; as it is a trait in the character of the Cardinal. According to Sauval, eight oaks, of twenty toiſes each, were ſought for in all the foreſts of the kingdom, were at length found in the foreſt *du Bourbonnois*, and coſt eight thouſand livres in the carriage.

Upon this theatre he likewiſe gratified his maſter foible. It was his great ambition to be himſelf a poet. A man, who could command armies to invade the peaceable, and ſet ſo vaſt a monarchy in motion, had little difficulty to perſuade himſelf that whatever he willed it was in his power to perform. It is generally affirmed he was himſelf the author of a tragi-comedy, called *Mirame*; though it was fathered by *Deſmarets*. To bring it on the ſtage it coſt the cardinal a hundred thouſand crowns; but, in ſpite of his power, his protection, and this vaſt expence to inſure ſucceſs, it was condemned.

Finding how irritated the miniſter was at this failure, care was taken by the comedians, at the next repreſentation, to fill the houſe with an audience determined to applaud. The tranſports of the cardinal were uncommonly great: he ſtood up, ſhowed himſelf to the ſpectators, leaned over the box, and commanded ſilence, that paſſages ſtill more beautiful might be heard. Punning upon the title of his palace, a perſon is ſaid to have exclaimed aloud—*Hélas! Ce n'eſt pas là une pièce cardinale; mais d'un cardinal!** During his life, the Pariſians were admitted *gratis*, to the plays and exhibitions he gave at his theatre.

Of the former gardens I read that, after they came into the poſſeſſion of the Orleans family, they were the delight of the Pariſians; that converſations might be held in them without any fear of the police; that, under the large cheſnut-trees, the people

* This, alas, is not a cardinal-comedy; but the comedy of a cardinal!

were

were ſecure both from heat and rain; that the beautiful and ornamental were here always to be met; and that it was the general reſort, for people of every rank and every country. Near the middle of this walk was a tree, called *l'Arbre de Cracovie*, the moſt famous in the world as the rendezvous of politicians. Beneath its majeſtic ſhade the affairs of the whole earth were adjuſted; and on the deeds of heroes, the meaſures of miniſters, and the proceedings of kings, deciſion here was paſſed. Was this the origin of their tree of liberty? Since that period, the place, though not the tree, has been ſtill much more renowned for the freedom and the heat of political diſputes.

From the time that this palace became the property of the Orleans family, the changes it has undergone have been great: neither its form nor its deſtination are the ſame. In the year 1783, the old gardens were one of the moſt famous of the public walks in Paris; but even at this time they were frequented, toward the evening, by courtezans; with whom men of rank and character appeared not to think it any diſgrace to converſe. As the evening advanced, women of meaner appearance repaired thither; and ſometimes, as I read, were with their paramours abſolutely whipped out of the garden by the Swiſs of the palace. The preſent buildings, that now form the grand area, were then projecting; and in the year 1784, when I returned to Paris a ſecond time, were greatly advanced.

The outcry, againſt this innovation upon their habits and pleaſures, was loud, among the Pariſians; eſpecially among thoſe, and they were many, whoſe property was injured. The value of the adjoining avenues, as well as of the houſes that overlook the garden, in trade and in rental, was greatly diminiſhed. Hôtels had here been furniſhed for ſtrangers; a firſt floor in one of which, even at that period, was often rented at fifty louis a month. This

quarter

quarter was the reſort of the wealthy; and articles of trade ſold much dearer, here, than in other parts of the city.

The noble collection of pictures, which in different diviſions have ſince been ſold in England, was then in that palace; and, much as thoſe Pariſians who are lovers of the art glory in their preſent Muſeum, they deeply regret that loſs.

In the magnificent apartments, formerly deſtined to the enjoyment of an individual and his adherents, men now aſſemble whoſe names were then too obſcure to be mentioned. Theſe men form one grand portion of that ſyſtemized whole which, if written conſtitutions could pretend to ſtability, or veracity, governs France. It is however ſome conſolation that popular aſſemblies, though but with an appearance of the power to deliberate, to adviſe, and to vote, are eſtabliſhed. They are there, and time and increaſing wiſdom will do the reſt.

The little that has been ſaid of this palace is but a trifling part of that which will hereafter remain conſpicuous, in the annals of hiſtory. That the events at which I now glance may be the better imagined, it is neceſſary, for thoſe who have never ſeen the place, to underſtand ſomething of its form, ſituation, and properties. Except the great gate, its inlets and outlets are all of them narrow; and can all of them, including the great gate, eaſily be ſhut. It is an oblong ſquare, that will contain many thouſand people: its ſite is now the centre of Paris; and this with its attractions render it one of the grand reſorts of the idle.

This then was the place in which the principal actors, in thoſe momentous ſcenes that have convulſed the world, could beſt effect their purpoſes. Here it was that the French guards were fed, flattered, and won. Here the orators of the people ſpoke with a hundred tongues; and each found an enraptured audience. Here multitudes of thoſe ideas, and principles, which were repeated

from the tribunals of the Commons, and paſſed into laws, were firſt delivered: in the contagious enthuſiaſm of the moment, here many of them were firſt conceived. The *Palais Royal* was juſtly called the hot-bed of the revolution. In its porticoes, its coffee-rooms, its circus, and its capacious garden, nothing but the cries of liberty, and the thunder of denunciation againſt the opponents of liberty, were to be heard.

It ſerved another purpoſe: it was a kind of ſnare, in which each prevailing faction entrapped its adverſaries. Whenever it was wiſhed to arreſt a number of individuals, whoſe oratory, whoſe influence, or whoſe arts were feared, the gates and avenues of the *Palais Royal* were cloſed: neither man nor woman could eſcape, till an armed force had entered and the obnoxious had been ſeized.

After an awful period of commotion and effervescence, in which feelings the moſt oppoſite, ſentiments the moſt exalted, efforts the moſt noble, paſſions the moſt odious, and actions the moſt atrocious have been in conteſt, what is it once again become? The ſeat of diſſipation; the rendezvous of indolence, of frivolity, and of the moſt unprincipled licentiouſneſs; where the nightly orgies of inebriety, gaming, proſtitution, and abandoned vice are unrelaxingly held; yet where the ſage himſelf finds recreation for his thoughts, facts that might inſtruct a Socrates, and food for the moſt ſevere and profound reſearch.

CHAPTER L.

FRONT OF THE *PALAIS ROYAL*: OLD CLOTHESMEN AND APPLE-WOMEN: *CHATEAU D'EAU*: THE BUILDING NOT MAGNIFICENT: THE OPEN SALOON AND ITS PETTY TRADERS: SHEDS AT THE BACK OF THE PALACE: A WORD ON PUBLIC SPIRIT: THE ALLEYS THE RESORT OF EVENING LOUNGERS: THE GARDEN, AND ITS CHANGES: BAD GRAVEL: THE PILE OF THE GREAT SQUARE CONSIDERED: THE MAJESTY OF SPACE LITTLE FELT IN FRANCE: WANT OF FOLIAGE AND COURTEZANS RENDER THIS GARDEN LESS FREQUENTED: THE PLACE OF ASSEMBLY FOR STOCKJOBBERS: THESE PEOPLE EXPELLED THE GARDEN: RESTRICTION NOT THE MEANS TO MAKE A NATION COMMERCIAL.

TO continue the ſubject, we muſt lower our tone; and deſcend to the minuter parts of which the great whole is formed.

In front of the *Palais Royal* is an open place; not a ſquare, though ſomething like one; which is formed by the palace itſelf to the north, by a large reſervoir on the ſouth, which ſupplies the Thuilleries and this palace with water, and is called *le Chateau d'Eau*,* and by various coffee-houſes and traders on the eaſt and weſt.

As a paſſing remark, not uncharacteriſtic of the contrarieties of

* *Chateau*, or *Palace of water!* A name for a reſervoir! And not a reſervoir which, like the baſon of the New River at Iſlington, ſupplies ſeveral hundred thouſand people, but two palaces. About the time of Henry IV. of France, grandeur was firſt provided with coaches. A coach! The vulgar was captivated by the very ſound; and the paltry boats, that carry paſſengers up and down the Seine, have the title of *coches d'eau*. It is no bull, in Paris, to take coach and go by water.

Paris, in this open place, grand in its buildings and appearance, and wealthy from the rich traders that inhabit the neighbourhood, the collectors of old clothes aſſemble in the morning, much the ſame as they do in the Minories in London, though not in ſuch numbers. This place likewiſe is degraded, that is, if grandeur be a better thing than convenience, by the moveable ſtalls of apple-women; and by various petty hawkers. I know not how reaſon and taſte will finally ſettle ſuch things, but they certainly do not accord.

To view the front of the palace before he enters the gardens, the ſtranger will do well to place himſelf on the terrace of this *Chateau d'Eau*; by which he will overlook the apple-ſtalls, the old clothesmen, and the crowd. He will then ſee a ſtructure which does not to me appear admirable, either for its beauty, ſymmetry, or ſimplicity: neither does it, from height, extent, and maſs, deſerve the epithet magnificent: its chief merit is what has been already deſcribed; that of being memorable as the ſcene of great events. The front wall is high; the palace is low: it has numerous pillars; and a vaſt portico, or open ſaloon, that would better correſpond to an edifice of different dimenſions. Call it a houſe, and ſuppoſe it built for the convenience of a mortal man, and it is then more than ſufficiently grand, ſpacious, and preſumptuous; even though the grand cardinal himſelf could again revive, and become its inhabitant.

Let us deſcend and paſs the gate, the court in front, and the open ſaloon, where are petty book ſtalls and print pedlars, and we come to a more ſpacious court at the back of the palace. But we have not yet a view of the gardens and the new ſquare: they are obſtructed by temporary wooden ſheds. The mixture of great and little is continual: or, to ſpeak more correctly, though the little may in Paris eaſily be found alone, the great never can.

There

There are three rows of theſe wooden ſheds, that form two alleys. In winter, theſe alleys abound in puddles of water. When the water begins to abſorb, the clay, for there is no pavement in theſe alleys, becomes equally dirty and ſlippery; and, in dry weather, this clay flooring is ſo full of inequalities that it is worſe to the feet than ſtreets paved with ſmall pebbles. That public ſpirit, that common ſenſe and common benefit, which ſhould induce the traders, who keep ſhop in theſe ſheds, to ſubſcribe and rectify the evil, is unknown in France. The police, the government, muſt act; or nothing of a public nature is ever conceived: at leaſt, the inſtances are very rare. The nation, in which this public ſpirit ſhould inſpire the breaſt of every individual, would be great indeed. Happy England! Though not by every individual, yet by how many of thy ſons, ay and of thy daughters too, is this public ſpirit cheriſhed, and brought into action!

Theſe ſheds are intended only to be temporary: they are to be ſupplied by buildings, that will complete the ſquare; but at what preciſe time no man, who recollects the unfiniſhed ſtate of numberleſs of the public works in France, will venture to predict. At preſent, the alleys they form, being much more ſpacious than the arcades, are crowded on an evening, by loungers, as much as is the gravel walk in Hyde Park, that leads to Kenſington gardens, on an April Sunday.

Croſſing theſe alleys, we come to the garden: that is, to a certain ſpace of ground, planted with trees and covered with gravel. There is but little green ſward in any of the palace gardens; nor indeed in any others I have here ſeen, except the few that have imitated the Engliſh. Of the gravel I remarked there is either none ſo good, near Paris, as it is in the vicinity of London, or it

is

is not ſifted and properly prepared. Inſtead of ſuffering the water to drain, it too readily mixes with it, and becomes mud. Standing at the ſouth end of this oblong ſquare, you have a full view of the buildings by which it is encloſed. They have one feature, which in all continued piles has a grand effect; and that is uniformity. They are alſo lofty, and of conſiderable extent: being, in length, a hundred and ſeventeen toiſes; and fifty in breadth.

The whole pile makes great pretenſions to architectural magnificence; in which it is very deficient. The parts have not ſymmetry. Buildings of this height and extent, with uniform and fluted pilaſters, a running baluſtrade, feſtoons in compartments, and numerous of the decorations appertaining to grandeur, require arcades of adequate dimenſions. In London, the eye is familiarized to the noble effect produced by the piazzas * in Covent-Garden; diminiſhed as this effect is, by the ſtalls and traffic of the place. To have produced the ſame effect, the arcades in the *Palais Royal* ſhould have been on a ſtill greater ſcale; for the ſtructure they ſupport is much higher, and more extenſive: inſtead of which, they are multiplied to the number of one hundred and eighty; and the paſſage, under them, is ſo narrow that four people cannot conveniently paſs abreaſt. My memory does not accurately ſerve me, but I believe, inſtead of four, I might ſafely ſay three.

I have often been ſurpriſed, when conſidering this city, and its numerous efforts to attain the majeſtic, to recollect that the majeſty of ſpace has been ſo little underſtood, and ſo ſeldom attempted. In the royal gardens of the Tuileries, the Luxembourg, and Ver-

* Very improperly ſo called, becauſe they form a part of a ſquare or open place; which is one meaning of the word *piazza*, in Italian.

ſailles,

ſailles, in each of which there is ſufficient amplitude, that amplitude is deſtroyed; it is wretchedly filled up by and parcelled into paltry compartments. The firſt Conſul, from many of his alterations, appears to have a feeling of this majeſty: yet ſurely it is an imperfect feeling, or he would not have ſuffered the gardens of the Luxembourg to have been again planned and divided in this trifling this contemptible ſtyle. In theſe gardens of the *Palais Royal*, there have been various changes, ſince the erecting of the new buildings; but this parcelling out and theſe compartments are ſtill retained. As nothing is more probable, in France, than other changes, let us hope that attention will ſoon be paid to ſuch advantages as ſpace can here poſſeſs.

The want of foliage occaſions them to be leſs frequented than they were. There is indeed another cauſe: they are ſo continually in the poſſeſſion of that unfortunate claſs of females who, by their vices and their effrontery, baniſh thoſe who ſhould be their ſiſters and their friends, that women of decent character ſcarcely dare be ſeen in them, except as paſſing to ſome other place. Chairs are here to be hired, as I have before deſcribed, but not in the ſame numbers: for it is a charming feature, in the French character, that the men love to aſſociate with the women. I wiſh indeed it were more with their wives and daughters, and leſs with the wives of their friends: ſtill however the ſexes delight in each others ſociety; and, if there were not depravity in faſhion, and in the countenance which the vicious afford to each other, my wiſh would ſoon be accompliſhed.

The ſouth end is the moſt frequented part of the garden: it is faſhionable to walk a few turns here, in the evening; and, during ſummer, to take ice, and other refreſhments, under the pavilion that belongs to the coffee-houſe in the centre. In this walk

eſpecially,

eſpecially, the females before mentioned flirt backward and forward, and coquet with every well dreſſed man who does not carefully ſhun them; while they expoſe, I will not ſay their charms, for I will not uſe words as they do their perſons, but, enough to offend even thoſe who make no ſtern pretenſions to decency. Men of ſober demeanour are not, however, ſo readily familiar with them now, as ſuch men uſed to be with the ſame claſs twenty years ago.

At the north end of the alley, on the weſt ſide, a crowd of men were accuſtomed to meet every evening; whoſe reaſon for regularly thus aſſembling, and converſing in a cloſe knot, I was for ſome time puzzled to diſcover. I was afraid of being impertinent; and, by liſtening at a modeſt diſtance, I could only now and then catch a phraſe, which to me was an unintelligible jargon. From ſome arithmetical terms, I found calculation was a frequent ſubject of their diſcourſe. It was a public garden, and not the exchange: they were not merchants; it was a place of pleaſure, not of buſineſs; neither was it the time of day: yet buſineſs of ſome kind it muſt certainly be. I at length made a right conjecture, and on inquiry found they were ſtock-jobbers. There was a coffee-houſe directly oppoſite, on the north ſide, which was always crowded; and, as I preſume, by the ſame claſs of people.

What the reaſons were I heard, though I do not accurately remember, except the intention of benefit to the funds, but the firſt Conſul iſſued a decree, forbidding them to tranſact buſineſs in any other place than that which he was pleaſed to indicate; and, whenever the ſtock-jobbers attempted again to aſſemble, if only to the number of half a dozen, they found the bayonet at their backs. The firſt Conſul may underſtand tactics, encampments, and the military art with more than common perfection: he

he may have many excellent and enlarged ideas, on political economy; and, from great power and as much inquiry as he has been able to give ſuch ſubjects, may imagine that, by decrees and reſtrictions, he can govern men diſperſed in numberleſs places, and employed in numberleſs avocations, with the ſame eaſe that he can make a regiment perform its evolutions. In this he is fatally miſtaken: the reſtrictions of trade are its bane. But this is a ſubject that requires an ample diſcuſſion, and we are confined to the *Palais Royal.*

CHAPTER LI.

DESCRIPTIONS OCCASIONALLY EXAGGERATED: LIBERALITY BETWEEN TRAVELLERS: DIFFERENT SCALES OF COMPARISON: THE SHOPS IN THE AVENUES AND IN THE ARCADES: TRADERS THAT SEEK THE *PALAIS ROYAL*: A REMARKABLE DECEPTION PRODUCED BY MIRRORS: GOODS AT FIXED PRICES: INSTANCES OF PETTY TRADERS: THE UNITED ARTISTS: A FLYING CUPID OF WAX.

OF the people who inhabit the buildings that incloſe this garden, and of their various trades and occupations, we have now to take a general ſurvey. There are writers, whoſe deſcriptions are greatly exaggerated; or, that which I ſhall give will be very inaccurate; very much below the truth. One of them ſpeaks thus.

"It would be an eaſy matter to paſs one's whole life in the *Palais Royal*, without feeling the neceſſity of going one ſtep beyond its walls. There is no want, either natural or artificial, no appetite, of the groſſer or more refined order, no wiſh for the cultivation of the mind or decoration of the body, no ſenſual or ſpiritual humour, which would not here find food for gratification and perpetual variety. No ſtation, no age, no ſex, no temper, could ever leave it, without an ardent deſire to return."*

In the ſame exalted ſtyle of poetical proſe the writer continues, through many pages, to characterize every petty ſhop under the arcades of the *Palais Royal*. He gives an equally high coloured

* VARIETIES OF LITERATURE. London, 1795. Vol. ii. p. 441.

picture

picture of the reſtaurateurs, the coffee-houſes, and of the teachers as well of ſleight of hand as of the abſtruſe ſciences.

I have thought it ungenerous, in other travellers, to depreciate their predeceſſors; for happening to differ with them, now and then, in facts of no great importance. This error ought to be avoided. The writer I have quoted, I ſuſpect, was a German; and, from what he has ſaid, had never before ſeen trade in ſuch ſplendor as that which he deſcribed. He gave the reins to his imagination; and wiſhed to amuſe, not to deceive. My purpoſe is not to contend with him, but to give the Engliſh reader a picture leſs liable to miſconſtruction.

Thoſe, who have ſeen the ſhops of London, have a very different ſcale of compariſon. Were, for example, twenty of the firſt retail traders in that metropolis to read the account I have cited, and, imagining they ſhould greatly benefit, as well in ſtyle of decoration as from the purchaſe of articles they did not poſſeſs, by a viſit to the *Palais Royal*, how great would be their diſappointment, when they ſhould find that the ſtock in trade, of any one of them, would equal in value and variety the ſtock of any ten ſhops * in all Paris; in the *Palais Royal*, or out of it; and that, even in the diſplay of their ſtock, they were greatly ſuperior; as well in the depth of their ſhops, as the extent of their windows, the admittance of light, and the arrangement of their wares!

The ſame author gives a highly coloured picture of the Circus,

* By this round number I have no intention to miſlead. It is certain that I have not taken ſtock, either in the ſhops of Paris or of London; but I ſpeak from a general obſervation, and ſtill more from the reports of men in trade, to whom the ſubject is familiar; and am perſuaded of the literal truth of the aſſertion: or, if a ſingle retail trader could be found, whoſe capital and ſtock ſhould approach compariſon, he would be an exception; but muſt not be conſidered as the ſtandard, by which to eſtimate trade in any part of Paris.

and other objects, ſuch as they were at the time he wrote; which was in 1789: but theſe now no longer exiſt.

Excluſive of the ſhops that form the alleys already deſcribed, and which are not in general on ſo great a ſcale as thoſe in Cranborne Alley, there are others that line the various avenues; which, with thoſe under the arcades, form the whole of the trading part of the *Palais Royal*.

There are four principal cauſes, which tend to produce that effect by which ſtrangers are ſo many of them dazzled: the collective number of theſe ſhops, their mode of exhibition, the place in which they exhibit, and the multitudes that frequent that place.

The whole of the lower ſtory of theſe buildings, that part which was formerly occupied by the Orleans family excepted, is dedicated to ſhops. As moſt of them are ſmall, their number is the greater; and their contiguity, quick ſucceſſion, and the variety of the articles they have to ſell, give the appearance of multitude and magnificence.

Their mode of exhibition is natural enough: they make all the ſhow of which their confined ſpace will admit; and many of them have little more to ſhow than that which is immediately thus expoſed. The traders eſtabliſhed here are various; but thoſe which are moſt capable of diſplay moſt prefer the *Palais Royal*: ſuch as print-ſellers, ſilver-ſmiths, watch and clock-makers, milliners, confectioners, cutlers, ſeal-engravers, venders of trinkets, and jewellers.

There is one very common artifice, in Paris, in order to produce the appearance of large ſtock and ample ſpace: I mean the uſe of mirrors. Theſe are ſucceſsfully employed in many of the petty ſhops of the *Palais Royal*; and in one of them ſo as to produce a remarkable deception. At the beginning of the arcades on the weſt,

weſt, a jeweller keeps a ſhop; which he has ſo lined, with looking glaſs, that the ſtock and premiſes appear not only doubled, in length and breadth, but are ſo reflected from the roof that, the firſt time I paſſed, I really imagined the owner had a rich jewellery warehouſe on the firſt floor. When I afterward diſcovered my error, I looked into the ſhop, that I might judge of its real extent; and found it ſomething larger than thoſe on the general ſmall ſcale, but of no great extent. Thus the apparently grandeſt and wealthieſt jeweller's ſhop in the world ſunk into comparative inſignificance.

Among them there are likewiſe ſhops in which each article has the written price affixed to it; and the articles are conſequently arranged on the counters, and the ſides, and are dangling round the pillars. In theſe inſtances, ſeveral ſhops are laid into one; and, as the paſſengers walk in and out as they pleaſe to examine the articles, this produces a novel effect. Though the articles in theſe ſhops are generally miſcellaneous, there is one of them, on the north ſide, which is chiefly confined to rich china, and table clocks richly ornamented. This ſhop, that of the jeweller's already mentioned, and a ſword and gun-ſmith's a little higher, are ſome of the moſt ſplendid in appearance.

Among them are many very petty traders indeed: ſellers of cakes, billiard-rooms crowded with the meaneſt company, and others whoſe occupations I have forgotten. One of them however I ſhall never forget.

But a few doors diſtant from the jeweller's, nearer the theatre, is or was a board, with this inſcription: *Aux artiſtes réunis.* Satan himſelf aided by Dr. Fauſtus, not having been at Paris, never could divine what and who theſe united artiſts were. They were ſhoe-blacks.

Having mentioned this reſpectable fraternity, it becomes me to inform

inform the reader that they do all in their power to add to the inexhauſtible pleaſures, for ſo I find there are people who think them, of this enchanted palace. They too have their ſhops, in various parts of it; which perhaps would ſurpriſe the twenty wealthy London tradeſmen, whom I have ſent thither on an imaginary voyage. In theſe ſhops there are benches, befitting the place. The maſter purchaſes *le Journal du Commerce* in the morning, and *le Journal du Soir* in the evening; and here the man, who has two-pence and a pair of dirty half boots, ſeats himſelf, and collects as much intelligence as government will permit to be publiſhed, while the artiſt, by the ſmearing of lamp-black, often makes this part of his dreſs as clean as the reſt. I own this is a figure of ſpeech; yet I aſſure the reader it is often, I ſay again often, very near the truth.

There are more whimſical things than I can remember, in this *Palais Royal:* one of them was a wax Cupid, with wings at his back, yet dangling horizontally on a wire, at the window of a *perruquier*; with a ſmall lady's wig gracefully combed over his ſhoulders, and flying away with another in his hand. *Voyez comme c'eſt joli!* It was the exclamation of many a gazer.

CHAPTER LII.

EFFECT PRODUCED BY A PALACE ADAPTED TO TRADE: APPEARANCES DECEIVE: DIFFERENT EFFECT OF THE SAME THINGS AT A DIFFERENT PLACE: SENSATIONS PRODUCED BY MULTITUDE: EMOTIONS PRODUCED BY THE WHOLE SUMMED UP: THESE EMOTIONS DESERVING OF INVESTIGATION: THEATRES OF THE *PALAIS ROYAL*: MINOR EXHIBITIONS: SURPRISE EXCITED BY INVISIBLE MUSIC: CITIZENS IN CELLARS: SOBRIETY YET WANT OF ECONOMY OF THE PARISIANS: *CAFE DES AVEUGLES*: THE MASTER AND THE MUSICIANS ALL BLIND, AND ALL THE SCHOLARS OF M. HAUY: PLEASING RECOLLECTIONS AND ANIMATING HOPES: THE CONTRAST: NUMEROUS EVENING LIGHTS IN THE *PALAIS ROYAL*: RESIDENCE OF VICE: GAMING AND PROSTITUTION PROTECTED BY GOVERNMENT: FEELINGS EXCITED BY SUCH A PRACTICE: THE CROWDS THAT RESORT TO THE *PALAIS ROYAL* DESCRIBED AND CHARACTERIZED.

WERE I longer to inſiſt on the mode of exhibition, I might be tedious; and of the effect produced on ſtrangers, by the nature of the place, a few words will ſuffice, to ſhow that it muſt be impreſſive.

We are not accuſtomed to view palaces laid out into compartments for trade. Having paſſed through the gates and avenues, the imagination is forcibly ſtruck to arrive at the ſpacious garden, to behold ſuch a pile of building, to contemplate the lengthened arcades, and to perceive that they all abound with the efforts of human induſtry, in diviſions, and allotments, which at a firſt glance appear countleſs. The objects gliſten in the eye, take the mind by ſurpriſe, and, merely by quantity, maſs, and multitude, overpower

overpower the imagination. Retail traders never before were ſeen in ſo ſplendid a manſion. When habit has recovered us from our aſtoniſhment, it is almoſt in vexation of ſpirit that we find the ſhops are on ſo ſmall a ſcale, the wares of many are ſo trifling, that littleneſs runs through the whole, and that there is an ample portion of what is abſolutely mean.

The ſame feelings are not excited by viewing the ſtreets of a trading city, for the ſame mixture of grandeur and meanneſs, pomp and poverty, is not found. A ſhoe-black may have his ſhed under a wealthy citizen's ſhop: but neither of them are in a vaſt palace. All the ſurrounding objects appertain to the common intercourſe of life; and that to which we are accuſtomed gives no offence.

Of the multitudes that frequent this mart, and of the effect they contribute to produce, on him who for the firſt time views the whole, we may conceive ſome idea, by recollecting the principal circumſtances.

We cannot paſs through a fair without being, perhaps, more animated by the crowd than by thoſe things which the crowd come to ſee. Imagine the ſtranger arriving at the *Palais Royal*, in the evening: the lights are numerous, the crowd moves ſlowly on; he is obliged to keep their pace, and on the right hand ſide; the articles expoſed for ſale glitter in ſucceſſion; they appear rich, every thing is in motion, and, though that motion be ſlow in reality, the objects are ſo multifarious that, to the mind, they are too rapid for the attention to be fixed for a moment. Recollection, compariſon, aſſociation are all overpowered. The paſt is forgotten, the world is concentrated in the *Palais Royal*; and here all is order, continuity, variety, profuſion, and ſplendor.

I do but picture that kind of trance into which the man of moſt acute and lively faculties is moſt liable to fall; and from which

which he who entirely eſcapes, the firſt time he views this place, muſt have no common ſhare of dulneſs. Yet, being awakened from his viſion, and having time, patience, and motives, to examine the truth, it will be found to be what I have deſcribed.

With all its deductions, it is however a remarkable place; and, from the effects produced by this great aſſemblage, is highly deſerving of inveſtigation. We learn, from experience, that bodies of men ſeldom or rather never make grand mental combinations: they muſt be the work of individuals: otherwiſe, with the deſire of gain, the power of money, and the commercial knowledge which mercantile men poſſeſs, what changes would they not effect!

Beſide thoſe already noticed, there are many other things, not to be paſſed over in ſilence, which catch the attention and greatly heighten the picture. I ſhall at preſent barely mention that there are two theatres, which form a part of this maſs of buildings; and that one of them is the *Théâtre de la République*: that is, the chief theatre, in which the works of their beſt tragic and comic writers are repreſented; and by performers whoſe merits, when I ſhall come to this part of my ſubject, I ſhall have occaſion to diſcuſs.

There are alſo various minor exhibitions, and ſhows; to detail which can give no information, becauſe they are but temporary: are there for a month, or half a year, and then give place to other novelties. Theſe however are among the things that attract the multitude.

The ſenſations produced by the lights, the moving crowd, and the merchandize expoſed as already deſcribed, are not a little heightened by muſic, vocal and inſtrumental, that ſtrikes the ear with peculiar force; it being both loud and often as it were on

the very ſpot, though the ſtranger cannot divine whence it proceeds. The ſound of numerous inſtruments, the ſhrill bravura ſong, or the pealing chorus, arreſts his wondering ſenſe, he looks above, below, and on every ſide; yet, while he hears, can ſee nothing. Preſently, that which was loud before becomes ten times louder; and his hearing leads his eye to the deſcent into a cellar: he looks down, perceives a number of people, and ſhould he deſcend finds a company ſuch as is every where to be found in Paris; a ſtrange mixture of the working people, and the wealthier citizens; ſome clean, ſome dirty, ſitting over their ſmall beer, lemonade, *bavaroiſe*, or ſome other very ſober but very inſipid liquor; in which, having mixed it up with water, they dip their half-penny roll and regale themſelves with feaſting and muſic.

Let me be correct. They are not all quite ſo economical: neither do I think economy a national virtue; but ſobriety is: they ſpend little, but they ſeldom ſtay long in a place; and, being eaſily tempted to indulge deſires which individually appear ſo moderate, it frequently happens that, before the evening is over, the earnings of the day are diſſipated.

One of theſe muſical cellars is called *Caſé des Aveugles*. The maſter of this coffee-houſe is blind, the muſicians are blind, and doubtleſs if they could but have conveniently ſerved their cuſtomers, the waiters would alſo have been choſen from the blind. Nothing amuſes a Pariſian ſo much as that which he can talk of with aſtoniſhment. He generally poſſeſſes real ſenſibility; and, when he can mingle ſentiment and compaſſion with his wonder, it is the ſummit of pleaſure.

Among the reſt, I viſited this cellar. I liſtened to the muſicians: he that led the band played *ſolos*, and ſometimes played finely; the reſt performed paſſably well; it was far from a contemptible orcheſtra.

orcheſtra. I looked at them, remembered they were ſelected from the ſcholars of *M. Hauy*, a man who has dedicated himſelf to the ſervice of the blind: compaſſion for their fate, the recollection how unhappy they might have been, had no humane brother ſtood forth as their protector, and the feeling of their comparative happineſs, were all affecting ſenſations.

I left the *Café des Aveugles*, not with aſtoniſhment at what the blind can perform, of that I was well aware; nor at the intricacies of a ſuperb cavern, to which by ſcooping out ſomething more like holes than ſpacious vaults it ſeems to pretend; but, with a glowing ſenſe of the divine effects of benevolence; and a firm conviction that they will, hereafter, overſpread and humanize the world.

Would that, by aſcending from the cellar, we could mount to regions ſtill more pure, and beneficent! Alas, we are aſcending to the regions of vice, the regions of deſtruction, the regions of infamy.

Let us pauſe a moment, and take them in rotation: our arrival at the bad will be too ſudden.

Having made the tour of the arcades, the ſtranger is tempted to paſs into the gardens. His eye is attracted by numerous lights, from the upper part of the building; eſpecially from the range of firſt floors, where they are numerous, and of which the apartments appear to be ſpacious and magnificent. He inquires to whom they belong; and by people of what claſſes and profeſſions they are occupied? Unleſs he be himſelf a man of depraved appetites, the anſwer gives him pain that is agonizing in proportion as he thinks deeply. That ſome ſhould be *reſtaurateurs*, and others coffee-houſes, or rooms dedicated to ſcientific clubs, and literary ſocieties, is right; nay is excellent: but that a ſtill greater portion ſhould be devoted to the baneful practice of private and public

gaming, and that all above even to the attic ſtory ſhould be the dens of proſtitution and the moſt incredible obſcenities, is knowledge that makes the ſoul ſhrink into itſelf; and turn with affliction, deteſtation, and diſguſt from the place.

Theſe feelings, painful as they are, become indignant and almoſt tormenting, when it is further known that ſuch places are not merely ſuffered, becauſe government is too indolent, too buſy, or too weak to repreſs them; but becauſe government is bribed: becauſe government divides the wages of vice, the earnings of proſtitution, the induſtry of cheating, and the ſpoils of the ruined. Oh, it is infamous! It is damnable! I care not what man, or what ſet of men, on the face of the earth, may take offence: it is indignation I never will repreſs, never will conceal. There is not a father, if he be not a monſter, there is not a ſingle friend to man, by whom this indignation is not felt. If the honeſt in thought would but be honeſt in ſpeech, vice would not dare thus openly to brave the world; and that government that ſhould licence it would crumble to duſt.

Under the general head, gaming, I ſhall find it neceſſary hereafter to deſcribe the little that I know of the enormities here practiſed. Proſtitution muſt be lightly touched upon; though total ſilence would be wrong; and that too will find its proper place.

I ſhall leave the *Palais Royal* with one more remark. I have ſpoken of the crowds, by which of an evening it is generally filled; and theſe crowds, though they inſpire animation, by their numbers and motion, and give grandeur of effect before we inquire of what and whom they are compoſed, having inquired, we diſcover they form one of the moſt diſcordant and diſagreeable features of the place. With the exception of ſtrangers, and a few others,

others, whom buſineſs or the want of buſineſs may occaſion to paſs, at the hours when the throng is the greateſt, it is compoſed partly of the rabble of the city, and partly of what is infinitely worſe, its refuſe; the very dregs of vice: pick-pockets, women of the town, their panders, and, lamentable to ſay, boys—

" An ounce of civet, good apothecary."——

Is this the place which " no ſtation, no age, no ſex, no temper, could ever leave without an ardent deſire to return?"

The Palais Royal: or Jardin du Palais du Tribunat.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE PUBLIC GARDENS OF PARIS: CHANGES IN THE STYLE OF GARDENING: RANELAGH NEAR THE *BOIS DE BOULOGNE* DESCRIBED: SEVERAL VAUXHALLS AT PARIS: CONSCIENTIOUS RECOLLECTIONS, AND FEARS OF BEING PARTIAL: ENGLISH GARDENS IMITATED BY THE NOBILITY: THE GARDENS AT *MONCEAUX:* THE FOLLY OF BUILDING RUINS: THE GARDENS OF *TIVOLI* AND THEIR COMMON PLACE AMUSEMENTS: A HORIZONTAL BEAM AND THE DIVERSION IT AFFORDED: PADDLING IN BOATS: THE *FRASCATI* GARDENS FREQUENTED BY THE FASHIONABLE AND WOMEN IN HIGH KEEPING: COFFEE-ROOMS THROUGH WHICH THE COMPANY PASS: GAZING GIVES LITTLE OFFENCE: EARLY HOURS.

AS places of public amuſement and reſort, the gardens of Paris claim ſome attention. I do not mean thoſe that belong to private perſons; but thoſe to which the citizens are invited, for the purchaſe of pleaſure.

During the laſt fifty years, the French have been deviating from the ſtyle of the man they uſed to adore, *Le Notre*, or *Le Nautre*;* and whoſe name they ſcarcely ſtill can pronounce without the epithet *grand*. In deſpite of the anger of thoſe who declaim againſt the *anglo-manie* of imitation, the ridicule with which it has been attacked by writers, and the patriotic contempt they have mutually expreſſed, Engliſh gardens, or rather aukward

* This is one of the many inſtances of the unſettled orthography of the French language.

reſemblances

reſemblances of them, have gradually increaſed. In thoſe devoted to the public, our names even have been imitated: they have had their Ranelagh; and their ſummer, nay their winter Vauxhall.

Of their Ranelagh I only know what I read; that it was at the beginning of the *Bois de Boulogne*; that the *Sieur Moriſan*, painter, decorater, and artificer of the king, was the builder; that public balls were given, and fire-works played off, on Sundays and Saints-days; and that the price of entrance was one ſhilling.

In the year 1783, a different arrangement was made: a ſubſcription was entered into, the public were excluded, and none but thoſe to whom the ſubſcribers gave tickets were admitted. Here the youth and beauty of Paris uſed to aſſemble; here their charms were beamed upon, by numerous luſtres and girandoles; and here, when wearied, they ſat themſelves down to reſt, on the green banks that ſurrounded the open amphitheatre, in which they danced. It was, ſays my author, *un coup d'œil délicieux*. He cannot be miſtaken: it muſt indeed have been delightful.

Of their ſummer Vauxhall, at leaſt of one of their Vauxhalls, I can give an opinion; for in the year 1783 I was there. I muſt warn the reader, however, that I judged entirely by compariſon; that, like all other foreigners, I did then and do ſtill prefer the places, habits, and manners to which I am moſt accuſtomed; and that in ſpite of my continued endeavours to keep a ſtrong rein on partiality, and preſerve a juſt equilibrium, I ſuſpect this taſk is beyond the power of man.

Perfectly well acquainted with the Vauxhall of London, I was aſtoniſhed to hear them call the place I ſaw at Paris by that name: it was confined, its decorations were abſolutely contemptible, and the company I met there reſembled the place. Such were the feelings I had; as ſuch I give them, and honeſtly own I do not know whether they were juſt, or unjuſt; though the impreſſion I

ſtill

ſtill retain is, that the exhibition was of a moſt miſerable and tawdry kind.

Of the gardens exiſting in 1802 and 1803 I can ſpeak with more confidence: ſtill however leaving the reader, in this and every caſe, to make whatever deductions he ſhall pleaſe to attribute to individual peculiarities, warmth of temper, or national prejudice. I aſſure him I ſpeak with honeſt intentions.

The conflicts of the times have diſpoſſeſſed the lordly, have driven the rich from their luxurious indulgencies, and have given admittance to adventurers; who either ſink again into inſignificance, or ſoon begin to imitate the manners, follies, and vices of their predeceſſors. It was the nobility who had moſt imitated the Engliſh ſtyle of gardening; and ſeveral of the gardens in this ſtyle are now open to the public. That which was fitted up at the expence of the late Duke of Orleans, at the weſt end of *la Rue de Monceaux*, was in the grandeſt ſtyle. Thoſe who diſliked this ſtyle called it, in deriſion, *la folie de Chartres*.*

After the death of its owner, an attempt was made to bring this garden into faſhion, as a place of public amuſement: but it totally failed. When I left Paris, it continued open, for all who pleaſed to walk in it; but it had an almoſt deſolate appearance: and, as I ſuſpect, it was and at all times is real folly to devote good land to ſuch purpoſes. It is ſtill greater folly to ſuffer it to remain in its preſent ſtate; from which little either of pleaſure or profit can be derived. There was a report that the firſt Conſul had ſignified his intention to beſtow it on the ſecond.

As a garden, it chiefly amuſes an Engliſhman by things that he little expected. He finds traces of his own country; miles-ſtones with Engliſh inſcriptions; old walls and windmills, newly erected;

* The father of the late duke was then living; and the ſon's title was *Duc de Chartres*.

and

and ruins, that coſt as much in the building as might have raiſed up ſeveral cottages. The erection of ruins is one of the moſt ridiculous whims of the ten thouſand to which wealth is liable.

The *Hameau de Chantilly* is another extenſive garden: and to this the public are invited, and, if they happen to be walking in the north-eaſt part of *les Champs Elyſées*, ſuddenly frightened, by the firing of guns, about twilight. I never frequented the place, but have been told they are a kind of decent Cyprian groves.

Tivoli, for *Tivoli* and various other places, or phantoms of places, in England, Italy, and Greece, are to be found in Paris, *Tivoli* is the title given to gardens in which all the amuſements common to ſuch gardens are exhibited in the greateſt variety. Dancing, fire-works, puppet-ſhows, legerdemain, air balloons, whatever can amuſe or excite attention is here carefully collected. From this place *Garnerin* and his wife, deſperately adventurous, have ſeveral times ſoared to the clouds. The aſcent of *Garnerin*, from theſe gardens, being frequent, muſt have been attractive. The motives by which men are actuated to deſperate attempts, from which it often happens that the moſt extenſive and permanent benefits are derived, well deſerve to be inquired into, developed, and recorded.

We only paid one viſit to *Tivoli*; and, the dancing excepted, found the amuſements very trifling, and ill conducted. The puppet-ſhow was exhibited in the open air; the ſleight of hand the ſame; and, though ſuch exhibitions are ſo common in this city as ſoon to pall, yet, coming to ſuch a garden, the ſtranger wiſhes to know whether they afford more amuſement here, and are on a better ſcale, than in other places. As far as I could diſcover, they were much the ſame; but the crowd would not ſuffer me to approach; for nothing is too paltry or common-place to amuſe a crowd.

There was one diverſion which excited great laughter, among the gazers. A kind of ſlight maſt, of equal diameter, was hung

horizontally upon ſwivels: ropes were fixed, on each ſide, for the hands to hold by and the feet to reſt upon.

To this beam, thoſe, who choſe to make the experiment, mounted by a ladder, placed themſelves upon it in a horizontal poſition, the face downward, and, ſtaying themſelves by their hands and feet, attempted to proceed to the other end. The beam was ſo hung that the equilibrium muſt be exactly maintained, or it turned; and the adventurer had the ſafeguard of his hands, holding by the rope, or he muſt have fallen.

The mere anxiety, of whether he that mounted ſhould or ſhould not ſucceed, was the leaſt part of the amuſement: it was the opportunity to banter, whoever tried, that moſt diverted the Pariſians. They know each other's habits, take no offence at ſuch things, and are not in the leaſt reſtrained from the attempt by the fear of being laughed at. One of them no ſooner was turned over than another was ready to make trial; but not one that I ſaw ſucceeded, in attaining the further end of the beam, which appeared to be about fifteen feet in length.

They had another ſport, which to Engliſhmen, accuſtomed as they are to boats and rowing, appeared abſolutely contemptible. In a kind of pond or canal, about twenty yards in length and of ſcarcely the width of the New River at Iſlington, were three or four boats with flat bottoms, each furniſhed with two paddles. Into theſe ſeveral young men were eager to get; and each waited for his turn. Being there, they dabbled about, and made as much noiſe as if they had been endeavouring to make port in a ſtorm, and were in danger of ſhipwreck. One of them, from extreme aukwardneſs, was upſet. The water, by paddling, was mixed up with mud; and he ſcrambled out ſufficiently dirty: but danger was out of the queſtion; it was too ſhallow.

Though, excluſive of the public gardens on the *Boulevards*, there

there are others, beſide thoſe I have mentioned, that advertiſe and invite company, there are none of which I know or heard any thing worth notice, except the *Fraſcati*; and this laſt is the place of general reſort for that diſtinguiſhed claſs of ſociety which beſtow upon themſelves the title of faſhionable.

The gardens of *Fraſcati* are ſituated on the *Boulevards*, at the end of *la Rue de la Loi*. The proprietor finds or thinks it his intereſt to admit the public *gratis*; except on certain nights, when he advertiſes a *fête*. The word *fête* is applied to almoſt every kind of merry making; and, when *fêtes* are given, at all theſe public gardens, the routine of fire-works, dancing, and illuminations, as before deſcribed, ſuffers little variation.

Though there is no public place in Paris in which the company is ſelect, or any thing like ſelect, yet I found it better upon the whole in theſe gardens than any where elſe. When I ſay better, I only mean in dreſs and appearance; for it is the noted rendezvous at which thoſe of the public women, who are in the higheſt keeping, are ambitious to exhibit their conqueſt and their charms. Of the manner in which they exhibit them I ſhall ſpeak more pointedly, when I come to give examples of that national decency on which the French ſo often inſiſt, to which they lay ſuch open claim, and in which they are unfortunately ſo deficient.

The entrance to theſe gardens is excellently contrived, for the benefit of the proprietor. He derives his profits from his coffee-houſe; in which ices, punch, *liqueurs*, and other refreſhments are ſold; and through this coffee-houſe, which is on the firſt floor, all muſt paſs, who go into the gardens. The coffee-rooms are a ſuite of apartments; the tour of which is uſually made, at going and returning, though they are generally full of company. Gazing and being gazed at is ſo common, the females have ſo little of that which in England we call modeſty of look, and the men have ſo

much of what we call impudence, that no inſult ſeems intended, nor is any offence taken.

Among us, this kind of behaviour is but too common, with the people of higheſt faſhion; but the people of high faſhion in France would be numerous indeed, were this their diſtinctive mark. I muſt however add they often have an amiable forbearance, even when they think themſelves improperly treated, for which they cannot be too highly praiſed. It is a virtue in which they greatly exceed us; our people of high breeding again excepted.

The faſhionable hour, for coming to theſe gardens, is from ten to eleven; eſpecially on Opera nights: it being common for the well dreſſed company, at leaving the Opera, to viſit the *Fraſcati*. As a city, the city of Paris is ſooner in bed and earlier up than the city of London; the public places cloſe at an earlier hour; and there is ſeldom much company in theſe gardens after midnight; but the vice of nightly orgies, among the wealthy, begins to prevail. Would they would imitate the Engliſh in nothing but their virtues!

CHAPTER LIV.

NATIONAL FESTIVALS: PUBLIC ENTRY OF ISABEL OF BAVARIA: MACHINERY AND PAINTINGS: CHARLES VI. RIDING BEHIND *SAVOISI* TO SEE THE PROCESSION: BOTH BEATEN BY THE SERGEANTS: PRESENTS OF THE CITIZENS IN MASQUERADE: ENTRY OF HENRY VI. OF ENGLAND: MET BY THE MUNICIPALITY AND PRECEDED BY KNIGHTS: AN IMPOSTOR: MAIDENS REPRESENTING SYRENS: SAVAGE MEN: MYSTERIES PERFORMED: A STAG HUNT: A MIMIC KING: ISABEL OF BAVARIA IN TEARS: REMARKABLE MARBLE TABLE: BEHAVIOUR OF THE MOB: PUBLIC ENTRY OF LEWIS XI.: MORE NAKED SYRENS: WHIMSICAL INSTANCE OF RESPECT: THEARICAL EMBELLISHMENTS NO NOVELTY: TRAITS OF NATIONAL CHARACTER.

SO much has been written and ſaid of the national feſtivals, frequently as they are celebrated in various of the great cities of France, and eſpecially at Paris, that this ſubject will require a more than commonly ample detail.

At all the feſtivals, from May 1801 to September 1802, which were given at Paris, and, for ſo ſhort a time they were not a few, I was preſent; and, while ſeriouſly employed in collecting facts and documents, was forcibly penetrated by many of the ill effects they produced. But, before we proceed to theſe, a brief retroſpect of certain anecdotes and events, by which ſuch rejoicings have been characterized in France, may afford both amuſement and matter for reflexion.

On ſubjects like theſe, St. Foix is an author equally entertaining and

and authentic; and him, among others, I ſhall quote. He begins by giving the following general deſcription:

"Our kings and queens, formerly, made their public entry through the ſtreet and gate of St. Denis.* Every ſtreet, on their paſſage to the church of *Nôtre Dame*, was hung with tapeſtry; and uſually, on the upper part of the houſes, with ſilk ſtuffs and fine camlets. Fountains of ſcented water played in the air; while others ran with milk, hypocras, and wine. The deputies of the ſix merchant companies bore the canopy: the freemen of theſe companies followed, in characteriſtic dreſſes; repreſenting the ſeven deadly ſins; the ſeven virtues, faith, hope, charity, juſtice, prudence, fortitude, and temperance; with death, purgatory, hell, and paradiſe; all ſuperbly mounted. From diſtance to diſtance were theatres; where pantomimes, founded on the hiſtories of the Old and New Teſtament and mingled with muſical choruſſes, were performed. The ſacrifice of Iſaac; the combat of David with Goliath; Balaam's aſs ſpeaking, to call the prophet to reaſon; flocks of ſheep in groves, and their ſhepherds, to whom the angel announced the birth of Chriſt, and who ſang *gloria in excelſis Deo*, were among their performances.†"

He then thus proceeds to give individual examples.

Froiſſard ſays, "When Iſabel of Bavaria made her entry, at the *Porte aux Peintres*,‡ *Rue St. Denis*, there was an open ſky, moſt richly ſtarred, and the figure of God ſeated in all his majeſty, Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt. In this ſky, children, taking the form of angels, right ſweetly ſang in chorus; and, when the queen paſſed in her open litter under the gate of this paradiſe, two angels

* He cannot mean *la Porte St. Denis*, as it is at preſent: that was erected by Lewis XIV.

† Vol. iii. 102.

‡ Then oppoſite *la Rue du Petit-Lion*.

deſcended

deſcended from on high, holding in their hands a moſt rich crown of gold, garniſhed with precious ſtones, and placed it right gently on the brow of the queen, chaunting theſe lines:

Dame, encloſe entre fleurs de lys,
Reine êtes-vous de Paradis,
De France et de tout le pays.
Nous remontons en Paradis."

Literally; for it is too ſimple for poetic verſion—"Lady, incloſed by fleurs de lys, queen are you of Paradiſe, of France, and all the country. Once more we mount to Paradiſe."

St. Foix continues:

"On occaſion of this entry, *Jean Juvénal des Urſins* relates that Charles VI. wiſhed to ſee the queen; and thus ſpoke to *Savoiſi*, his favourite: '*Savoiſi*, I pray thee that thou ſhouldſt mount my good horſe, and I will mount behind thee; and we will ſo dreſs ourſelves that none ſhall know us; and we will go ſee the entrance of my wife.' And went they then through the city, in divers parts; and advanced to arrive at the *Châtelet*, at the hour the queen was to paſs, where there were many people, and much throng, and plenty of ſergeants with large *boulais*,* with which to keep off the crowd; and they laid on well and hard, to right and left; and the king and *Savoiſi* ſtill endeavoured to draw near; and the ſergeants, who knew not the king, neither knew they *Savoiſi*, ſtruck them with their *boulais*; and thereupon had the king many *horions* (hard blows) upon the ſhoulders; and, when evening came, in preſence of the dames and *demoiſelles* was the thing recited; and they began to joke, and the king himſelf joked at the *horions* he had received.

* A kind of balls, to ſwing from the end of a ſtick, or pole.

The

" The following Sunday, the king went in proceſſion to the church of *Nôtre Dame*; where he was anointed by the Cardinal of Wincheſter. From thence, he went to dine at the marble table of the great hall, in the palace.* The numerous attendants of the king, and all qualified perſons, dined in the ſame hall.

" The throng was ſo great that the univerſity, the parliament, and the prévôt could not aſcend the ſtaircaſe. To obtain a ſeat at table much waiting was neceſſary; and, when at laſt they came there, they found their ſeats uſurped by cobblers, hawkers, and people of a like claſs; when one was driven away, another ſoon was ſeated. All were diſſatisfied with the want of order; and ſuch was the aſſembly that there were few who were not either robbers or robbed.

" The feſtivals that followed were very trifling: the diſſatisfied Pariſians ſaid many a tradeſman or citizen's ſon gave better, when they married."†

That, recorded as follows, by Saint Foix, is no leſs ſingular.

" On the public entry of Lewis XI., in 1461, a very agreeable ſpectacle was invented. Facing the fountain *du Ponceau*, were ſeveral youthful maids as ſyrens, all naked;‡ who, while they diſplayed their beauteous boſoms, ſang little mottets and paſtorals.

" It appears that, when Ann of Brittany made her entry, the precautions they took were ſo great that troops of ten or twelve females were ſtationed with chamber utenſils, for the dames and

* A large round table, at one end of the great hall in which the kings gave ceremonial feaſts. It was deſtroyed at the fire of 1618. It occupied nearly the whole width of the hall, another ſlab of marble equally large was never ſeen.—*Dulaure.*

† *Singularités Hiſtoriques ſur Paris; par Dulaure*, 1790.

‡ It is St. Foix who calls this an agreeable ſpectacle.

demoiſelles

demoiſelles of the proceſſion. I forgot to remark that, in thoſe times, the cry of acclamation at ſuch ceremonies was not *vive le Roi!* (God ſave the king) but *Noel! Noel!* (The Saviour! The Saviour!)"

A few reflexions here force themſelves upon the mind; and ſome facts, no leſs deſerving of attention.

It appears that theatrical embelliſhments, the deceptions of dreſs, painting, and machinery, were an early practice. As to their degree of perfection, if what is written be true, they could not have been contemptible; or they muſt have been inſupportably ridiculous. The Trinity ſeated in the clouds, the ſtarry firmament, and the deſcending angels, ſurely muſt have required ſkill. The manners of thoſe times were rude, and ſo were the people; but their known actions, their deeds of arms, their cunning, their ambition, their buildings, and their whole economy, give us no reaſon to ſuppoſe they were childiſh.

To the philoſophic hiſtorian, the public entry of Henry VI. abounds with aſſociations; and few of them of a pleaſant nature. A child, ſurrounded by ſelfiſhneſs, bigotry, and ambition; coming to a divided people, who were preyed upon by their miſeries and their feudal tyrants, by example were impelled to outrage, infeſted by thieves, the victims of civil diſcord, and with two kings; one of whom, being a child, they could not reſpect; and the other conſidered, by one party at leaſt, as their ſcourge, and ſo hated, theſe and a thouſand ſimilar thoughts crowd upon the mind.

The licentiouſneſs of the nation is a feature to be remembered. Naked ſyrens to ſing and ſport before youthful monarchs! What were the ideas and ſenſations they were intended to excite? The whimſical ſucceeding fact! The attention to the dames and *demoiſelles*, thus publicly diſplayed! The habits and manners of nations

propagate themſelves through deſcending ages. As I ſhall have occaſion to ſpeak more fully upon decency, among others, the reader will remember theſe facts. With reſpect to ſhows, the love of the French and the indifference of the Engliſh to ſuch exhibitions has always or very long exiſted. Thoſe exhibited, when the Engliſh had the command, we find were deſpiſed by the Pariſians.

CHAPTER LV.

THE MOST ATROCIOUS FESTIVAL KNOWN TO HISTORY: PARADISE DEFENDED BY CHARLES IX. AND HIS BROTHERS: HENRY IV. AND HIS PARTISANS CAST INTO HELL: REMARKS MADE BY *SAINT FOIX*: FESTIVAL IN *LA PLACE DU CARROUSEL*: THE PETTY POLICY OF COLBERT: UTILITY THE TRUE PATRON OF THE ARTS—FESTIVAL OF THE *LANDIT*: WOOD OF THE TRUE CROSS: THE PURCHASE OF PARCHMENT BY THE UNIVERSITY: DISORDERS COMMITTED AT THIS FESTIVAL: REMOVED FROM THE PLAIN TO THE TOWN OF ST. DENIS.

OF all the feſtivals known in hiſtory, and we read of many, the ſole purpoſes of which were treachery, poiſon, and aſſaſſination, none of them equal in atrocity, not only of act but of heart, that of the black and abominable *Catherine de Medecis*. The fact is as ſingular as it is horrid: it is thus related by St. Foix.

"It was at the Tuileries, only four days before the maſſacre of St. Bartholomew, that Catherine de Medecis gave the feſtival, of which moſt of our hiſtorians ſpeak:* but they ſpeak too lightly; they excite without ſatisfying the curioſity of the reader. *Mézerai* ſays no more than that, on occaſion of the marriage of the king of Navarre † with Margaret of Valois, there were many diverſions, tournaments, and ballets at the court. Among others, there was one in which it was impoſſible not to forebode the misfortune under which the Hugonots were on the eve of being overwhelmed. The king and his brothers there defended paradiſe, againſt the

* *De Thou*, L. 52.

† Afterward Henry IV.

king

king of Navarre and his friends; who were repulſed and caſt into hell.

"' The following is what I have found in Mémoires of that age which are exceedingly ſcarce."*

' Firſt, in the ſame hall, on the right, was paradiſe; the entrance to which was defended by three kinghts, completely armed. Theſe knights were Charles IX. and his brothers.

' Next, on the left, was hell; in which there was a great number of devils and little imps, playing abundance of apiſh tricks and making a great din, in the ſaid hell, with a large turning wheel all ſurrounded by ſmall bells.

' Paradiſe and hell were ſeparated by a boat; rowed by Charon, the boatman of hell.

' At one end of the hall, on the back of paradiſe, were the elyſian fields: that is to ſay, a garden embelliſhed by verdure and all ſorts of flowers, and the imperial firmament; which was a large wheel, with the twelve ſigns of the zodiac, the ſeven planets, and an infinity of ſmall ſtars, tranſparent, and from which iſſued great clearneſs and light, by the aid of lamps and flambeaux that were ſkilfully placed at their back. This wheel was in continual motion, making the garden turn likewiſe; in which were twelve nymphs, moſt richly apparelled.

' In the hall, various troops of knights errant ſhewed themſelves.† They were armed at all points, clothed in divers liveries, and headed by the princes;‡ all of them endeavouring to gain paradiſe, that they might afterward carry off the nymphs in the garden: but they were prevented by the three knights, by whom

* *Mémoires de l'État de la France ſous Charles IX.* Tom. i. p. 362.

† Theſe were lords of the religion that had been expreſsly choſen.—*St. Foix.* The context ſhews St. Foix muſt mean the reformed religion.

‡ The king of Navarre and the prince of Condé.—*St. Foix.*

the

the place was guarded; and who each, one after the other, preſented himſelf in the liſts, and, having broken a pike with the ſaid aſſailants and given the *coup de coutelas*,* ſent them to hell, whither they were dragged by the devils and little imps.

'This form of combat continued till the knights errant had been vanquiſhed and dragged, one by one, to hell; which was then firmly cloſed.

'At that inſtant, Cupid and Mercury, borne upon a cock, deſcended from heaven. Mercury was that *Etienne le Roi*, the famous ſinger; who, being on earth, came and preſented himſelf to the three knights, and after a melodious ſong made them an harangue, and then mounted the ſkies on his cock, ſtill ſinging.

'The three knights then roſe from their ſeats, paſſed through paradiſe, went to the elyſian fields in queſt of the twelve nymphs, and brought them to the middle of the hall; where they began to dance a very diverſified ballet, which continued a full hour.

'The ballet being ended, the knights who were in hell were delivered; and began to combat promiſcuouſly all together, and to break their lances.

'This conflict over, they ſet fire to trains of powder; which were laid round a fountain, raiſed almoſt in the middle of the hall; whence proceeded a noiſe and a ſmoke that made every one retire. Such were the ſports of this day; whence may be conjectured, amid feints like theſe, what were the thoughts of the king and the ſecret council.'

Saint Foix, having finiſhed his quotation, adds as follows.

"Catherine of Medecis, whoſe abominable policy had corrupted the good propenſities of her ſon, was the ſoul of this ſecret council. Who can think, and not ſhudder with horror, of a woman that

* I know not if it mean a ſtab with a dagger or a ſtroke of the ſword.

could

could imagine, compoſe, and prepare a feſtival on the ſubject of a maſſacre, which ſhe intended four days after to make, of a part of the nation over which ſhe reigned? Who ſmiled at her victims! Who ſported with carnage! Who made nymphs and cupids dance on the banks of a river of blood! And who mingled the charms of muſic with the groans of a hundred thouſand wretches, whom ſhe murdered."*

I have nothing to add to this picture; it is too oppreſſive to be inſiſted upon. The man in poſſeſſion of his underſtanding need not to have his hatred of it increaſed. The man infuriated by revenge, bigotry, or ambition, has loſt all ſenſe of good and evil.

The following has not the atrocious and abhorred aſpect of the former; but it is not without a great and radical vice.

"*La Place du Carrouſel,* which joins the vaſt court of the Tuileries, was ſo called becauſe it was choſen by Lewis XIV. as the theatre of a pompous ſpectacle, or carouſal, which in magnificence ſurpaſſed every public feſtival that had till that time been ſeen. This monarch, ever grand, feared on this occaſion to be too much ſo; and propoſed his intention to Colbert, the miniſter of finance, with reſerve. Colbert's ideas were ſtill grander than thoſe of his maſter: he only required the feſtival to be announced to all Europe, and deferred to that diſtant period which might give foreigners time to arrive, from the moſt diſtant parts. The concourſe was prodigious; and the money left by ſtrangers, in the metropolis and on the roads of France, rendered much more to the ſtate than the coſt of the feſtival. The product of the entries of Paris were alone ſufficient to pay the greateſt part of the expence."†

* *Oeuvres de Saint Foix*, vol. iii. p. 311.

† *Saint Foix*, vol. iii. p. 69.

Many

Many of the plans and public works of Colbert were ſuch as entitle him to be honoured, not by France alone but by all mankind: but many were degraded, nay infected, by the vices peculiar to that grand era of oſtentation. Inflated by ſucceſs and inordinate adulation, and impelled by thoſe who, to gratify their own ſelfiſhneſs and vanity, were daily inſinuating ſome new project of magnificence gone mad, the irritable anxiety of Lewis to diſcover ſome additional extravagance, that ſhould aſtoniſh ſtill more than the laſt, neither wiſdom nor folly could gratify; it was not to be appeaſed. But that Colbert, when even Lewis himſelf ſuſpected there was miſchief in the whim he had conceived, ſhould be miſled by the deſpicable ſuggeſtion that he could rob all Europe, and cunningly make foreigners pay for the ſquibs to be let off in *la Place du Carrouſel*, was one of the many things in which he contributed to miſlead the king, and which tarniſh his memory. His encouragement of the uſeful and fine arts, his plans and protection of commerce, the ſquares, the quays, and the public works which he effected, or patronized, are the true foundations of his fame: but that he ſhould not diſcover the miſchief of turning the attention of the people from objects of ſuch utility to ineffectual efforts at grandeur, to lighted candles, burning oil, or flaming wax, to waving flags, or rags, to painted boards, nicknamed triumphal arches, and, not to magnificence, but, to the farce of magnificence, is only to be accounted for by recollecting that man is the creature of the times, the habits, and the circumſtances under which he lives.

It is in vain to urge that, had not Verſailles been built, not only the fine but the uſeful arts, with all the powers of mind that were exerciſed in ſo great a work, could have had no exiſtence. It is the aſſertion of inconſiderateneſs. In civil ſociety, men will, nay they muſt, have energetic purſuits. It depends only upon

 thoſe,

thoſe, who have the power of directing theſe exertions, to render them unſpeakably grand, by turning them into the noble the meaſureleſs channel of utility.

Another paſſage from St. Foix will contribute to prove with what precautions great multitudes, eſpecially of the young, the raſh and the inexperienced, ſhould be aſſembled; though it be for a purpoſe in itſelf truly eſtimable, that of mirth and pleaſurable enjoyment.

" The ſcholars of the univerſity of Paris annually celebrate an ancient feſtival, which they call *Landit*. In the twelfth century, the latin word, *indictum*, ſignified a day and place indicated for ſome aſſembly of the people. This word has ſuffered two corruptions: the I was firſt changed to E, and then to A, and the pronunciation varied from *l'Indict* to *l'Endict*, and afterward to *Landit*: which ſignified a place where the people aſſembled, by the order or with the permiſſion of the prince.

" When the wood of the true croſs was brought to France, the biſhop of Paris, to indulge the piety of the faithful in his dioceſe, who wiſhed to behold this precious relic, eſtabliſhed an annual *Indict* in the plain of St. Denis: there being no place in the city ſufficiently vaſt, to contain ſo many people.

" Thither the clergy went in proceſſion: there the biſhop preached, and gave his benediction; and there the univerſity, aſſuming a certain form, in like manner repaired with its rector; as did the parliament, when it was rendered ſedentary. The place was dry and ſandy; there was neither rivulet nor fountain, and refreſhments were obliged to be brought.

" By degrees, a fair was formed; which was held for ſeveral days; and ſoon became famous. As parchment was the material then moſt commonly uſed to write upon, the ſale of that article became conſiderable: the rector went, in perſon, to purchaſe ſufficient

ficient for himſelf and ſcholars; nor was it permitted to be ſold to the tradeſmen of Paris, till he was ſupplied.

"This proceſſion of the rector to the fair of the *Landit* procured the ſtudents ſeveral days of vacation. All were eager to eſcort their chief: the regents and the ſcholars aſſembled, on horſeback, in *la Place de Ste. Genevieve*; whence they went, in proceſſion, to the fields of the *Landit*.

"This long cavalcade rarely ended without effuſion of blood. Notwithſtanding the vigilance of their maſters, having dined, theſe youths generally quarrelled and came to blows.

"Beſide theſe petty wars, the *Landit* was ſubject to other inconveniences. Numerous vagabonds and ſtrollers joined the proceſſion of the univerſity: girls and women, in men's clothes, mingled with the reſt; and diſorder was the conſequence. Various decrees of parliament were required to remedy the evil: nor was this entirely effected, till that celebrated fair was transferred from the plain to the town of St. Denis.

"The league, which followed, and the inutility of purchaſing parchment after paper was become common, contributed much to the aboliſhment of the *Landit*. The name however remains, and the breaking up of the univerſity the Monday after St. Barnabas is ſtill ſo called."*

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* Vol. iii. p. 356.

CHAPTER LVI.

FESTIVAL OF THE CONFEDERATION: A WARNING WORD: CELEBRATED IN *LE CHAMP DE MARS:* ORIGINATED IN THE FEDERATIVE PACTS: PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY: THE DEPUTIES LODGED: *LE CHAMP DE MARS* DESCRIBED: THE LABOURS OF PREPARATION: ENTHUSIASTIC PATRIOTISM: A PICTURE OF THE SCENE: INSCRIPTIONS ON BANNERS: BAYONETS NOT NECESSARY: ALL RANKS AT WORK: A PROCLAMATION: MARCH OF THE BRETONS.

THE feſtivals that have been celebrated in France, of many of which, in moſt great libraries, there are expenſive engravings in large folio, and deſcriptions ridiculouſly pompous, are too numerous, and in their eſſence too inſignificant, to deſerve any other notice than that of obſerving ſuch they have been; and ſuch are the habits to which the French have been trained by their rulers, as well republican and conſular as monarchical.

There is one, however, at the commencement of the republic, which is ſo diſtinguiſhed by energy, or rather by effervescence of mind, that, though the accounts given of it are in every man's memory, it deſerves their frequent recollection: I mean the feaſt of the confederation; or federation; the French call it by both names.

The moſt ſpirited picture I have met with, of this feſtival, is that by *Dulaure*; of which the following is a tranſlation.

Before I proceed, there is one thing I wiſh ſhould be remembered.

bered. *Dulaure* wrote at the time when men's minds were in a ſtate of fermentation; and when that mixture of right and wrong, to which the wiſeſt are ſubject, was moſt violent, when wrong, and moſt admirable, when right. For the real or ſuppoſed miſtakes of my author, to thoſe who diſcover them I do not make myſelf accountable: to anſwer for thoſe of which I am myſelf unconſciouſly guilty is more than I am able. The firſt wiſh of my heart is neither to increaſe nor to revive ſubjects of diſcord, and feelings of enmity. The author is about to ſpeak for himſelf.

"The auguſt feſtival of the anniverſary of French freedom,* and alſo of the national federative pact, was held in *le Champ de la Fédération*,† formerly *le Champ de Mars*. The hiſtory of man affords no example of a ceremony ſo awful, ſo ſublime, and of a concourſe ſo vaſt, from motives ſo ſanctified.

"The individual federative pacts, particularly that of the citizens of Brittany and Anjou at Pontivy, who were the firſt to give an example of that fraternal and puiſſant coalition, and thoſe that have ſince been celebrated by the national guards in the head towns of the departments, firſt gave the idea of a general federative pact. A Committee of Federation was formed at Paris, at the *Hôtel de Ville*; who, on the 5th of June 1790, ſent a deputation to the National Aſſembly. *M. Bailly* was at their head; and an addreſs of the citizens of Paris to the French people was read, as was a petition to the National Aſſembly.

"On the 7th, the Committee of Conſtitution made its report on the form of convocation, for the deputies of the national guards and the troops of the line, and on the ſolemnization of this grand feſtival. It was decreed that the directory of each diſtrict in

* The 14th of July.

† This was the name it bore for a ſhort period.

France

France ſhould depute one national guard in two hundred; and that every naval and military corps, whether national or foreign, ſhould depute to the general federation. The addreſs of the citizens of Paris to all the French was ſent to every municipality.

" In this addreſs was the following paſſage:

" 'On the 14th of July, we conquered our freedom; on the 14th of July, we will ſwear it ſhall be maintained. On the ſame day, at the ſame hour, may the general the unanimous cry reſound, through every corner of France, *Vive la Nation, la Loi, et le Roi!* May this cry for ever be the rallying ſound of the friends of their country, and the terror of its enemies!'

" To afford lodging to ſo great a number of deputies, and to free them from expence, ſome zealous citizens offered to lodge a certain number; and, this firſt impulſe being given, every one was willing to find board and lodging for ſome one of the new comers. The ſixty diſtricts, which then formed the commune of Paris, made a decree; according to which, the houſe-keepers of each diſtrict were invited to ſend in notice of the number of deputies they could lodge, which notices were returned to the *Hôtel de Ville*; where thoſe deputies were to addreſs themſelves, who wiſhed to lodge with their brethren of Paris.

" While the adminiſtration was employed for the protection of the deputies, and the police of the city, meaſures were taken conveniently to prepare the theatre of this grand feſtival.

" The *Champ de Mars*, being at one extremity of the city, ſeemed to enjoy every advantage: its regular form, its immenſe extent, its alleys, the large dry ditches that ſurround it, the magnificent edifice of *l'Ecole Militaire*, built on one of the ſides, in fine, every combining property promiſed ſafety, convenience, and grandeur, and it was choſen.

" This ſpacious field, appropriated to the military ſtudents of the

the old ſchool, is a regular parallelogram; which, from the front of *l'Ecole Militaire*, is four hundred and fifty toiſes in length. Its width, without including the ditches and the quadruple rows of trees on each ſide, is a hundred and fifty toiſes; and, if they are included, three hundred. On this capacious place the moſt vaſt circus on earth was formed.

"To raiſe the immenſe talus, or ſloping rampart, by which the circus was to be ſurrounded, prodigious labour was required: the ſoil muſt be dug at a diſtance, and removed. Twenty-five thouſand workmen were employed; yet their progreſs was ſo ſlow that all good patriots were in deſpair. Only a fortnight remained to finiſh the work, and the *Champ de Mars* preſented nothing but unformed heaps of earth. A citizen ſoldier, *M. Carthery*, in a letter addreſſed to the authors of *la Cronique*, invited the battalions of the ſections to aid in the work. 'The labour,' ſaid he, 'is honourable to ſoldiers; ſince a Roman general has given the example.'

"His wiſh was no ſooner teſtified than, not only the national guards, but, all the corporations, all the citizens, of every rank, ſex, and age of Paris, nay and of the environs ten leagues round, were eager to concur in this patriotic effort. At the beginning of July, the *Champ de Mars* preſented a ſpectacle unique in its kind. A theatre ſo vaſt! Variety ſo boundleſs! Motion ſo inceſſant! Nothing more grand, more gay, or more affecting ever was offered to the eye of man! Sixty thouſand perſons, of every claſs, act upon, excite, preſs together, and fatigue themſelves with joy! The earth moves under the multiplied efforts; air reſounds with cries of encouragement and patriotic ſongs; one common ſentiment animates this family of citizens, ſimilar mirth glows on every cheek, and ſimilar tears ſtart from every eye.

"Maſons

" Maſons and other workmen, having ended their common day's labour, came and dedicated ſome of their hours of reſt to this national taſk. The corporations of each trade arrived in order, arm in arm, like brethren, marching under ſome banner filled with emblems of their civiſm, their devotion to freedom, or their hatred of its foes. On theſe haſtily formed enſigns were various inſcriptions: ſuch as—*Vivre libre, ou mourir—Les eſclaves du deſpotiſme ſont devenus les enfans de la Liberté—Pour la Patrie rien ne coute.* On that of the printers was—*Imprimerie, premier flambeau de la Liberté.**

" A thing well worthy of remark, and one that was a ſatire on the former government, which even in public feſtivals acted with its multiplied bayonets, was that, in this multitude of men, all in the ſame place and all in motion, nothing diſorderly happened, nor was there need of centinels.†

" Several members of the National Aſſembly, as well as the general of the Pariſian guard, were ſeen to dig, load, and wheel the barrow, and bank the earth. The king deſired to ſee this ſpectacle. Suddenly ſhouldering the ſpade and the pick-ax, as he proceeded to viſit the work-ſhops, the citizens formed round him a guard of honour.

" On the 8th of July, the labour of removing the earth being ended, the thing to be done was then to bring the work to perfection. A concourſe ſo great would have been troubleſome;

* " Freedom or death—The ſlaves of deſpotiſm are become the ſons of liberty—For our country no taſk is difficult—Printing the firſt torch of freedom."

There were others, of an angry and revengeful kind, which it were good to forget, and which I therefore omit.

† On the 5th, 6th, and 7th of July, the number of labourers was eſtimated at two hundred and fifty thouſand. The number was greateſt toward evening.—*Dulaure.*

and

and a proclamation was iſſued, requeſting every citizen to abſtain from viſiting the *Champ de Mars*, till the day that they might come and there aſſemble to celebrate the national feſtival.

"In the mean time, the national guards from all the municipalities of France ſucceſſively arrived. The brave Bretons marched like a military corps, encamped on the route, and brought proviſions ſufficient for their journey. The conquerors of the Baſtille went out to receive them, as they approached."

CHAPTER LVII.

BRIDGES OVER THE MOATS: FORM AND EXTENT OF THE CIRCUS: AVENUES THAT LED TO THE ALTAR: VAST TRIUMPHAL ARCH, SOME OF ITS INSCRIPTIONS: A BRIDGE THROWN OVER THE SEINE: THE ALTAR AND ITS DECORATIONS: THE GALLERY AND FOR WHOM INTENDED: A COVERED WAY FOR THE KING: MARCH OF THE FEDERATES: EXCESSIVE RAINS, AND BEHAVIOUR OF THE CITIZENS AND PERSONS EXPOSED: ARRIVAL OF THE PROCESSION: AN AWFUL MOMENT: EQUALITY OF ARM CHAIRS AND OTHER TRIFLES OF ETIQUET.

"THE 14th of July at length came, and in the morning the citizens repaired in crowds to the ſcene of action. Bridges were laid, over the moats of the *Champ de Mars*, that the avenues to the circus might be multiplied.

"This immenſe circus preſents an elliptic plane, four hundred toiſes in length and two hundred in width, bordered by a talus twenty toiſes broad, and raiſed ten feet above the ſoil. This talus is divided into two parts; the upper of which has no ſeats, and the lower preſents thirty ranges of banks in deſcending gradations, and ſeparated at each ten by three large intervals for the egreſs and regreſs of the ſpectators. Theſe banks would conveniently permit ſixty thouſand perſons to be ſeated. The part or terrace above might contain about a hundred and fifty thouſand people, ſtanding. The diſpoſition was ſuch that, from each part, every thing might be equally well ſeen. The whole length of this talus was agreeably over-topped by two rows of trees.

"The entrance to the circus was facilitated by ten avenues. At the principal of theſe, beſide the river, was an immenſe triumphal arch; remarkable for its antique form and noble ſimplicity.

plicity. It had three vaſt porticoes, of equal height, adorned by military trophies and allegorical figures. Above was a bas-relief; which, on each ſide, preſented ſubjects conſonant to the ceremony. A doric entablature, ſurmounted by an attic, terminated this vaſt ſtructure. On the two faces of this triumphal arch were various inſcriptions; of which theſe are the moſt remarkable:

'*La Patrie ou la Loi peut ſeule nous armer:*
*Mourons, pour la défendre; ou vivons, pour l'aimer.**

'*Les Droits de l'Homme étoient méconnus, depuis des Siécles; ils ont étés reconquis pour l'humanité entière.*†

'*Le Roi d'un peuple libre eſt ſeul un Roi puiſſant.*‡

'*Vous chériſſez cette Liberté; vous la poſſédez maintenant: montrez-vous dignes de la conſerver.*'§

"A broad bridge conſtructed of piles and boats, facing the triumphal arch, was thrown over the Seine in ten or twelve days; and formed a road, correſponding with that from Verſailles, and an avenue, by which the confederate troops were to arrive at the *Champ de la Fédération.*

"In the centre of the circus the altar *de la Patrie* was raiſed. A circular ſub-baſement ſurrounded the ſteps; and, repreſenting a vaſt terrace, formed the firſt approach to the altar. In the

* Nothing ſhould arm us but our country, or our laws: Let let us die in their defence; or live to love them.

† During ages, the rights of man were unknown; they have been recovered for the whole earth.

‡ The king of a free people is the only powerful king.

§ Shew yourſelves worthy to maintain the freedom you now cheriſh and poſſeſs.

middle, a ſquare, divided into four ſpacious gradations, led to the upper platform; in the centre of which, above ſeveral circular ſteps, a round altar was erected.

"At the four angles of this platform, between the landing places, were four grand candelabras, of antique form, bearing caſſolets that ſmoked with incenſe. At the eight faces of the angles of this platform, between the four landing places, were different ſubjects, painted in body colours *(en griſaille)*, relative to the civic oath, freedom, and the new conſtitution. Here alſo were inſcriptions; and among them, on the partition that pictured Fame proclaiming the decrees of the repreſentatives of the people to all France, was the following:

'*Songez aux trois mots ſacrés, qui garantiſſent ces décrets: la Nation, la Loi, le Roi. La Nation, c'eſt vous: la Loi, c'eſt encore vous; c'eſt votre volonté: le Roi, c'eſt le Gardien de la Loi.**'

"At the further end, before the front of *l'Ecole Militaire*, to the whole extent of the circus, was a vaſt gallery; a covered amphitheatre, intended for the national repreſentatives, the electors, the commune of Paris, and the king. A covered avenue gave communication between the amphitheatre and the firſt ſtory of *l'Ecole Militaire:* it was erected for the convenience of the king and his houſehold. In the centre of this amphitheatre, embelliſhed by feſtoons and folded draperies, was a pavilion; at the ſummit of which was a white flag. Under this pavilion, of a canopy form, were the places of the king and the preſident of the National Aſſembly. This part of the circus might contain about four thouſand perſons, ſeated; and moſt of them under cover.

"The federates, who were to form the proceſſion, repaired to the old *Boulevard* at ſix in the morning; and arranged themſelves,

* Think of the three ſacred words that guarantee theſe decrees: the nation, the law, and the king. The nation is yourſelves; ſo is the law; it is your will: the king is the guardian of the law.

from the gate of *St. Antoine* to that of *St. Denis.* A banner was given to each deputation; on which was the name of its department, and a civic wreath, containing theſe words:

'CONFÉDÉRATION NATIONALE: À PARIS, LE 14 JUILLET, 1790.'

"All the federate troops, marching eight in front, departed at eight in the morning through the ſtreets *St. Denis, la Féronerie, St. Honoré,* and *Royàle,* and arrived at *la Place de Louis XV.* about eleven o'clock. Here they received the municipality of Paris, and the National Aſſembly; who were at the *Pont-Tournant* of the Tuileries, and who then arranged themſelves, between the detachments of the guard of Paris and the banners of its ſixty diſtricts.

"While the federates were on their march, while they received from every rank and every age, who lined the ſtreets and thronged the windows of Paris, the moſt unaffected proofs of kindneſs, while each compaſſionated their diſagreeable ſtate, expoſed as they were to frequent and heavy ſhowers of rain, while theſe federates, in return for ſuch ſympathy, braved the torrents that poured from the clouds and flooded the ſtreets, ſinging while the ſtorm raged, and dancing even in the rivulets, while ſuch ſentiments of patriotiſm and fraternity in Paris triumphed over every ſenſe of pain, ſimilar ſcenes were paſſing in the *Champ de Mars.* Numerous detachments of the national guard were ſtationed there; and, during the heavy rains, animated by the ſame ſpirit, they in like manner braved the ſtorm. The people, who had already filled moſt of the banks of the circus, admired their firmneſs and gaiety. Though drenched by the ſhowers, numbers, uniting, formed a vaſt circle round the altar, and hand in hand preſented the conſolatory picture of a band of many hundred citizens, ſoldiers, and brothers. Their foot-races, dancing, ſinging, and feigned combats were the preludes of the magnificent ſpectacle which was to come.

"Foreigners,

" Foreigners, ſeated on the banks, witneſſing this patriotic intoxication, exclaimed, in a kind of ill humour—' Do but behold theſe devils, the French; who dance while it pours with rain!'

" As the federates paſſed through the ſtreets, the inhabitants ſent down bottles of wine, bread, and other food, which the former received on the ſabre's point. The tranſports of fraternal friendſhip were ſeen at every ſtep. Two of the federates, whom it was my good fortune to lodge, aſſured me they ſaw ſeveral perſons of both ſexes, in a balcony, ſheltered by umbrellas during a heavy ſhower; and that theſe perſons cloſed their umbrellas, and expoſed themſelves to the rain, that they might partake the fate of the federates.

" The biſhop of *Autun*, accompanied by ſixty almoners of the Pariſian guard, who, clothed in white ſurplices with tri-coloured ſaſhes, formed a numerous clerical eſcort, ſurrounded the altar, and waited the ſolemn moment.

" At length, the artillery, placed without the circus at the entrance of the *Champ de Mars*, announced the arrival of the confederates; more than fifty thouſand men. Soon afterward, detachments from all the departments of France and the different military bodies, accompanied by their muſic, were beheld entering under the triumphal arch. Each repaired to the place aſſigned him; and, as they paſſed along the banks of the circus, the confederates, of thoſe departments that had been diſtinguiſhed by their patriotiſm, received the moſt lively tributes of gratitude. The cry of the ſpectators was—*Vive la Nation!* This they accompanied by waving their hats in the air; while the confederates replied by brandiſhing aloft their ſwords.*

* I have here omitted a few angry remarks of the author; which may be true in ſubſtance, but which excite to animoſity.

" The

" The entrance of the electors of Paris, the commune of the city, and the National Aſſembly, appeared to a great majority of the ſpectators the moſt awful moment of the ceremony. The ſight of theſe illuſtrious friends of freedom, theſe founders of the laws of the empire, theſe repreſentatives of a great and free people, advancing to the number of nearly fourteen hundred, and to the centre of the circus, produced a grand effect. The firmament was gloomy, but calm; a profound and reſpectful ſilence every where prevailed; and the ſenſation, produced by this majeſtic entrance, was general.

" The National Aſſembly being in the galleries deſtined for their reception, the king repaired thither. This was the order in which they were placed.

" In the centre of the gallery was a platform, on which were two arm chairs; one for the king, covered with violet-coloured velvet embroidered with golden *fleurs de lys*, with a cuſhion of the ſame: the other for the preſident of the National Aſſembly, placed on a line, of an equal height, and three feet and a half on the right of the former, covered with velvet of azure blue, with golden *fleurs de lys*, and a ſimilar cuſhion.

" On the left of the king, at a like diſtance and height and on the ſame line, were ſtools; which joined the benches prepared for the deputies. Theſe ſtools were occupied by the ſecretaries, and other members of the National Aſſembly: ſo that the king was placed in the centre of them, without any intermediate perſon, and under the ſame pavilion.

" A balcony, behind the king and the National Aſſembly, was occupied by the queen, the dauphin, and the royal family."

CHAPTER LVIII.

A SIGNAL TO BE REPEATED THROUGH THE WHOLE KINGDOM: THE OATH READ BY THE MARQUIS *DE LA FAYETTE*; AND TAKEN BY THE KING: *TE DEUM* SUNG: THE CONFEDERATES DINE AT *LA MUETTE*: HARMONY, ABUNDANCE, AND JOY: NO ACCIDENTS—THOUGHTS ON MEN ACTING IN A MASS: FESTIVAL OF THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY 1801: A TRAIT OF THE FIRST CONSUL: BLESSINGS DERIVED FROM HIS GOVERNMENT: SPLENDID AND EARLY PREPARATIONS: TWO TEMPLES ERECTED: APPARENT STATE OF DELAY: THE PROGRAM: PLACE OF HOLDING THE FESTIVAL: SPECTACLES TO BE GIVEN: MORNING SPORTS: SPORTS OF THE EVENING: SPORTS OF THE NIGHT.

"AT half paſt three, the rain had ceaſed, each perſon was in his place, the maſs began, and the air was filled with muſic the moſt harmonious.

"This ended, a bomb was the appointed ſignal for the neighbouring municipalities; that, at the ſame inſtant, their different inhabitants might take the ſame oath, as the ſignal ſhould be repeated; and that it ſhould be extended from one extremity of the kingdom to the other.

"The Marquis *de la Fayette* advanced to receive the king's orders, who gave him the form of the oath, decreed by the National Aſſembly. *M. de la Fayette* then went to the altar, where he pronounced it aloud: and immediately the deputies of all the departments eagerly repeated—'I SWEAR.'

"The preſident cauſed the uſual oath to be adminiſtered to the National Aſſembly.

"The

" The king, in his place, raiſed his arm toward the altar, and thus ſpoke.

' *Moi, Roi des Français, je jure à la Nation d'employer tout le pouvoir, qui m'eſt délégué par la loi conſtitutionnelle de l'état, à maintenir la conſtitution et à faire exécuter les lois.*'*

That is—" I, king of the French, ſwear to the nation to employ all the power, which is delegated to me by the conſtitutional law of the ſtate, for the maintenance of the conſtitution and the execution of the laws.

" Scarcely was the oath pronounced before the confederates crowded toward the altar, filled the whole aſcent to it, and formed the new and grand ſpectacle of a vaſt pyramid of citizens. Their hats and grenadiers' caps were raiſed on their ſwords, and bayonets were ſeen to agitate the air.

" *Te Deum* was then ſung, and cries of joy were mingled with

* The grandeur of effect, at this moment, was not equal to what might have been expected. The ſpectators, at a great diſtance from the altar, were not enough informed of what was paſſing. They ſaw *M. de la Fayette* advance, and wave a flag; but they doubted if the oath was then, or was to be, pronounced. This incertitude prevented univerſal aſſent. Beſide, every body expected the king would ſtep forward, and ſwear upon the altar: this expectation, and the certitude afterward that he had taken the oath in his arm chair, painfully occupied the attention of the citizens. Thoſe, who adviſed the king not to take this ſolemn oath amid his people, who deprived him of the ſweet enjoyment of their heart-felt benedictions, who cauſed their hearts to cool, and who changed a moment of joy to murmurs and diſſatisfaction, were his greateſt enemies. But it is the fate of kings to be ſurrounded by enemies, and perfidious adviſers.—*Dulaure.*

Nothing can better paint the trifles, concerning which men diſagree, perſecute, and even deſtroy each other, than the feelings deſcribed by the writer of this note; and of which he himſelf ſo ſtrongly partook. It was weak in the king's counſellors ſo to adviſe him; ſuch being the temper of the nation: it was equally or perhaps more weak that any offence was taken; eſpecially after the ſacrifices that had been exacted, and the inroads that had been made upon ancient forms, in ſo ſhort a ſpace of time.

the vaſt concert of military muſic. The hour of five was paſſed when the ceremony was ended. The confederates repaired in order to the *Chateau de la Muette:* a royal manſion, a quarter of a league diſtant from *le Champ de Mars.* There they found tables, abundantly provided, in all the alleys of the park. The pureſt fraternal joy preſided at this banquet: here they drank to the nation, to freedom, and the king.

" In deſpite of the general laſſitude, dancing and patriotic ſongs animated the repaſt. It was remarked that, though the gueſts of all ranks and ages amounted to fifty thouſand men, there was not the leaſt diſorder; nor was any one ſeen drunk. The proviſions were even ſuperabundant; and, after they had eaten, much was diſtributed among the people.

" In fine, near five hundred thouſand ſpectators,* aſſembled in the circus, retired without difficulty and without accident.† It was ſtrange: but it was becauſe the people were thought of; and, for the firſt time, the menacing and murderous carriages of the rich had been abſolutely excluded. The roads were not, as uſual, obſtructed.

" The illuminations and feſtivals, on the ruins of the Baſtille, in *les Champs Elyſées,* and thoſe which each diſtrict of the capital gave individually to the federates that lodged within their limits, followed that of the federation."‡

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* Either the ſtrangers muſt have been uncommonly numerous, or this number muſt be greatly exaggerated.

† The only misfortune of the day happened from the wadding of a canon, which was fired too ſuddenly: it wounded ſome ſoldiers and killed a man on the other ſide of the river. As the confederate troops retired from *la Muette,* when the deputies of *Auverne* paſſed the wooden bridge, ſome of the planks gave way and ſeveral perſons fell, but they eſcaped with a few ſcratches; they were more frightened than hurt.—*Dulaure.*

‡ *Dulaure: Curioſités de Paris, 3d edition,* 1791; *Partie* i. p. 203.

Such

Such is the account given by a perſon preſent, and who appears to have induſtriouſly remarked and collected facts, of a feſtival which will for ever remain memorable in the annals of mankind. Excluſive of the awful leſſon which this among the other awful events of the revolution teaches, there is one part of the picture to which men of all ranks and opinions ought ſeriouſly to turn their attention. By this example, we ſee the efforts of which men in a maſs are capable; the facility with which they may be made ſo to act; and the public ſpirit, the happy feelings, and the generous ſentiments this mode of acting may inſpire. What the occaſions may be, on which it might be wiſe to prompt men to ſuch exertions, I leave to future inquirers.

I ſhall now proceed to deſcribe the feſtivals, at which I was preſent.

The firſt of theſe was in 1801, and, like the former, on the 14th of July; that is, the anniverſary of the taking of the Baſtille. It was no inſignificant or trifling mark of the temper, intentions, and policy of the firſt Conſul, that, in his addreſs to the people, no mention whatever is made of the Baſtille, or of its capture. An *epoch* indeed is ſpoken of, at which barbarous inſtitutions ceaſed, feudality was deſtroyed, a divided people, one part condemned to humiliation and the other marked out for grandeur, were united, and the accumulated abuſes of ages were no more. Theſe were fine words, and were accompanied by fine promiſes: ſuch as that the ſcandal of religious diſſenſions ſhould ceaſe; and that a civil code, ripened by the ſage delay of diſcuſſion, ſhould protect the property and the rights of the people. They were alſo reminded of their obligations; of what they had ſo lately ſuffered, from diſcord and faction; of the preſent happy auſpices, under which both were ſilenced and ſuppreſſed; with declarations, true or falſe, that the intereſt of the country was the reigning intereſt; that peace on the

continent was concluded by moderation; that the government had no enemies but thoſe of the people; and that their brothers and ſons were returning to their homes devoted to the cauſe of freedom. Theſe were alſo fine words, ſigned BONAPARTE, at the PALACE OF THE GOVERNMENT; and ordered to be proclaimed, advertiſed, printed and paſted to the walls, throughout THE WHOLE REPUBLIC.

Being the firſt feſtival after the great conſequences of the battle of Marengo, government appeared determined to give it uncommon variety, and ſplendor; and the preparations were publicly begun a full month before its celebration. The previous carpenters' work, as well as the preparing of timber and other materials, muſt have been conſiderable. When told that a temple of war and a temple of peace were to be built, I imagined theſe were the viſionary conjectures of the people; who are habitually addicted to deſcribe the great: but I ſoon ſaw the ground planned out, and the ſtructures begun. Living in the neighbourhood, I watched their progreſs; and diſcovered they were not to be the ſolid and eternal edifices of Thebes, or of Greece, but the light and tranſportable ſhow-booths of France. They were not conſtructed of marble, ſtone, or even brick; but of boards. My wonder, at the ſhort period in which they were to be raiſed, ceaſed.

The day approached, and theſe temples, wooden though they were, ſtill appeared in an unfiniſhed and deſolate ſtate. I began to doubt the poſſibility of their being ready in time. Beſide the temples, I ſaw numerous other preparations; and none of them ſeemed in a more forward ſtate; yet the program announced that the feſtival ſhould begin at nine in the morning. My ſurpriſe was the greater; but theſe things were new to me. I did not ſufficiently know either the people or the practice.

As a novelty or curious document, as well as the better to make the

the reader underſtand the ſpirit of the whole, it will be good to tranſlate the program, publiſhed by the miniſter of the home department. The paper from which I tranſlate is an abbreviated tranſcript of that printed at the government preſs; and, by being ſhorter, is perhaps preferable.

" On the 24th of Meſſidor, the eve of the feſtival, at nine at night a diſcharge of artillery.

" The principal public theatres to be opened *gratis*.

" On the 25th, a diſcharge of artillery at ſix in the morning.

" The place, where the feſtival is to be held, extends from the garden of the government (the Tuileries) to *l'Etoile* (the ſtar) beyond the barrier (of Chaillot).

" At *l'Etoile*, a triumphal arch ſhall be raiſed; formed by a grand open rock. Above the rock ſhall be placed the ſtatue of Fame; proclaiming the victories of the republican armies. This figure ſhall be thirty feet high; a copy of that by the artiſt *De Joux*, which is to be placed on the dome of the Pantheon.

" Upon the two pavilions,* and alſo facing the barrier as far as to the former gate of Chaillot, ſhall be preparations for the fire-works.

" At *la Petite Etoile*, in the centre of *les Champs Elyſées*, preparations for the aſcenſion of *aëroſtats*.

" In the centre of *le Grand Carré*, a temple; formed by a colonnade, and decorated with garlands.

" At various diſtances, military trophies to the glory of the armies.

" At a greater diſtance, near the trees, a number of booths in a row; for the ſale of every kind of merchandize.

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* Maſſy ſtone buildings, that form the gate or barrier of Chaillot.

" In

" In the former *cour-la-reine, mâts de cocagne,* running at the ring, and other ſports.

" In the *Carré Marigni,* three grand theatres for ſhows; alſo booths and ſtages for ſleight of hand, rope-dancers, tumblers, and others.

" At one end of the ſame ſquare, a ſaloon of a hundred feet diameter, for German walzes.

" A circus for the horſes and ſcholars of *Franconi.*

" In the ſquare *de la Laiterie* a round ſaloon, of ſixty feet diameter, covered and elegantly decorated, for walzes.

" In the ſpace fronting the walls of *l'Elyſée,* an open theatre with grand *guinguettes.**

MORNING SPORTS.

" The feſtival ſhall begin at nine: the *cocagnes* ſhall be ready; and whoever comes ſhall be permitted to make trial.

" Between ten and eleven, the ſports in the *Carré de Margini* ſhall begin: whoever pleaſes may run at the ring.

" At noon, ſome of the ſmall theatres ſhall give a firſt repreſentation.

" Dances ſhall follow. The muſical inſtruments of different countries ſhall play the airs to which they are adapted.

SPORTS OF THE EVENING.

" At five in the evening four *aëroſtats* (baloons), and four *aëronautes* (air-ſailors) ſhall depart together, from the centre of *la Petite Etoile.*

" Their aſcenſion ſhall be announced by the ſound of trumpets.

" At ſix, continuation of the ſports; and theatrical performances.

* Places where the common people eat, drink, and dance.

SPEC-

SPECTACLES AND SPORTS OF THE NIGHT.

" The ſub-baſement of the national column, and the ſhaft itſelf if poſſible, ſhall be illuminated; as alſo ſhall *la Place de la Concorde*; and *les Champs Elyſées*, as far as *l'Etoile*.

" While the lamps are lighting, a grand illuminated pantomime ſhall be repreſented.

" At nine, a concert, in the temple raiſed in the great ſquare, by the *Conſervatoire de Muſique*. A program of the concert to be publiſhed.

" At ten, fire-works in the higheſt part of the avenue; and from the two pavilions.

" The rock, and the ſtatue of Fame, ſhall be illuminated by new methods.

" The fire-works ſhall terminate with a *girande*, to repreſent a volcanic erruption.

" From its centre, a baloon ſhall riſe, and tranſport fire-works into the air; which ſhall explode over the heads of the ſpectators.

" During the fire-works, the concert ſhall quit the temple, and give place to a ball.

" The ball and dances, in *les Champs Elyſées*, ſhall continue through the night.

" *Le Miniſtre de l'Intérieur*,

" CHAPTAL."

How would this paper, read in London on the day the feſtival was performing in Paris, have filled the imagination! Not only in promiſe but in reality it was an extraordinary feſtival; and of the features that rendered it extraordinary I ſhall endeavour to give ſome delineation.

CHAPTER LIX.

UNNECESSARY DILIGENCE: MÂTS DE COCAGNE: HOPED FOR DIVERSION: UNFINISHED STATE OF THE PREPARATIONS: DISORDER AND DISAPPOINTMENT: CHEARFUL RESIGNATION OF THE PARISIANS: DIFFERENCE OF MANNERS: TEACH BETTER THAN THEY PRACTICE: LITTLE SPORT WHERE MUCH WAS EXPECTED: FIRST INTRODUCTION OF MÂTS DE COCAGNE: A GREAT MULTITUDE DESTRUCTIVE OF ENJOYMENT: DANGERS OF ROPE-DANCING: ANECDOTE OF A GENOESE ROPE-DANCER: A SIMILAR ANECDOTE.

TO ſee the whole, I imagined it was neceſſary to be up and abroad early; and accordingly, on the 14th of July, I walked immediately after breakfaſt to *les Champs Elyſées*. My curioſity was particularly excited to ſee what ſhould happen at *les mâts de cocagne*; which were announced as the opening ſports. I had inquired what they were to be; and was informed they were a kind of ſhip maſts, reared perpendicularly, and ſmeared with greaſe, at the ſummit of which were to be prizes, of various kinds, for the adventurer who ſhould have the force, courage, and ſkill, to ſwerve * the maſt.

The uſual prizes at the top, as I was further told, are geeſe, poultry, and proviſions: in conformity to the epithet, *cocagne*; a metaphor for a fertile country; but which, owing to theſe maſts and a popular ſong, deſcribing the *Païs de Cocagne* as a country where the houſes are built of hot loaves ready buttered, with a number of other whimſical ideas, is become a term of ridicule.

* The common expreſſion is to *ſwarm*.

I pictured

I pictured to myſelf the fortunate adventurer, deſcending the maſt; with the baſket of proviſions perhaps on his arm, perhaps on his head, and perhaps obliged to quit his hold and let them fall among the crowd below. I ſuppoſed that it had been found, by experience, to be a ſport productive of great laughter; and I haſtened to the ſcene.

As I approached, inſtead of a crowd, there was ſcarcely a perſon to be ſeen; and when I came to the place, to my utter aſtoniſhment, I found men digging the holes and the maſts lying on the ground. All my ideas concerning the order, variety, and gradation of amuſements, with the preciſion of time, place, and circumſtance, which I had derived from the program, were inſtantly overturned.

I proceeded to *le Grand Carré.* The temple was ſtill in an unfiniſhed ſtate: the architectural adjuncts, at which military trophies were to be diſplayed, were the ſame: all near approach was prohibited, by a circumvallation of rope and ſentinels; every thing ſeemed hurry and confuſion: inſtead of feaſting, there was the appearance of diſorder; and pain where I expected rejoicing.

I walked from place to place, through the whole *Champs Elyſées,* and every where booths half built, the workmen toiling, ſentinels driving intruders to a diſtance, with all the ſymptoms of haſte and anxiety, were viſible.

I inquired if the feſtival was actually to be held that day; and they looked at me, ſaw I was a ſtranger, ſmiled, and replied—"moſt certainly." The day however that I had ſuppoſed, every part of which was ſo well diſtributed and filled up, permitting me to go from place to place and examine each paſtime, each hall, theatre, and exhibition ſucceſſively, that day had diſappeared.

That the workmen, however, muſt have been much nearer the

end of their labour than the eye could have believed was evident, from the facts; for, when I returned almoſt hopeleſs in the afternoon, though they had not finiſhed, it was evident that, what with their continued exertions and the patience of the Pariſians, there would be muſic, and dancing, and pantomimes, and tumbling, and every thing, or the ſhow of every thing, that had been promiſed.

The people began to multiply; and they ſwarmed from the city, between the hours of three and ſix, till the crowd was immenſe. No one was diſſatisfied; no one complained of tardineſs, or diſorder: they came to be merry; and to them mirth, tardineſs, and diſorder, are cuſtomary things. Diſorder is itſelf a part of the pleaſure; but it is a harmleſs and peaceable diſorder; an animated, a forgetful, a gay diſorder. They had either too much good ſenſe or too little thought to diſturb their joy by murmurs.

Their manners are ſo diſtinct, from thoſe of the Engliſh, that I wiſh to take every opportunity of noticing the circumſtances, which can beſt ſhew how they differ. In all their purſuits, the Engliſh are eager: if a baloon aſcend the air, the whole multitude is in motion; and, if they have any hope of ſeeing it come down, the whole multitude will run even miles.

From the light hearts and light bodies of the French, it might have been imagined, they would run both faſter and further. The reverſe is the fact. When in the purſuit of pleaſure, there is much cheerfulneſs, but not the leaſt poſſible ardour in their gait, look, or behaviour: they ſaunter leiſurely along, talking all the way, come to the place they like beſt, ſeat themſelves in rows on the ground, at the edge of a ditch or any where, if it be but dry, no matter for duſt, and continue their prattle; perhaps concerning

cerning the things around them, perhaps not. They appear never to have a ſenſe of wearineſs, till their converſation begins to flag: they then think it time to go home.

How harmleſs is their tranquillity! How loud, unmeaning, and yet cheerful is their diſcourſe! How incredibly different are they, when their ſuddenly inflamed paſſions impel them to thoſe violent acts with which their annals, ancient and modern, are ſtained! How much will they endure! Yet, the impulſe once given, with what facility may theſe paſſions be rendered furious! If, as a nation, they can be brought habitually to reflect, foreſee, and preſerve order, and if they can ſtill retain their hilarity, what an admirable nation will that be! In books of an elementary kind, in teaching not only the ſciences but the uſeful and the polite arts, they are perhaps the firſt of nations for preciſion, arrangement, and rule: that they ſhould be ſo backward in practice is a phenomenon to aſtoniſh, and to deſerve inquiry.

We muſt return, or our feſtival will never begin.

Between three and four o'clock, ſome of *les mâts de cocagne* were raiſed; and the reſt were raiſing. In general, the paſtimes announced were common: but this was a novelty, a national ſport, which I was determined to witneſs.

Inſtead of the baſkets of proviſions, I ſaw nothing but a garland: this diſappointed me. This garland was lowered or drawn up at will, by a pulley; and, whatever it might contain, nothing was to be ſeen but a large green wreath, and the branch of a tree at the top of the maſt. I underſtood, from the crowd, that the prizes, inſtead of thoſe that were uſual, and which had ſome promiſe of humour in them, were to be ſilver; ſpoons, trinkets, watches, or money.

At each maſt was a ſentinel, whoſe orders were to be obeyed: he was commander in chief. In Paris, all ſentinels are the ſame:

at leaſt, till the offender arrives at the guard-houſe, or at ſome office of the police.

It was four o'clock before theſe commanders would ſuffer the candidates, for the prizes, to make trial of their powers; and, when ſuffered, the ſenſations were either too diſagreeable or too inſipid to be long endured. Few of thoſe who tried aſcended within one-fourth of the ſummit: their efforts were painful; and, if continued till the ſtrength was exhauſted, their deſcent was dangerous.

I left the place before any prize had been won: it was but a repetition of what I have deſcribed; with no variety, except the extremely fooliſh remarks of the by-ſtanders, with their attempted ſarcaſms and petty ſhouts. The ſpectators round each were not many. It appeared however that the prizes were gained; for, at the next feſtival, this paſtime was again a part of the program: but the maſts were ordered to be thinner, higher, and more greaſed. The pretence was, that the courage and dexterity of the French ſhould have a ſtill more ſurpriſing field for exertion; but ſome affirmed the real motive was to ſpare the expence. In conſequence of this regulation, one man, by the rapidity of the deſcent which could not be ſtopped, bit off the end of his tongue; and another broke his ribs.

It appears that this paſtime was firſt practiſed in the year 1425.

"On the feaſt of *St. Leu* and *St. Gilles*, the inhabitants of the pariſh of that name propoſed a new kind of conteſt. In *la Rue aux Ours*, facing *la Rue Quincampoix*, they planted a perch of nearly ſix toiſes long, and faſtened a baſket at the top; into which they put a fat gooſe, and *ſix blancs*: or, five farthings. This perch they anointed; and promiſed the gooſe, the money, the pannier, and the perch, to whoever ſhould be adroit enough to climb to the top.

"This

"This exercise continued long; but no one could attain the goal: the grease, with which the perch was rubbed, was the great obstacle. At length, the goose was adjudged to him who had mounted the highest: but neither the money, the perch, nor the pannier."*

Of the other numerous parts of this festival, I know not how to give the reader an idea of the degree in which they were to me almost nugatory. I wished to see if the sleight of hand performers displayed any peculiar dexterity; but it was impossible: the crowd was too great, the press of people too close, and, instead of the restlessness by which an English throng would have displaced each other, till the most impatient were in possession, the Parisians, those who could see and those who could not, stood equally quiet and calm. It is difficult to account for their hasty impatience, in some things, and their passive endurance and tranquillity in others.

I passed on to the grand pantomime, performed on an open stage: here again the crowd extended to such a distance that I could see nothing which could either tell the story or gratify the eye.

The only exhibition, of which I could get even a very distant view, was that in which the exhibitors were raised aloft in the air: I mean the rope-dancers. They performed some extraordinary feats, as all rope-dancers do: they exposed themselves apparently to the imminent danger of fractures, or death; which they every instant braved, to excite astonishment. I have met with two anecdotes of this extreme rashness, which deserve to be remembered.

"At the public entry of Isabel of Bavaria, queen of Charles VI., a Genoese extended a cord, from the top of the towers of *Nôtre Dame* to one of the houses of the *Pont-au-change*. This rope he

* *Dulaure: Curiosités de Paris*, 1790, p. 2.

descended,

deſcended, dancing, with a lighted flambeau in each hand, paſſed the curtains of blue taffeta, with large golden *fleurs de lys*, that covered the bridge, placed a crown on the head of Iſabel, and again aſcended into the air. The chronicle adds that, as it was then night, this man was ſeen by all Paris."*

In the manuſcript hiſtory of Lewis XII., by *Jean d'Authon*, an extract from which is given by *Du Radier*, in his *Bibliothéque Hiſtorique de Poitou*, a ſimilar fact is related; which happened on the public entry of that monarch.

"A rope-dancer, named *Georges Menuſtre*, fixed a large rope to the top of the great tower of the *Château de Mâcon* and the windows of the ſteeple of the Jacobins; extending two hundred and fifty paces, and raiſed twenty-ſix toiſes from the ground. On this he twice together paſſed and repaſſed; and the laſt time from the tower to the ſteeple: where, in view of the king and thirty thouſand people, he performed many dances, leaps, gambadoes, and moriſquoes; and hung firſt by the feet, and then by the teeth, with a hat: which was a thing ſtrange to behold, and marvellous to ſee. Always provided it were true; and that by enchantment the human ſight was not deceived."†

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* *Saint Foix*, iii. p. 79.

† *Dulaure: Curioſités de Paris: deuxiéme partie*, p. 312.

CHAPTER LX.

A TOUR OF OBSERVATION: BOOTHS ILL PROVIDED: BANDS OF BALLAD SINGERS: THE LIFE OF BONAPARTE SUNG: THE TEMPLES OF WAR AND PEACE: A GRAND COLONNADE: MILITARY TROPHIES: GARNERIN IN AN AIR BALOON: SPLENDOR OF THE ILLUMINATION: A NATIONAL COLUMN CENSURED: ITS OBSTRUCTIVE AND MONOTONOUS EFFECTS: A LADY SEIZED BY THE SENTINELS.

AS, of all theſe promiſed ſports, I could not by any endeavour leſs than violent obtain a good ſight of any one, I reſolved to employ my time in walking among the people, and obſerving their manners. Thouſands of them were ſeated; the majority on the ground, as before deſcribed; others at the doors of booths, where cakes ſcarcely eatable and *la bonne biérre de Mars*, a wretched beverage, were ſold. That plenty of viands, that invite, and liquors, that will ſuit and tempt all claſſes, which are to be found in England wherever it is known multitudes will aſſemble, had here no exiſtence. Not a trace or ſemblance, in any one of the booths that I could diſcover, of ſuch temptation were to be found. He that had wanted a dinner muſt have gone back for it to Paris; and yet, of the things I have deſcribed, there was no little conſumption.

One circumſtance, in particular, I could not help remarking; for I remembered, with pain, to have ſeen the ſame artifice practiſed in England. Various ballad-ſingers had taken their ſtation, in different parts of *les Champs Elyſées*; and all of them chanted the ſame ſong: the glorious and heroic life of the Conſul Bonaparte.

parte.* That they were fitted out for the occaſion was evident: they were decently dreſſed, were accompanied by fiddlers, and all ſang the ſame ditty; which had a very paſſable wood-cut frontiſpiece, of a whole length portrait of Bonaparte, in his general's uniform. The ſong, or hiſtory of his life, contained nine full pages, with notes. I think it ſo curious a document, ſo deſcriptive of the man, the habits of government, the inflated ſtyle of adulation which is common to ſuch poets, and even of the manners of the people, that I mean to print it at the end of the work. The extraordinary events military and civil that diſtinguiſh the life of this extraordinary man it would be abſurd to deny, and improper here to narrate. Of powers of mind, greatneſs or littleneſs of ſoul, the virtue of intention, and the magnanimity of execution, facts alone can enable us to judge.

Having ſauntered among the ſaunterers, I returned to *le Grand Carré.* The temples had been completed in the afternoon, and the cords withdrawn; but no perſon was allowed admiſſion, except thoſe who had tickets. I could only contemplate the exterior: but the exterior in fact was the whole, for they were both open: and the only reaſon for wiſhing to enter was that the concert might be well heard.

The temple of war was ſmall; and, as might be ſuppoſed, its whole embelliſhments were military trophies: but it ſurpriſed me exceedingly to ſee that the temple of peace was nearly in the ſame ſtyle of warlike decoration. The latter, however, notwithſtanding that it was mere ſhow and only compoſed of painted wood, had really a grand effect. This was chiefly produced by the regularity of its form, and its ſplendid colonnades; compoſed of a hundred

* *La Vie, héroique et glorieuſe, du Conſul Bonaparte; depuis l'époque de ſa naiſſance juſqu' à la Paix de Lunéville: par les Citoyens Aubert et Dubocq.*

and

and ſixteen pillars, ſo painted that they appeared to be of a beautiful ſaffron-colour-veined marble. There are two things in which the French are unrivalled; their univerſal excellence in dancing; and their talent at making an oſtentatious and even grand exhibition at a ſmall expence. Had the temple of peace been of Parian marble, and had it taken years to conſtruct, its appearance could not have been more magnificent. It was of little conſequence that a ſhower of rain would have waſhed the marble to board. There were other adjoining trifling ſtructures; erected for the ſole purpoſe of diſplaying flags, banners, and arms; and giving the whole a military appearance. Alas! It was a military government. Soldiers were every where diſperſed: the people, quiet, harmleſs, and thoughtleſsly gay as they ſeemed to be, were not to be truſted; horſe and foot were every where parading.

A little before dark, a baloon aſcended: four were promiſed; I ſaw but one. The famous Garnerin was in it; his ſeventeenth aſcent had been in the preceding month; this I believe was his eighteenth. Sailing in the air is become almoſt as familiar to him as taking a walk. So much the better: he has proved the ſafety with which a thing may be done, that, in the year 1782, was ſo ſtrange as to be thought impoſſible. As he aſcended, he waved a number of ſmall flags, ſucceſſively, and threw them down among the crowd: one of them was caught by a friend. Garnerin came to earth, after having ſailed fifteen leagues in three hours. The diſtance does not appear great; but the atmoſphere was remarkably calm.

In every feſtival, that I have ſeen, illumination has been the moſt ſtriking feature. About twilight, the lamp-lighters began; and preſently the vaſt extent of *les Champs Elyſées, la Place de la Concorde,* the grand avenues that lead to *la Barriere de Chaillot,*

and the ſpacious place called *l'Etoile* were all emitting their innumerably ſparkling lights. Shaded as the ſcene was by trees, I thought the light more clear now than it had been during the day.

The program had promiſed that the ſhaft of the national column ſhould be illuminated, if poſſible. I thought theſe were words: mere gaſconade: but, to my utter aſtoniſhment, I ſaw the lights gradually appear. The reader perhaps will be aſtoniſhed too, when he is informed that this national column, which might be a hundred and fifty feet high (I ſpeak by gueſs) ſquare, diminiſhing in ſize, and appearing to be a ſolid erection of ſtone, was painted paper; paſted or glued to aſcending rafters. When I was firſt told the fact, I ſcarcely believed it to be true; but, a few months afterward, I ſaw this ſuperb column, in the fallen and torn ſtate to which it had been reduced by a guſt of wind.

Concerning this column, I muſt take the preſent opportunity of ſaying a few words, and giving a remarkable anecdote. I inquired what could induce the government to erect a pillar, ſo ſolid and ſpecious in appearance; and, in reality, ſo fragile, ſo derogatory, ſo contemptible? The anſwer given me was, that it was an experiment upon the opinion of the people.

Though ſubjects cannot be more paſſive than the Pariſians, whenever the government has the full power of the bayonet at its command, yet, ſuch are their habits, they were never known to be ſilenced by their fears, in criticiſing objects of taſte in any of the fine arts. The intention having been formed of raiſing a national monument in the centre of *la Place de la Concorde*, where the equeſtrian ſtatue of Lewis XV. had been placed, where his unhappy ſucceſſor was beheaded, and where the column I am ſpeaking of ſtood, this column was erected of theſe ſlight materials, that

that the opinion of the majority might be known, before one of more ſolid conſtruction ſhould be raiſed.

In the public journals, its merits, or rather its demerits, continued for ſeveral months a ſubject of diſcuſſion. One part of the outcry againſt it was well founded: it totally obſtructed the fine viſta, from the weſt ſide of the garden of the Tuileries to *la Barriere de Chaillot*.

The ornaments ſuffered almoſt equal cenſure: that they were military was to be expected; but they were ſpiritleſs, monotonous, and ill choſen. At each angle were trophies; and inſcriptions, enumerating the battles gained, and the towns taken by the various armies; ſuch as the army of the Pyrenees; the army of the Rhine; the army of Italy; and all the other epithets, by which the different grand corps had been diſtinguiſhed. This was ſufficiently dull; and it was by no means relieved, by the decorations round the baſe: they conſiſted of the figures of men, large as life, all in the ſame poſition, and each with his two outſtretched arms joining hands with the figures on both ſides of him; to ſignify union, the power that is derived from union, and its permanency. To walk round and to ſee this eternally repeated figure, for the circle was complete, muſt inevitably ſoon fatigue.

When this was removed, what the monument is to be that ſhall ſupply its place was either not determined on, or not publicly known.

The anecdote I mentioned is the following:

Soon after we arrived at Paris, returning one day from a walk, my wife ſaw a crowd of people near this monument; and ſoldiers dragging away a woman genteelly dreſſed. She inquired what was the cauſe of this violence? and was told it was for the words the lady had uttered. The figure of Bonaparte was at the

ſummit of the monument: this, and the figures which ſurrounded the baſe, as deſcribed, ſhe had ſurveyed; and exclaimed, indignantly, while contemplating them—*Voyez cette bande de voleurs, qui ſe donnent la main; et leur chef, qui foule tout aux pieds!**

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* Look at that band of thieves, holding all together; and their chief, trampling every thing under foot!

CHAPTER LXI.

THE GENERAL ENJOYMENT OF DANCING: THE CONCERT: FIRE-WORKS AT THE TOP OF A HILL, YET NOT TO BE SEEN: THE MULTITUDE PRODIGIOUS: INQUIRIES CONCERNING THE PURPOSE OF, AND BENEFITS DERIVED FROM, THIS FESTIVAL: CENSURED BY THE FRENCH THEMSELVES: THE FALL OF RODS, SENT UP INTO THE AIR, DANGEROUS: ACCIDENTS AND DEATHS: TERROR FORMERLY EXCITED BY SKY-ROCKETS: THE FIRST INTRODUCTION OF FIRE-WORKS.

THE effect produced by the illumination was truly grand; and yet it was greatly inferior to one which I ſhall ſoon have occaſion to deſcribe. The greateſt enjoyment of the day appeared to be that of the dancing ſocieties; and they were very numerous. Several ſcaffoldings, with benches riſing one above the other, were raiſed in the vicinity of the temples: here large bands played, while the people danced in the open air. The *guingettes* were crowded with dancers; as were the great and ſmall pavilions, for German walzes. The ball did not begin, in the Temple of Peace, till the concert was over; but I was told that dancing continued through the night, as it did in all the places I have juſt mentioned.

Though the Temple of Peace was open, the flooring ſeveral feet elevated, and the orcheſtra that performed the concert in the centre of it very numerous and powerful, it was with great difficulty and not without efforts which the Pariſians ſcarcely thought

thought polite, that I could approach ſo as to hear indifferently. There was nothing that I heard to diſtinguiſh it from other good concerts: the pieces ſelected were popular, and well performed.

This being over, the next grand object was the fire-works; and they began ſo ſoon after, and to me ſo unexpectedly, that I had but a very imperfect view of this exhibition. The place at which it was made conſidered, this could ſcarcely have been predicted: it was at *la Barriere de Chaillot*, which is on the brow of a conſiderable eminence, the principal avenue to which I eſtimate to be nearly the width of Portland Place; with two ſide alleys, ſomething leſs ſpacious. Theſe avenues were all lined with rows of lofty trees: the obſtruction their foliage gave was conſiderable; but the great obſtacle was the crowd: it was immenſe! What the number of people might be, which the principal avenue contained, I do not know; but, to the diſtance I ſuppoſe of half a mile, they were ſo wedged together as to be impenetrable. Thus, the trees and the multitude prevented me, and many thouſands more, from ſeeing fire-works ſent up into the air, from a high building, at the top of a hill.

The rockets, indeed, and the grand concluding exploſion, might be ſeen to a great diſtance; but intermediate parts even the crowds themſelves that lined the avenues could not ſee: they were prevented by cloſeneſs of preſſure, and the heads of each other.

What then were the reflexions which this day excited? What was the wiſdom and what the folly of the government, by which the feſtival was given and planned? What was the end it had in view? Is it not the peculiar and moſt important of the duties of every government to endeavour to give the exertions of the people a right

a right direction? The pretence of this feſtival was to celebrate the foundation, or the anniverſary, of French freedom. Did government wiſh to promote freedom? Did it give any proofs, any ſigns, any the leaſt ſymptom of a deſire to promote either the love or the practice of freedom, among the people, or by any part of this expenſive farce? Was it not a ſtrange, nay, was it not a pernicious farrago of fooleries; by which the attention of the people was turned from every conſideration that might benefit their ſtate of exiſtence, enlarge their ideas of political good, or correct their miſtakes on that ſubject, to the ſwerving of greaſy maſts, the watching of a juggler's cups and balls, the admiration of tricks by tumblers, the waſteful burning of ſtinking tallow, and the wholeſale firing of ſquibs? The Frenchmen of underſtanding, with whom I converſed, deplored the ſenſeleſs and inefficient parade, which they deſpiſed.

Alas! in all its parts, from thoſe who ordained it to thoſe for whom it was ordained, it was a grand burletta. Had the Engliſh commemorated their bill of rights by an annual feſtival, had they confided the ordinance and plan of this feſtival to their government, and had that government ſo diverted their attention from the true object to exhibitions ſo wretched, nay ſo ill arranged, ſo unenjoyed, every honeſt tongue and pen would have been prompt to declare the truth. Happily, the Engliſh have no ſuch feſtivals. Johnſon ſagaciouſly ſays—"An age of ignorance is an age of ceremony. Pageants, and proceſſions, and commemorations gradually ſink away; as better methods come into uſe of recording events, and preſerving rights."*

Though what I have here pointed out was the great miſchief,

* Tour to the Hebrides: under the head Raaſay.

it

it was not the whole. The art of ſending fire-works into the air is that of compacting gunpowder, in hollow tubes of wood, formed into long rods, heavy and widened at one end; and, in proportion as the effect is to be luminous and ſplendid, the weight of theſe rods muſt be increaſed. The falling of them is ſo dangerous that two perſons, at leaſt, a woman and a ſoldier, were killed, and ſeveral hurt. Yet this was among the leaſt miſchievous of the feſtivals, that happened while I was at Paris.

I am ſorry I have again and ſhall have ſo repeatedly to remark that the life of man is here held in ſmall eſtimation. Such events are ſo common that they paſs unnoticed.

I have not read that very laborious German author, I forget his name, who has enlarged the libraries of the learned with ſo many volumes of the hiſtory of human inventions: but in *Dulaure*, who has written much leſs but in a much pleaſanter tone and ſtyle, I read what follows:

" During the league intitled *du bien public*, and after the battle of *Montlhery*, fought July 16th 1465 between the troops of Lewis XI. and thoſe of the malcontent lords, at the head of whom were the count *de Charolois*, Charles *duc de Berri* only brother to the king, and others, his majeſty retired to *Corbeil*, and the lords in league were at *Eſtampes*. In this latter town, a very ſimple cauſe produced a very alarming effect; upon the illuſtrious but ignorant perſons, who there were lodged.

" The *duc de Berri* and the count *de Charolois*, after ſupper, were at a window, ſpeaking together and looking down upon the people in the ſtreet and the ſoldiers, who walked in crowds. Suddenly, a train of fire was ſeen in the air; which, in a ſerpentine direction, came and ſtruck the caſement where the princes ſtood. An apparition ſo extraordinary rendered them motionleſs; every

every ſoul was ſeized with terror. The aſtoniſhed count *de Charolois* ordered the lord *de Contay* immediately to aſſemble the *gens d'armes* of his houſe, and the archers of his corps: the duke *de Berri*, in like manner, put all his people under arms: and immediately two or three hundred ſoldiers, and a great number of archers, guarded the door of the houſe of their commanders.

"Search was made without delay to diſcover whence could come a thing ſo marvellous, ſo alarming, and which was thought a diabolic invention; a wicked attempt upon the perſons of the count *de Charolois* and the duke *de Berri*.

"After much inquiry, the author of this violent tumult was found: he was a Breton, and called himſelf maſter *Jean Boute-Feu*; or *Jean des Serpens*.* He came and threw himſelf at the feet of the princes, and confeſſed that he had indeed thrown fuſees into the air; but that his intention was rather to amuſe than annoy them. To prove that there was nothing criminal in theſe artificial fires, the *folâtre* (wag), as *Comines* calls him, ſent up three or four in the preſence of the princes; and, by that means, deſtroyed many ſuſpicions. All began to laugh, at ſeeing a cauſe ſo light had produced fears ſo ſerious; and, diſarming, retired to reſt.

"The learned *Du Radier* is deceived, when he ſays that no fuſees were thrown into the air till the year 1618, which then happened in *l'Iſle Louvier*, at Paris, at the canonization of *Ste. Thereſa*:† the invention was before known. *Baſſompierre*, in his Memoires, ſpeaks of a feſtival given ſome time before, to the king,

* Theſe names were doubtleſs given him becauſe of the fuſees, ſtill called ſerpents, which he invented.—*Dulaure*.

† *Voyez Récréations Hiſtoriques: tom.* ii. p. 183.

by the duke *d'Epernon*, which was followed by fire-works. Even under the reign of Henry II., there were official maſter artificers. *Froumenteau*, in his book intitled *le Secret des Finances*, among the expences of the court, from the beginning of the reign of Henry II. to the 30th of December 1580, inſerts artificial fire-works. It appears that theſe fire-works were not then very expenſive; ſince the whole diſburſement of thirty-one years only amounted to nine thouſand livres tournois."*

* *Singularités Hiſtoriques*, p. 185.

CHAPTER LXII.

PRECEDING REFLECTIONS: FEAST OF THE FOUNDATION OF THE REPUBLIC: FIVE DAYS TOO MANY: DECREE FOR THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE INVENTIONS AND MANUFACTURES OF FRANCE: PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXHIBITION IN THE COURT OF THE LOUVRE: THE FRENCH EXCELLENT AT TEMPORARY STRUCTURES: IGNORANCE HAS MOST CURIOSITY.

IT might be imagined that follies ſo numerous, expence ſo unneceſſary, a waſte of time ſo profitleſs, the habits of diſſipation it encouraged in the common people, and the diſſatisfaction which the reflecting and the informed muſt have felt, firſt from the inſipidity of the above feſtival, and more afterward becauſe of the conſequences I have ſtated, it might I ſay have been hoped that theſe follies and worſe than follies would have diſguſted thoſe by whom they were ordained; and that no repetition of them would have been ſeen, till their evil conſequences were forgotten. Far the reverſe: it does not appear that they were in the leaſt ſuſpected; for, on the 23d of September, another *fête* was announced to continue not one day but ſix days. On the 14th of July, the foundation of freedom had been celebrated: at preſent it was to be the foundation of the republic.

The French year, unfortunately, has five days too many: judging that is by the uſe to which they are devoted. They call them *les cinq jours complémentaires:* days to fill up their new diviſion of the year: and to continue their ordinary avocations, on

theſe ſuperfluous days, either they or their rulers appear to have thought abſurd.

To give however a colour of utility to ſuch a waſte of time, or, deceived by want of ſufficient conſideration, imagining the benefit to be real and perhaps great, the Chief Conſul has devoted theſe days to a ſhow of a very ſpecious kind. The following government advertiſement will beſt explain what was the end propoſed.

DECREE OF THE CONSULS OF THE REPUBLIC; WHICH ANNUALLY ESTABLISHES, AT PARIS, A PUBLIC EXHIBITION OF THE PRODUCTS OF FRENCH INDUSTRY.

Paris, 13th of Ventoſe, Year IX.

"The Conſuls of the Republic, after the report of the Miniſter of the Interior, decree:

"I. During the five days of completion, there ſhall annually be held at Paris a public exhibition of the products of French induſtry. This exhibition ſhall make part of the feſtival deſigned to celebrate the anniverſary of the foundation of the republic.

"II. All the French manufacturers and artiſts, who wiſh to concur in this exhibition, are required before the 15th of *Meſſidor* to inſcribe themſelves at the *Sécrétariat Général* of the prefecture of their department; and to ſend thither ſpecimens, or models, of the articles they wiſh to exhibit.

"III. None but products of new diſcoveries, and objects of finiſhed execution if their fabrication be known, can make part of the exhibition. Theſe products and theſe objects cannot be admitted till after examination, and a certificate thereof granted, by a jury of five perſons; named, for that purpoſe, by the prefect of each department.

"IV. This jury ſhall have concluded by the firſt of *Thermidor*; and the prefects ſhall publiſh and advertiſe the names of the manufacturers

facturers and artiſts of their reſpective diſtricts *(arrondiſſements)*; the products of which ſhall have been judged worthy to be preſented to the general concourſe, which ſhall be held at Paris. The kind and quality of theſe products ſhall be indicated.

"V. The articles, which the juries of the departments ſhall have pronounced admiſſible, ſhall be examined anew by a jury of fifteen, named by the Miniſter of the Interior. This jury ſhall ſelect the twelve manufacturers, or artiſts, whoſe productions they ſhall conſider as ſuperior to thoſe of their rivals: they ſhall further ſelect twenty other manufacturers, or artiſts, who, by their works and their efforts, have deſerved to be honourably mentioned.

"VI. The citizens, ſelected by the jury, ſhall be preſented to government by the Miniſter of the Interior.

"VII. A ſpecimen of each of the productions, ſelected by the jury, ſhall be depoſited at the *Conſervatoire des Arts et Métiers*; with an inſcription to each, which ſhall preſerve the name of the artiſt, who is the inventor.

"VIII. The *procès verbal*, containing the motives of preference, by the jury, ſhall be tranſmitted to all the prefects; who ſhall communicate them to their rulers.*

"IX. The execution of the preſent decree is committed to the Miniſter of the Interior, and ſhall be inſerted in the *Bulletin des Loix*."†

This is ſigned by BONAPARTE, his ſecretary MARET, and the Miniſter of the Interior CHAPTAL.

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* *Leurs adminiſtrés.* Rulers I ſuppoſe to be the meaning; but I conclude it is one of the many new words introduced by the revolution: for it is neither in the *Dictionnaire de Trévoux*, nor in that of *Wailly*; though the latter pretends to contain the new words.

† Another revolutionary term.

To

To encourage thoſe arts, on which the convenience, pleaſure, and ſafety of men depend, is noble in proportion as it is effective. The very deſire merits praiſe: but, when undigeſted plans are publiſhed, and thoſe plans rendered abortive, even to ridicule, by having ordained things that were impoſſible to perform, or, if not, things to which not the leaſt attention was paid, men then imagine he that gave the plan had no ſerious meaning: or that it was the fine dream of a moment; and as ſuddenly forgotten as conceived.

The preparations for this exhibition were however too viſible to eſcape public curioſity. Each ſide of the ſpacious inner court of the Louvre may be about four hundred and twenty Engliſh feet. The ſurrounding pile is maſſy; and, from the pillars that were erecting, it appeared that another pile, within this maſs, was to be reared. No feſtival muſt be held, in which mock temples muſt not be conſtructed: nor any mock temple raiſed, which muſt not have its colonnade. Did the parts but correſpond, did they but form a whole, and were the objects to be exhibited all of them ſuch as required, or as could combine with ſuch magnificence of aſſociation, it would be excellent. Magnificence can only give undiminiſhed pleaſure when united with utility. What theſe objects were we ſhall ſoon examine.

The day of exhibition arrived; the temporary ſtructure was reared: it was a ſquare colonnade, covered, and at a requiſite diſtance from the building; ſo as to leave ſufficient ſpace behind, yet amplitude within the ſquare. Conſidering it in relation to the palace of the Louvre, the ſymmetry pleaſed the eye; and the effect was admirable. In ſtructures like theſe the French are perhaps unrivalled.

On the morning of the firſt day, nothing that could attract the eye was on view: all was reſerved for an evening exhibition; when vaſt numbers of lighted lamps might communicate their ſplendor,

ſplendor, and create illuſion. As uſual, the throng at night was ſo great that all approach to the colonnade, under which the various articles of French induſtry were hung, or ſpread out for ſhow, was forbidden. The ſentinels and officers of police were every where;* yet nothing could be more peaceable than the people. Wherever there is any thing to be ſeen, the moſt ignorant have always the moſt curioſity: conſequently, the working people took poſſeſſion, which they maintained; thoſe that came laſt patiently waiting the departure of their predeceſſors.

This was not the time to ſcrutinize, and therefore I waited till the next morning and then went early.

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* One of the hundred and four porticoes was ſet apart for theſe officers I have eſtimated the diſtances from the famous façade of the Louvre; which, according to Dulaure, is eighty-ſeven and a half toiſes, or 525 French feet, in length.

CHAPTER LXIII.

NUMBER OF PORTICOES; AND THE MANNER IN WHICH THEY WERE APPROPRIATED: INSUFFICIENT DECREES: DISTINCT TREATMENT OF THE DEPARTMENTS AND OF PARIS: OBJECTS REALLY DESERVING OF PRAISE: ENGLISH GOODS: A REMARKABLE COAT: A FIRE GRATE: EARTHEN POTS: A BOTTLE OF VINEGAR: ENUMERATION OF EXHIBITIONS: INQUIRY INTO CONSEQUENCES: QUESTIONS THAT OUGHT TO BE WELL CONSIDERED: VISIT OF BONAPARTE TO THE PORTICOES: MEDALS OF GOLD AND OF SILVER DISTRIBUTED: QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS OF THE FIRST CONSUL AND MANUFACTURERS.

FROM the book I bought, which was authentic, for it was from the government printing-office, and from careful perſonal inſpection I derive my documents. The whole ſquare of the colonnade was divided into a hundred and four porticoes; in plain Engliſh, ſhops. One of theſe porticoes was for the officers of the police. The hundred and twenty departments of France were invited to ſend every new invention; and every article of finiſhed, by which I underſtand of ſuperior and exquiſite, workmanſhip. A hundred and three porticoes, or partitions, of ten or twelve feet each in front, for a hundred and twenty departments, containing ſo many cities and towns, many of them formerly famed for their manufactories, were they to ſend articles of common uſe and ordinary fabrication, muſt certainly find a ſpace like this a mere nut-ſhell: it would have been inſufficient for a ſingle city. Such was the reaſoning ſuggeſted, as well from the ſpace as from the decree.

I made

I made the whole tour again and again; I examined the articles in rotation; I read and re-read, conſidered and re-conſidered this decree. It preciſely ſtated that no objects but of new diſcovery or finiſhed workmanſhip were to be admitted. The words could not be miſtaken. That this end might be obtained, ſpecimens muſt be ſent, and muſt undergo a twofold ſcrutiny, by different juries.

I had frequently been told that the decrees and regulations, paſted upon the walls of Paris, are read and perhaps obeyed the three firſt days; but are forgotten the fourth. To this decree, a very few inſtances excepted, not the leaſt reſpect had been paid. Theſe hundred and four petty partitions might have contained every thing, of new invention and exquiſite workmanſhip, which the efforts of French induſtry and the ſevere circumſpection of the government might have thought worthy to preſent to the admiration of the citizens of France and of all Europe; and, vaſt as the territory is and oſtentatious as are the boaſtings of thoſe who preſent their manufactures to the public, they might have ſuffered no degradation. The following were the facts.

Of the hundred and four porticoes not twenty were dedicated to one hundred and nineteen departments. The ſingle department of the Seine, in other words Paris and its environs, occupied the reſt. The manufacturers from the departments were crowded together.

In Portico No. 21: ſix.
Portico No. 41: fourteen.
Portico No. 42: ſix.
Portico No. 43: twelve.
Portico No. 44: ſix.
Portico No. 45: twelve.
Portico No. 46: ſix.

In Portico No. 47 : nine.
Portico No. 48 : fifteen.
Portico No. 49 : ten.

Only in two inſtances, Nos. 6 and 89, had any man, not a ſhop-keeper, warehouſeman, or manufacturer in Paris, a ſingle portico for himſelf: and of theſe two it muſt be remarked they were both in the very neighbourhood of Paris.

On the contrary, a manufacturer of tapeſtry, the engravers *Piraneſi*, an *architecte ingénieur-caminologiſte*, in poor mother tongue, a curer of ſmoky chimnies, had two porticoes each; and the national manufactory of the Gobelins, the manufactory of arms at Verſailles, a japanner, and two cabinet-makers and upholſterers had each of them three porticoes.

Of the Gobelins, the manufactory of arms, and that of porcelain, I need ſay nothing: they are each well known, and each worthy to hold a place in a national exhibition of excellent workmanſhip; ſuppoſing ſuch exhibitions to be good in themſelves, which I neither affirm nor deny. I believe it to be a queſtion to be determined by circumſtances, times, and manners.

The cabinet work was likewiſe ſplendid; though not ſuch as the Engliſh are accuſtomed to, nor as convenience and common ſenſe would require: but it well correſponded with the apartments for which ſuch heavy and expenſive articles, as were there exhibited, are deſigned.

All theſe objects, and ſome few others, particularly in the fine arts, the magnificent editions, by the brothers *Didot*, of Racine, Virgil, and Horace, the engravings of the aſſociates *Piraneſi*, and ſtill more with reſpect to utility, which is the beſt of reſpects, the new ſtereotype, by *Herhan*, all were highly excellent, highly deſerving liberal encouragement, and liberal praiſe.

But what were the reſt? There were ſome few exhibitions of the

the cotton manufactory; but ſuch as, in England, had they pretended to ſuperior excellence, would have created laughter: yet, even ſuch as they were, all that were not abſolutely common, were Engliſh goods, ſmuggled into France, or manufactured under the direction of Engliſhmen. Theſe things excepted, and a few others which pretended to be new inventions, of which I was no judge though ſome of them promiſed fairly, the reſt I ſay was either common, or ſo trifling as to be ludicrous.

One man could make a coat, not without ſeams, but, without apparent ſeams: that is, he could fine-draw. He could not do it himſelf: but, the thing was of ſuch importance, that, the name of the man who could was thus advertiſed:

"*Le Citoyen Maché a exécuté les coutures.*"

What he further added, concerning this coat, was ſtrange enough: it might be turned at pleaſure into waiſtcoat, great-coat, mantle, and pantaloon. This it muſt be owned was a new invention. The dexterous tailor ſhould have gone to the *Boulevards*, and turned juggler.

Another manufacturer invented a *phloſcope*: which was his Greek for a fire-grate.

One of his competitors in learning was a manufacturer of *hygiocerames*: or, earthen pipkins. What a learned people are the Pariſians! They are attempting to rival us even in abſurdity; but in that I think we may defy them.

Another man brought a bottle of vinegar, of his own invention; for which he was aſſigned the third part of a portico. I do not know if the bottle held a pint, or a quart.

The third part of another was occupied by a man who ſold glue.

A ſeller of ſealing-wax, a maker of lead-pencils, a fabricator of ſcented ſoap, and a manufacturer of *fleurs en ſucre*, flowers in ſugar,

had each of them a portico for theſe ſpecific and important branches of national induſtry and exquiſite workmanſhip.

This national induſtry was further aggrandiſed by ſhaving tools, wove hair, horn combs, eyes in enamel, horſe girths, two pictures painted on wood, comfits for children, tobacco pipes, razors, rakes, pot hooks, and a ſucceſſion of objects of equal moment.

To remove all poſſibility of ſuſpecting me of prevarication, falſe colouring, or inaccuracy, I ſhall depoſit the printed calalogue, that contains all the facts I have related, and doubtleſs many more if more attentively examined, with the decree of the Conſuls, of which I have given a tranſlation, at the Britiſh Muſeum. They ſhall likewiſe be printed at the end of the work. All men ought to judge for themſelves: all men ought to exerciſe their faculties, ſo as to enable them to judge; and all men ought individually to afford each other, as much as their occupations and powers will permit, the means of judging, by the communication of facts.

The conſequences of an annual exhibition of this nature are peculiarly deſerving of conſideration. To ſpeak a little poetically, it is a ſubject full of queſtion and pauſe.

How far ought the powers and actions of a people to be directed to trade?

What are the branches of trade, by which their pleaſures can be increaſed; and their intellectual faculties not injured, but aided?

Will calling men together, at ſtated periods, be the beſt means of promoting thoſe trades, and manufactories, which are of inevitable uſe and great utility?

Ought men, living many hundred miles from this central point, to be ſo called upon?

Can any ſhow, merely as a ſhow, juſtify a waſte of ſo much time?

time? Six days being thought inſufficient, for the grand exhibition I have deſcribed, it was continued another week.

Anſwering the preceding doubts all in the affirmative, ought not ſuch an exhibition to be a ſubject of ſerious inſpection and ſevere inveſtigation; followed by an account, rendered to the world, of the knowledge that had been derived, and the benefit that might reſult?

I neither can recollect what I know, nor is my knowledge on the ſubject of volume ſufficient to ſtate all the grand points of view under which this grand ſubject ought to be contemplated. I only ſuggeſt hints to men more capable.

Bonaparte, it is true, did go round to the porticoes, to make an examination: that is, he walked from one to the other as faſt as aſking a few queſtions would permit; was guarded by his ſelect attendants, and to make ſecurity doubly ſecure, the gates of the Louvre were cloſed, or entrance forbidden by ſentinels, during the ſurvey. He afterward diſtributed medals of gold, to the twelve whom the jury had recommended as the moſt deſerving: and medals of ſilver to twelve others, who were deemed next in merit.

I am acquainted with a gentleman, who received a prize himſelf; and therefore was preſent, when the twenty-four were diſtributed. He related ſeveral things that were ſaid; but little that deſerved notice, except a few queſtions and replies, which I immediately wrote in my memorandum book, and the cenſure which he paſſed on ſome places, particularly Languedoc and Lyons, for being too inattentive to this annual exhibition. The queſtions and replies were as follow:

"Do you think the articles, you have exhibited, as good as thoſe of the ſame kind, manufactured by the Engliſh?"

'Citizen-General-Firſt Conſul, they are better.'

"Are they equally cheap?"

'Citizen-

'Citizen-General-First Conſul, they are cheaper.'

"Does your manufactory flouriſh?"

'It has continued to flouriſh, Citizen-General-First Conſul, ever ſince the 18th of *Brumaire*.'*

"This cloth is very fine, at what price is it ſold?"

'At two hundred and fifty livres an ell, Citizen-General-First Conſul.'†

"I am obliged to remind you, that I conſider articles of uſe of much greater national importance than articles of high price."

I doubt if there is on earth a character ſo ſingularly contradictory as that of this extraordinary man. I know not how a governor can have wiſer views, on ſuch a ſubject, than thoſe which his laſt ſentence ſeemed to announce. Of the three firſt queſtions I am ſorry to be obliged to add, that the anſwers to two of them were groſs falſehoods, and to the third groſs flattery.

From the tradeſman, who gave me the information I have juſt quoted, I alſo learned that the firſt idea of an exhibition of national induſtry was conceived by *François de Neufchateau*; and executed, under the Directory, in *le Champ de Mars*. He deſcribed it as upon a much grander ſcale and better ſupplied than the ſecond, held in the Louvre. According to him, the ſpace occupied might be as large as Groſvenor-ſquare: a temple was raiſed in the centre, the effect of which was magnificent, and the buſineſs tranſacted was conſiderable.

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* The day on which the Citizen-General-First Conſul ſeized on the government.

† Two hundred and fifty livres is 10l. 3s. 4d.: the exchange being at par.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE FIRST OF VENDÉMIAIRE: PLACE OF HOLDING THE FESTIVAL: ENUMERATION OF SPORTS: TEMPLE AND MONUMENTAL STRUCTURES: POMP OF DESCRIPTION: PROMISES ILL PERFORMED: THE GREAT AND THE LITTLE PUT IN CONTRAST: THE RIVER SEINE NOT A PLACE FOR THE EXHIBITION OF NAVAL GRANDEUR: DESCRIPTION OF TILTS AND TOURNAMENTS HELD IN BOATS: THE SAILORS OF THE SEINE ASCENDING AND DESCENDING SOAPED BOWSPRITS.

WE muſt now leave this part of the ſhow, which was to occupy five of the ſix days devoted to feaſting and rejoicing for the foundation of the republic, and come to the ſixth itſelf.

I know no way of effectually giving the variations by which theſe ſucceeding feſtivals were diſtinguiſhed except that of continuing to tranſlate, now and hereafter, at leaſt the principal traits from each official program. I muſt likewiſe be permitted to call their five ſuperfluous days by their own epithet; *complementary*.

"The evening of the firſt complementary day, a general illumination in the court of the Louvre." Oil and tallow were not ſpared; and, whatever produces it, light is always ſplendid.

"During theſe five complementary days, the national manufactories, libraries, and muſeums to be open, from nine in the morning till four in the afternoon.

"The fifth complementary day, the principal theatres to perform *gratis*.

"At nine in the evening, a general *ſalve* or diſcharge of artillery.

"On

" On the firſt of *Vendémiaire* (their new year's day) at ſix in the morning, another *ſalve* of artillery.

" At ten, a *fête* on the water; between *le Pont des Tuileries*, and *le Pont de la Concorde*.

" In the middle of the river, a monument raiſed *à la Gloire de la Republique*.

" The ſports to be various kinds of tilting; and races of boats and of chaloupes. The ſtarting place and the goal are two obeliſks. The above ſports to continue till night."

FETE IN LES CHAMPS ELYSEES.

" At noon, running at the ring and other trials of ſkill, in the alley of the road to Verſailles and in the alley *d'Antin*.

" At four o'clock, the three grand theatres in the *Carré de Marigni* to open.

" At five, dancing to begin in all parts of *les Champs Elyſées*."

FESTIVAL DURING NIGHT.

" At half paſt ſix, a general illumination.

" In the middle of *le Grand Carré*, the Temple of Peace.

" On each ſide of the temple, two other monuments; dedicated to the military and republican virtues.

" In the temple, the *conſervatoire de muſique* ſhall perform a grand concert.

" During the concert, ſongs and allegoric dances; by the performers of the *Théâtre des Arts*.

" At eight, on the great theatre of *le Carré de Marigni*, a *ballet pantomime*, repreſenting *les fêtes des vendanges*.*

* Feaſting after the vintage like our harveſt home.

" At

" At nine, a night feſtival on the river.

" Below *le Pont de la Concorde*, facing *les Champ Elyſées*, boats, illuminated and filled with muſicians, to execute divers evolutions.

" On the ſhore of *les Invalides* a very grand *girande*;* to precede the aſcenſion of various exploding balloons, filled with fire-works.

" Ball and ſpectacle all night."

Among other documents, I mean alſo to print the complete official details of this feſtival, in the Appendix: but the picture I wiſh to convey requires I ſhould tranſlate a few more ſelect paſſages, that the ſumming up of the whole may be the better felt.

After enumerating the place of holding the feſtival, the ſports, races, prizes, ſpectacles, concerts, illuminations, and dances, which words of themſelves though they may not illuminate do ſomething like dazzle, dance, and inflame the imagination, we are told that " At ten in the morning, a proceſſion of mariners, tilters, and ſwimmers, all clothed in white and diſtinguiſhed by red and blue ſaſhes, accompanied by different bands of muſic, ſhall depart from *la Place de la Colonnade*. They ſhall embark on board a hundred boats, ornamented with garlands of the oak and the vine; and, dividing into two columns bearing with them the bands of muſicians, the prizes deſtined for the conquerors, and the judges of theſe prizes, ſhall repair to the baſon between *le Pont National* and *le Pont de la Concorde*."†

* What we call a catherine wheel, as I preſume.

† By baſon, the river between thoſe bridges is meant; and *le Pont National* is what had juſt before been and is now uſually called *le Pont des Tuileries*. *Le Pont National* was the republican name; which, ſtrange to ſay, is not yet quite forgotten. After the 18th of Brumaire, its title was changed to *le Pont des Tuileries*. I remember an anecdote which is here worth relating.

When Bonaparte had expelled the Directory, who I am told réſided in the palace of the *Luxembourg*, he was aſked where he would take up his reſidence? After

Then follows the order in which they were to row, the place where they were to ſtation themſelves, and their exerciſes, tilting, climbing bowſprits, running at the ring, ſwimming and rowing.

Nothing can be more inflated than the deſcription of the manner in which all this was to be performed. In the execution, conſidering all theſe preparations, all theſe boats and all theſe mariners, ſwimmers, tilters, and I know not what, conſidering I ſay all the parade and all the expence, nothing could be more inſignificant, more diſappointing, more contemptible. The idlers of Paris, it is true, are at all times ready to line the parapets of the bridges, and ſtand gazing; if it be but at a boy or a dog ſwimming, or a float of wood deſcending the river: therefore this proceſſion and theſe ſports, eſpecially on ſuch a day, could not fail to find ſpectators. But the very ſpirit of them, on paper, and I ſuppoſe in intention, was to diſplay powers of limb, ſuperior ſkill, and efforts that ſhould aſtoniſh. Inſtead of which they were childiſh.

A fleet of ſhips, under ſail and winding out of a ſpacious harbour, is indeed a grand ſpectacle. The different direction of each, the ſkill they all diſplay, in ſteering and avoiding whatever might impede or injure, the management of their ſails, that now flutter and as inſtantly ſwell as they catch the wind, the eagerneſs of every human being while he attends to and performs his duty, the animating voices of ten thouſand ſucceſſive and neceſſary orders given by the commanders, and the accuracy with which the manœuvres are performed, theſe are objects that do indeed elevate the mind, inſpire it with innumerable emotions, and lead it to prophetical aſſociations which, from the paſt, has ſome glimpſe of the mighty future.

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a moment's pauſe, he replied, "At the palace of the *Tuileries*: it is a good *military poſt*." From that anſwer, a very wiſe man might have predicted much of the ſyſtem that has ſince been purſued.

That

That the French are capable of grandeur what I have already ſaid ſufficiently proves that I am well aware: but of the grandeur of naval evolutions I ſuſpect they have at preſent but little; and to attempt to perform ſuch evolutions, on ſuch a river as the Seine, was an attempt ſo incredibly ludicrous that, had it not been witneſſed by thouſands, and were the manner of it related as having happened in a nation at the antipodes, equally renowned for arts, ſciences, and warlike exploits, it would have been thought a moſt extravagant tale. I ſaw the men, whom they call their mariners, come from the Louvre to their hundred boats: they looked like dancing maſters' apprentices, who taught from Wapping to Blackwall. I forgot to count the boats; but they did not appear by any means to be one hundred in number: and, though far from having the light and manageable convenience of thoſe that ply on the Thames, yet, conſidering them as prepared for ſuch an occaſion, they reminded an Engliſhman more of ſo many butchers' trays than of twelve-oared barges.

They did not however want fine names; for the program ſtated that, while the grand pantomime, repreſenting the triumph of the Bacchantes, ſhould be performing in *le Carré de Marigni*, the boats, chaloupes, and gondolas, on the river, ſhould be illuminated; and paſſing together by the *Pont de la Concorde*, ſhould perform different evolutions fronting *les Invalides*. When night came, I looked a few minutes to diſcover what theſe evolutions might be. They preſented an appearance of a number of twinkling lights in motion; which, had they been ſeen by a traveller in a ſtrange country, and loſt in a foreſt, might have excited ſurpriſe and alarm: but, by the people in *les Champs Elyſées*, whom they were meant to aſtoniſh, they were ſcarcely noticed.

The reader perhaps will wonder and inquire what the tilts and tournaments performed in ſuch boats could be? He would have

wondered more had he ſeen them: but it would have been at the proof he would have witneſſed that the light and lively French can ſo readily become ſuch ſerious children.

Imagine men with poles, four or five feet long; at each end of which were flat and round pieces of wood, not half the diameter of a trencher. Imagine two of theſe opponents placing the poles to each of their breaſts, and puſhing at one another perhaps one minute, perhaps three; till, by being obliged to ſhift place, one of them falls into the water, then ſcrambles again into the boat, and there ſits dripping wet, ſide by ſide with a whole row of theſe half drowned rats: for, one excepted, they are all obliged to be toſſed overboard; or this one could not win the prize.

I ſaw this ſport, as it is called, in the ſummer of 1783; and felt the ſame diſguſt. The paſtimes of men ought to be manly; ought to diſplay either powers of body or powers of mind. Strength, it is true, was here exerciſed; but it was ſtrength under ſuch awkward and ſuch ridiculous circumſtances that it excited no generous emotion; and was too inſipid to make a man laugh twice. Yet this tilting continued I know not how long; and was repeated at different parts of the day.

Again: imagine what they called their *mâts de beaupré*, bowſprits, raiſed at an angle of perhaps thirty degrees, ſmeared with ſoft ſoap, with a ſliding wooden kind of ſaddle at the upper end, and a ring at the lower capable of being eaſily detached. See the bold ſailors of the Seine, by the aid of a ladder, aſcend and ſeat themſelves in theſe ſaddles. Fortune and peace be praiſed, they are armed not with artillery and lighted match-locks, or even with daggers of ſteel, but with harmleſs ſpindles of wood, with which they are to tranſpierce nothing but the yielding air, and the vacancy in the ring. They are at the ſloping maſt head, their knees compreſs the ſaddle, their eye is fixed on the ring below.

They

They deſcend, the momentum increaſes, the impulſe of ſoap and motion is irreſiſtible, and the too adventurous hero topples headlong into the river; happy and glorious, indeed, ſhould he have carried with him the ring upon his ſpindle, for he then has gained a prize. Hear the laughter of the crowd: the joke is repeated while a prize remains to tempt new tumblers, and the peals are no whit leſs loud. A fall in the water and a wet jacket are enjoyments inexhauſtible.

Once more: imagine others of theſe ſoapy bowſprits; and, from their upper end, handkerchiefs, buckles, and various prizes ſuſpended. See mariners exhibit all their daring and dexterity by efforts, not to deſcend in ſaddles, but, to mount barefooted, and ſnatch away the coveted wealth. Alas! the attempt is vain. The trial is renewed, and, oh treacherous ſoap, a few ſteps and another ſplaſh in the ſtream! The prizes are unattainable; or, if one be reached, it muſt be by him whoſe cunning has well coated his feet with ſand, or powdered ſtone perhaps, or iron filings: nor can he then leiſurely ſtoop, and chuſe; but, when he leaps, muſt as he deſcends make a ſudden ſnatch; and, if ſucceſsful, happy be his dole!

CHAPTER LXV.

ASSOCIATIONS EXCITED BY THE FIRING OF CANNON: EXPERIMENT ON THE PAIN OF HEARING SUCH EXPLOSIONS: SLAVES OF BRONZE FROM LA PLACE DES VICTOIRES: HORSES OF BRONZE FROM CONSTANTINOPLE: FREQUENCY OF CHANGE: EXPECTATIONS RAISED BY THE PROGRAM: THE MAGNIFICENCE OF WORDS: PLEASURES OF A PARENT: DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE PUBLIC: VEXATION OF OPERA PERFORMERS, WHO WERE OBLIGED TO OBEY: A GENERAL OFFICER WOUNDED, AND HIS RELATION KILLED: OTHER TRAGICAL ACCIDENTS.

ONE marking feature in all theſe feſtivals, which I ſpeak of in this place becauſe on this day, and on the 18th of *Brumaire*, it was the moſt marking, was the repeated diſcharges of artillery. Had it been at the will of the ſoldiers, coming from the field, their late habits might make them delight in ſuch infernal exploſions: but that the peaceable world ſhould be annoyed by them, ſhould be wantonly reminded of carnage, deſtruction, and horror, by the command of governors, who affirmed it was the wiſh as it moſt certainly was the moſt ſacred duty to cheriſh peace and the arts of peace, this could only happen becauſe government itſelf remembered the ſweeping deſtruction of grape-ſhot, remembered the battering down of cities and the blowing up of their ramparts, remembered the pomp, the progreſs, and above all the conſequences of war, not with deteſtation, but, with the heartfelt delight that the ſame means were again ready for the ſame diabolical purpoſes. Oh man! What a monſter can habit and the perverſion of the paſſions make thee!

The

The firing was chiefly from the parapet of *les Invalides*; which, though within the walls, may be called in the fields, and at a conſiderable diſtance from the buſy part of the city. A deſire to ſee the arrangements made at this building for the illumination induced me to walk there; and, by accident, I made an experiment which may deſerve to be ſtated.

The exploſion of firing a cannon had always produced a remarkably painful ſenſation on my ear; but, if I approached *les Invalides*, it was not to be avoided. While at ſome diſtance, I obſerved that, if I watched the flaſh, which always precedes the report, the pain occaſioned by the exploſion was greatly diminiſhed. On repetition, I fixed my attention more entirely on the light and the diſtance of time at which the report muſt follow; and at laſt, though I was beſide the cannon, the ſenſation was ſcarcely diſagreeable.

I concluded that the pain had not formerly been produced by any inability in the organization of the ear to receive ſo rude a ſhock, but that, by coming unexpectedly, it occaſions a revolution, or exceſs of motion, perhaps in what are called the nerves, perhaps in the lymph, or, for aught I know, it may be in ſome more ſubtle and undiſcovered fluid. I offer nothing but conjecture; and conjecture ought not to miſlead, though aſſertion might.

On this parapet of *les Invalides* were the four figures of ſlaves, the types of four enſlaved nations, which had ornamented the ox and frog monument of that chief of the Bobadils, Lewis XIV. in *la Place des Victoires*. There is no indecency in ſuch epithets, applied to ſuch a monument and ſuch a man: but there was much indecency, and ſomething worſe, in that poor mortal's oſtentation. The figures were of bronze, were grand in their contours and expreſſion, and, if my eye was accurate, excellent in their proportions.

I forget whether the horſes of bronze, which were brought from Conſtantinople

Conſtantinople by the Venetians, from Venice by the French, and which are now in *la Place du Carrouſel*, were then removed from *les Invalides*; but there I ſaw them, after my arrival at Paris, in 1801. It matters little whether they ſhould be placed before a hoſpital for invalides, or a palace for a General-Firſt-Conſul: but the thing worth remarking is, that, no man can promiſe himſelf any portable object ſhall be ſtationary in Paris. Their immenſe library, which it will be the labour of years to remove, new arrange, and claſs, is to be diſplaced: nobody yet knows how, when, or where; but it was determined the thing ſhould be done. Were the Luxembourg, the Louvre, and the Tuileries capable of removal, perhaps, they might be made to dance the hays.

Dancing is the next point I have to touch upon. The public expectation had been greatly raiſed, by the magnificent promiſes of the program, concerning the ballet-pantomime *à machines*; (with machinery) and of another, ſtill more grand, to be performed after the illumination became general. The program runs thus:

" At ſix o'clock, the illumination ſhall begin. There ſhall be given a ſecond repreſentation of the pantomime on the theatre of machinery.

" At ſeven, the *conſervatoire*, aſſembled in the Temple of Peace, with the muſicians of the orcheſtras of the opera and of the other theatres, ſhall execute a concert of ſelect pieces. During this concert, from two monuments, raiſed at the two extremities of this grand ſquare and dedicated to the military and republican virtues, two troops, of the young and the old of both ſexes, in the Grecian coſtume, ſhall depart; and, on the galleries, which join theſe two monuments to the Temple of Peace, and which ſhall be embelliſhed by poplars bearing trophies of arms, ſhall form marches and amid various ceremonies burn perfumes of every kind. This ſpectacle ſhall be illuminated by *des flammes de Bengale*.

" The

" The concert ended, on a theatre a hundred and twenty feet wide, which ſhall occupy the centre of *le Carré de Marigni*, ſhall be repreſented a pantomime, *à grand ſpectacle*, with dances, combats, and military evolutions, the ſubject of which ſhall be the triumph of the Bacchantes.

" The pantomime being over, *la muſique d'harmonie*, aſſembled on the river below *les Invalides*, ſhall cauſe numerous *bruyantes fanfares* to be heard; which ſhall be followed by a thundering diſcharge of artillery. At this ſignal, after ſome ſky-rockets, an immenſe *girande*, crowned with bombs ſhall burſt forth. From the boſom of this *girande* ſhall riſe three balloons, charged with artificial fires, which ſhall diſperſe in the air, crack, and conclude the *bouquet*."*

The multitude, round this grand ſquare, was immenſe: two of my daughters, my wife, her father, and other friends increaſed the number. I had a pleaſure the enjoyment of which I could not reſiſt: I took my little boy, juſt beginning to prattle, and carried him nearly three hours in my arms. It was an awakening of his faculties. His ſpirits were ſo high that I began, at one time, to be alarmed: the glitter, the blaze of light around him, the motion of the people, the diſtant thunder of the cannon, and the ten thouſand thouſand objects that dazzled in his ſight, happily at laſt overpowered his faculties, and he fell aſleep. How few and how

* That the ſpirit of the original might be felt, I have preſerved ſeveral galliciſms and left French words and phraſes: yet, even with this liberty, I am incapable of conveying the whole force of the pompous French. Thus, *à grand ſpectacle* ſignifies not only proceſſions, ſham fights, and other things equally inſipid, but all that relates to ſhow. And how would it ſound in Engliſh to talk of harmonious muſicians, who ſhould cauſe numerous noiſy fanfaradoes to be heard: or, of fire-balloons to riſe from the boſom of a catherine wheel, crack in the air, and conclude the noſegay? It were a vain attempt. Let us be modeſt, and own that the French are an inimitable people!

 inſignificant

inſignificant are the pleaſures we endeavour to create! How numerous, how legitimate, and how pure are thoſe which ariſe from the practice of our common duties!

The account I received of *la pantomime à machines*, and *la pantomime à grand ſpectacle*, was ſuch as I expected. If I had not had experience of ſuch promiſes, my dear little boy would probably have been left at home. Machinery could not be with ſo much eaſe removed, and worked with effect, as grand effects might be deſcribed, and grand promiſes made. The troops of old and young were the opera performers; who deſpiſed an attempt by which they knew their talents muſt be degraded. But, though they deſpiſed, they durſt not diſobey. They came to the place; but, inſtead of any effort, which muſt indeed have been ineffectual, to diſplay their real powers, they purpoſely ſo managed the exhibition as to make it excite the contempt of all the Pariſians: of whom there is not one who, being ſeated in a theatre, does not aſſume and exerciſe the dignity of a critic. They here ſeemed to participate the pleaſure which the performers took of turning the attempt into ridicule.

After returning home that my boy might be put to reſt, I was too much fatigued to take another walk, of three miles or more, and ſee the fire-works. I ſhould have received no pleaſure, and derived little information: but of pain I had quite enough, the next morning, to hear that at this thundering diſcharge of artillery, and the ſending up of theſe fire-works, the arm of General *Vallence* was ſhattered, and that his ſon or nephew was killed by his ſide; that ſeven people were dangerouſly wounded, one of them mortally, by the giving way of a pile of wood, on which numbers were ſeated to ſee the promiſed wonders on the water; that, as before-mentioned, one man had bitten off his tongue, and another broken his ribs, at *les mâts de cocagne*; and that, if rumour

ſpoke

ſpoke truth, many other accidents had happened. They even ventured to ſtate in a journal, a daring which newſpapers in France do not often riſk, that a ſoldier at Bourdeaux was killed at the celebration either of this feſtival or the following: but which I have forgotten. No feſtival ever happens at which ſeveral lives are not loſt, at Paris; and often I fear many more than reach the ear of the public. But more, preſently, on that melancholy ſubject.

Mazarin College or, Collège de Quatre Nations.

Published by R. Phillips, 19, St Paul's Church Yard, Sept. 1st 1803.

CHAPTER LXVI.

FESTIVAL OF THE 18TH OF BRUMAIRE: THE PEOPLE NOT BLAMEABLE: PROOFS OF THE THIRST OF ADMIRATION IN THE FIRST CONSUL: HIS PROCLAMATION TO THE FRENCH: BOAST OF MODERATION IN NOT INVADING ENGLAND: UNION IS GRANDER THAN CONQUEST: DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAM: PANTOMIME, FIRE-WORKS, ILLUMINATION, STRUCTURES, TROPHIES, PORTICOES, FLOTILLA, BALLOON AND GENERAL EXHIBITION: DIFFICULTY OF WORKING MIRACLES: A TEMPLE BUILT ON THE RIVER SEINE: TRAFFIC, INTERCOURSE, AND AVOCATION ON THE SEINE DESCRIBED: UTILITY FORGOTTEN AND ALL PASSAGE PROHIBITED.

WITHIN little more than two months, we have witneſſed two feſtivals; and one of them a feſtival of ſix days continuance. In leſs than ſix weeks, another is appointed for the 18th of *Brumaire*. The oſtenſible pretence was to celebrate the Peace with England: or, rather, the 18th of *Brumaire* and the Peace were ſo blended and preſented together, to the public, that it might be for either, or both.

The people did not appear to trouble themſelves concerning the motive. If they had but a pretence for a holiday, and ſomething to gaze at, their wiſhes were gratified. Can the people be blamed? To labour much, and to conſume little, is their lot: the life of the wealthy appears to them uninterrupted feſtivity; and, the oftener they can imagine themſelves in participation of ſuch enjoyment, the more they ſeem to obtain that which they envy.

Of the endeavour of the Firſt-Conſul by every effort to fix the attention

attention of the public upon himſelf, to make himſelf the idol of admiration, and to aſſert that, till he appeared, the French were in a moſt unhappy ſtate, no man can be ignorant, who has attended to his decrees, his feſtivals, his official acts, and eſpecially to the addreſſes from the departments, the ſenate, the *tribunat*, the legiſlative corps, and in fine from all public bodies, even to the very loweſt. Without any preſent inquiry into his merits, it is one of the features in his character which, when ſuch an inquiry ſhall be made, will obtrude itſelf with peculiar force and meaning. As the traits and marks of this feature have already occurred, and will continue to occur, ſo frequently, I wiſh them not to paſs unnoticed by the reader.

In the proclamation that preceded the preſent feſtival, though ſome parts of it deſerve conſideration and others cenſure, there is much to commend; much that, in language, and no doubt intention, was equally provident, liberal, and wiſe. It was the following

PROCLAMATION.

THE CONSULS OF THE REPUBLIC TO THE FRENCH.

" *Frenchmen,*

" At length, you have obtained that complete peace which you have ſo well deſerved, by your long and generous efforts.

" All the nations of the earth are your friends; and all the ſeas open their hoſpitable ports to your navigation.

" Faithful to your deſires and its promiſes, the government has not yielded to the ambition of conqueſt, or the temptation of daring and extraordinary enterprize. Its duty was to give humanity repoſe; and, by ſolid and durable bonds, to unite that great European family, which is fated to guide and govern the earth.

" This firſt taſk is accompliſhed; and another is begun. To the

the glory of battle let a glory more humane ſucceed; and one leſs formidable to our neighbours.

" Improvement is our taſk. Let us teach future generations to adopt our inſtitutions, and revere our laws. May they increaſe civil equality, national proſperity, and public freedom. Let the patience and perſeverance, by which under circumſtances the moſt trying we have aſtoniſhed Europe, attend us in agriculture, and arts. Let the ruler and the citizen unite; to improve, enrich, and fecundate every part of our vaſt territory.

" Be we the bond and example of ſurrounding nations. May the ſtranger, whom intereſt or curioſity attracts, be induced to remain among us; arreſted and charmed by our manners, our union, our induſtry, and our happineſs: or, ſhould he return home, may he return inſtructed and improved; and may the French name be friendly to his ear.

" Should there be men who are ſtill tormented by the neceſſity to hate their fellow citizens, embittered by the recollection of their loſſes, to theſe immenſe countries are open:* thither let them courageouſly go; in ſearch of wealth, and the forgetfulneſs of their misfortunes and their ſufferings. The eyes of their country will be on them: it will aid their fortitude; and the day will come when, happy in their paſt labours, they will return to its boſom the worthy citizens of a free ſtate, no longer afflicted by the phrenzy of perſecution.

" Frenchmen, two years ago, *on this very day*, you beheld the end of your civil diſſenſions; and the annihilation of your various cabals. From that time, your energy has been concentrated; and you have embraced whatever was great in the eyes of humanity, whatever was uſeful in the eyes of your country.

* It was at that time rumoured that government was deſirous of ſending coloniſts to St. Domingo.

" Every

"Every where the government has been your guide, and ſupport: its conduct will be uniformly the ſame; your grandeur will be its grandeur, and your happineſs the ſole recompence to which it aſpires."*

In the firſt paragraph of this proclamation the French are told, in terms too plain to be miſunderſtood, that the government had not yielded to the ambitious temptation to conquer England. The words daring and extraordinary enterprize could have no other alluſion. That ambition, which every man ought to regard with deteſtation and horror, is qualified as extraordinary. A thing no leſs extraordinary, than even ſuch a raſh, wicked, and inevitably abortive attempt muſt have been, was that every Frenchman, with whom I converſed, made not the leaſt doubt but that France could with the utmoſt eaſe invade and conquer England. I hope to find an opportunity of ſhewing that there are few ſubjects in which the proofs, from moral and phyſical cauſes, are more unanſwerable, more ſelf-evident, more ſecure, than thoſe which demonſtrate that any ſuch attempt muſt end in the deſtruction of the invaders, and the eternal diſhonour of thoſe who ſhould ſend them to deſtruction.

How much grander, and in what a different ſpirit, was the idea of uniting the one great European family, to guide and govern the earth! Not to govern by the ſword, but by the powers of mind; by the introduction of knowledge, and all the arts of increaſing civilization. To the ſelf-flattery, in the two laſt paragraphs of the proclamation, I have already adverted. In the other parts, the views it profeſſes, and the purſuits to which it excites, are moſt of them dignified, and deſirable.

* For the original, ſee the Appendix.

The

The following is the manner in which government announced the grand exhibitions, that were to take place, on the 18th of *Brumaire:*

DESCRIPTIVE PROGRAMMA OF THE FESTIVAL;

Given at Paris, in honour of Peace, Brumaire 18, An X.

" This feſtival is to be held in the *Tuileries, la Place de la Concorde,* and the quays on the banks of the Seine: extending from the *Pont Neuf* to the *Pont des Tuileries.* It is to conſiſt,

" In a federative and triumphal exhibition, in favour of commerce:

" The aſcenſion of a balloon:

" A concert, to be performed by the *Conſervatoire:*

" A pantomime, analogous to Peace:

" Fire-works, on the river Seine:

" A grand illumination:

" And a ball, held in different parts of *la Place de la Concorde.*

" For this purpoſe, a ſpacious theatre has been erected, at the entrance of *les Champs Elyſées,* decorated by three temples: that in the centre, the largeſt, is dedicated to Peace; and the two others to Art and Induſtry. Behind the temples are ſeen the walls of two large fortified towns.

" In the middle of the Seine, between the bridges, another temple, intirely open, ſhall be raiſed, adorned by numerous columns, and dedicated to Commerce: it ſhall contain the ſtatue of that god, in the centre; and four other ſtatues, at the four corners, repreſenting the four principal rivers of France.

" *Ifs* * almoſt innumerable, and trophies and monuments relative to peace, ſhall be arranged on the bridges, and quays.

* Equilateral triangles; containing lights, placed in rows.

" A long

" A long ſucceſſion of porticoes ſhall ornament the front and the two ſides of the grand alley of the Tuileries.

" On the eve of the feſtival, the theatres of Paris ſhall be open to the public, *gratis*; and, at ſix in the evening, a grand diſcharge of artillery ſhall be heard.

" On the eighteenth, at ſeven in the morning, the cannon once more ſhall announce the feſtival; and ſalutes of artillery ſhall be hourly repeated.

" At noon, a flotilla ſhall leave *le Pont de la Concorde*, to the firing of cannon, and aſcend the ſtream: the chaloups that compoſe it ſhall be filled with the inhabitants of the various countries of Europe, with their characteriſtic colours flying at the maſt head. Boats, containing bands of muſic, ſhall precede and accompany them as they go, forming various evolutions, to the temple of Commerce; into which the different tribes ſhall aſcend, each preceded by its banner, and be received and welcomed, with every demonſtration of joy, by the French. Here the people and their enſigns mingle; the latter are to be hung round, and adorn, the columns of the temple. While the general clamour, the ſound of trumpets, and the united harmony of a hundred inſtruments, ſhall proclaim the happy union, the dance, the ſong, and the univerſal chorus ſhall make the air reſound, and be extended by ſpeaking trumpets. There ſhall be ſailing matches, if the weather will permit.

" At four in the afternoon, a balloon ſhall riſe majeſtically to the clouds; bearing the flags of all the powers which Peace has aſſembled, and alſo four *aëronautes*.

" At five, the *ifs*, on the quays and at *la Place de la Concorde*, the porticoes in the grand alley of the Tuileries, and the innumerable lamps of the palace, the bridges, the walls, and the parapets,

ſhall be lighted up: every houſe ſhall follow the example, and the illumination ſhall become general.

" At ſix, the orcheſtra ſhall perform a concert in the middle temple of the grand theatre; conſiſting of a ſymphony, by *Goſſec:* a hymn to the republic, by the ſame compoſer: a ſymphony, by *Haydn:* a religious hymn, by *Le Sueur:* an overture, by *Mehul:* a ſong of rejoicing, by *Martini:* another ſymphony, by *Haydn:* and a hymn to Peace, by *Mehul.*

" At eight, the pantomime begins: the redoubled thunder of cannon is heard, the drums beat, the trumpets ſound a charge, every thing announces war, and the Temple of Peace is cloſed.

" Diſcord, attended by the infernal deities, is drawn in her chariot by black horſes, ſhaking her torches, and haſtening from town to town; while groups of terrified people fly at her approach.

" The belligerent powers appear, the towns are beſieged, bodies of horſe and foot charge each other, their chiefs meet in ſingle combat, the bombardment continues, ramparts are overthrown, towers fall, and the conflagration every where ſpreads. The women hurry away with their children; the men with their moſt precious effects: taking refuge in the temples. All is a general picture of battles, the horrors of war, and the evils it preſents.

" The ſound of victory being heard, ſofter muſic gradually ſucceeds, hope revives, the Temple of Peace again is opened, the refugees leave their hiding places, groups are formed, and a general march takes place: in which each nation is repreſented by a leader, mounted on his car drawn by white horſes, and bearing the proper national enſigns and emblems. The nations in proceſſion ſurround an altar dedicated to Peace, join in the ſong of concord, and there pronounce the oath of alliance: while the two towns announce

nounce their joy, by the diſcharge of artillery; which concludes the pantomime.

"At nine, the fire-works begin, from the river: affording a ſucceſſion of ſtars, and brilliant *aigrettes*, interrupted by *des flammes de Bengale*; which give to night the clearneſs of day; and ending by an exploſion of rockets; the light of which, reflected by the water, renders the atmoſphere one ſheet of fire.

"This being over, the orcheſtras, ſtationed in the three temples that adorn the theatre, and thoſe alſo that are diſperſed in various parts of *la Place de la Concorde*, begin the ball: which ſhall continue till the illumination ſhall die away."

With means leſs than miraculous, it was not eaſy to exceed theſe promiſes, nor to raiſe expectation higher, than by the reading ſuch a paper. With what facility could the writers of ancient romance deſcribe enchanted caſtles! But where, at preſent, is the necromancer, at the touch of whoſe wand they will riſe into exiſtence? At this feſtival however there was a fair debtor and creditor account. Thoſe, who commanded and regulated the ſpectacle, deſcribed the effects which they intended, or rather which they wiſhed, to produce. In ſome inſtances, their ludicrous attempts to fulfil their bombaſtic promiſes excited univerſal deriſion; but in one, at leaſt, that which they actually performed, was too grand for any adequate picture of it to be conveyed by deſcription. Of each I ſhall ſpeak in rotation.

I have deſcribed the temple dedicated to Peace, built for the 14th of July and again uſed on the feaſt of the new year. The approach of winter rendered *les Champs Elyſées* improper for the place of the preſent feſtival; it had therefore been taken down: but temples, citadels, towns, and fortifications, as the program aſſured us, were now to riſe up; and the Temple of Peace found

a new ſituation. Its form as well as place and name were indeed changed; and a dull Engliſhman would be one of the laſt to imagine that place which the ſuperb whim of a Frenchman found for the ſtructure. It was no other than the centre of the river Seine, where it was called the Temple of Concord.

To exhibit the character both of the government and of the people, it will be neceſſary to preface what I have to ſay by a deſcription of the daily avocations, traffic, and intercourſe, to which this river is made ſerviceable.

Firſt, it is an inland port; and, though trifling, there ſtill is a degree of commerce to which it contributes, eſpecially with Rouen, that is with Normandy and Picardy, that ought to be encouraged; certainly not impeded.

Next, there are various bathing eſtabliſhments; for which at a great expence barges, and convenient ſtructures upon them, have been built.

Beſide theſe, there are numbers of covered barges, dedicated to the waſhing of linen, in which women and girls are continually employed, ſucceeding each other from morning to night. Without reſpect to theſe and no doubt other objects of utility, with which I am unacquainted, an order was iſſued, and paſted on the walls, prohibiting all intercourſe and paſſage, a certain number of days preceding the 18th of *Brumaire*; and commanding the river to be entirely cleared below the *Pont Neuf* of all boats, barges, bathing eſtabliſhments, and every kind of craft; with the ſingle exception of the bathing eſtabliſhment of *Vigée*.

The reader will make his own reflections.

CHAPTER LXVII.

MANNER OF CONSTRUCTING THE TEMPLE ON THE SEINE: SURPRISE AT ITS REMOVAL: A CALCULATION SUGGESTED: ACCIDENT THE CONSTANT FRIEND OF BONAPARTE: APPEARANCES AND PREPARATIONS: LIBERTY, EQUALITY, AND FRATERNITY CONCEALED: A HOLIDAY FRIGATE: A FLEET ASCENDING THE SEINE: THE SOLEMNITY OF FARCE: PLAY-THINGS FOR GROWN CHILDREN: HURRY AND ANXIETY OF THE WORKMEN: LAMPIONS APPEAR INNUMERABLE: THRONG OF THE PEOPLE AND RASHNESS OF MOTHERS: COMPLIMENT PAID TO ENGLAND IN THE PERSON OF THE MARQUIS CORNWALLIS—ANECDOTE OF ALPHONSO V. OF PORTUGAL.

MEANWHILE, I daily had occaſion to paſs, and witneſſed the new labours for temple building. I ſaw barges brought, one after another, and moored to the ſouth bank of the Seine: on the bank itſelf, ſheds for the workmen were run up: the parapet was loaded with treſſels, and the multiplied operations continued to increaſe.

On theſe barges I found the temple was to be erected: but the program ſtated the middle of the Seine, and they communicated with the ſhore by planks. The day arrived, and the temple as uſual only wanted finiſhing; but it was cloſe upon the ſhore: in the afternoon, however, it was both finiſhed and in the middle of the ſtream.

To find the ſum of human labour extorted from the poor by the rich, and chiefly for the purpoſe of producing aſtoniſhment in the poor

poor themſelves, would be a curious and uſeful calculation. How many bleſſings would it beſtow, could the quantity of ſcience, which was neceſſary to effect this phenomenon, be ſpread among the inhabitants of Lapland.

Yes, all the foreſeen obſtacles were overcome, the wonder was performed, and by moving the barges the whole conſtruction was removed into the middle of the river. But there was an obſtacle not to be foreſeen: the heavens, for the firſt time, appeared to lour on *Bonaparte*. The rain had continued all the morning; and the low and heavy atmoſphere gave no hope of ceſſation. There are men who ought to adore accident, as their deity; and one of them is the Citizen-General-Firſt-Conſul Bonaparte. About two in the afternoon, contrary to all expectation, the clouds began ſlowly to riſe: toward three, ſpots of azure were ſeen; and at four the ſun ſhone forth upon *Bonaparte* and Paris.

The preparations for illuminating were immenſe. In the *Tuileries*, the ſpacious alley of the centre which faced the palace, and that alſo which was at right angles, were embelliſhed with one entire ſucceſſion of arches; called in the program porticoes; which were all to be loaded with *lampions*.

Over *la Place de la Concorde, ifs* were in equal abundance.

Croſſing the bridge and coming to *le Palais du Corps Légiſlatif*, I there found grand architectural decorations, and paintings of allegorical figures of Abundance, Agriculture, and Commerce, in compartments on one ſide; and Proſperity, Science, and Art, on the other.

I continued my walk to *les Invalides*, where preparation was no leſs profuſe. Here I remarked an incident which, whether it were accidental or meditated, was ſingular. On the front of the hoſpital is the following inſcription, in large capital letters:

INDI-

INDIVISIBILITÉ DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE FRANCAISE:

LIBERTÉ, ÉGALITÉ, FRATERNITÉ.

As here printed, they were in two lines, diſtinct and diſtant from each other. Among other decorations for this feſtival, a board had been placed acroſs the front of the building, on which was painted the word

BONAPARTE

in letters ſtill much larger. This board ſuffered the upper line, *Indiviſibilité de la République Française* to appear above it: but it concealed the line below, formed by the words *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité.* I turned and queſtioned the eyes of others, to read what their thoughts were? I turned and queſtioned in vain: they were void of thought. By looking, however, I had fixed the attention of one man on the ſame object; and I ventured to aſk him what were become of *Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité?* The man glanced at me, uttered an oath, and wheeled round not with a ſmile, but a ſardonic grin. I ſympathized with him: I partook his indignation. *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité* were literally effaced by *Bonaparte.*

On this day the diſcharges of artillery were more frequent than they had been even on the firſt of *Vendémiaire.* "Since the invention of gunpowder," ſays Saint Foix, "it has been ſuppoſed that from a hundred brazen throats the birth of princes might be announced moſt majeſtically. Would not the flute, the violin, the horn and the hautboy be of better augury?"

Nor were the guns of *les Invalides* ſufficient: there was a kind of cock-boat lying near *le Pont des Tuileries,* fitted up and rigged like a frigate, and ſo pompouſly called. This mighty man of war

kept

kept firing ſalutes every half hour, greatly to the aſtoniſhment of the Pariſians; who, while they liſtened and looked, entered into diſcuſſions, details, and deſcriptions, of a naval engagement. It reminded me of one of their own humorous pamphlets, entitled *Voyage à St. Cloud, par Mer et par Terre.**

This ſaid frigate, I was told, had been built at *Calais*; and, by coaſting to *Havre*, had been brought up the Seine. It was a ſpeculative toy, for which the builder hoped to be rewarded. If the account I heard was accurate, the Firſt Conſul gave him ſeven thouſand livres;† and made him commander of the veſſel. It was leſs valuable, and not much larger, than the turnip, which, we are told, was preſented by a peaſant to a prince.

From the program we learn, this was not the only naval exhibition which was to aſtoniſh the public. A fleet was to aſcend the Seine, bearing inhabitants from every empire in Europe, each with their flag flying at the maſt head, accompanied by muſicians, and after different manœuvres ſhould arrive at and ſurround the Temple of Commerce, where the French in waiting ſhould welcome them with every demonſtration of joy.

With what a ſerious ſolemn face may ſuch farces be deſcribed? That children ſhould make houſes of cards, and have their trumpets, drums, and whiſtles, is not ſurpriſing: but that men can degrade themſelves by crowding into paltry boats, hanging bits of coloured ſilks at the ends of poles, dreſſing themſelves like the buffoons of the *Boulevards*, and by pretending to ape nations to which

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* *A Voyage to St. Cloud by Sea and Land.* St. Cloud is ſcarcely three miles from Paris: there is a *côche d'eau* that goes thither down the Seine, at ſtated times, and takes paſſengers at two-pence halfpenny each. The pamphlet alluded to is in ridicule of the ignorance of the Pariſians, who are pictured in amazement at the wonders they diſcover, in the courſe of this daring voyage.

† Nearly three hundred pounds.

they

they had not the leaſt reſemblance, provoke the ridicule nay the contempt of thoſe nations, is an event too ſtrange to have been predicted. That pageants ſhould ſtill exiſt from ancient uſage, and which men knew not how to aboliſh, without violence either to chartered privileges or popular opinions, is no miracle: but that the imbecilities of barbarous ages ſhould ſuggeſt imitations ſtill more imbecile, more abſurd, for the reaſon that the very performers in them cannot but have a feeling of their abſurdity, is among the number of thoſe acts of government, and land-marks of national character, for which I have found it difficult to account.

It is ſtill the afternoon of the 18th of *Brumaire*; and, though the people are ſwarming abroad, the workmen ſtill are eagerly employed; fearful leſt their labours ſhould not be accompliſhed in time for the evening illumination. They are on the ſcaffolding of the *Pont Neuf:* here they raiſe an allegorical figure, I think it was of Concord; there they flank the parapets with rows of *lampions*; and yonder they are nailing up canvas rocks, and clouds, and gods, at the *Hôtel de la Police.* Could the eye have every where accompanied them, it would no doubt every where have found them in the ſame haſte and anxiety. The number of men employed muſt have been vaſt; for, beſide the preparations which were not yet complete, the very lighting of ſo countleſs a number of *lampions* ſeemed to require an army.

The evening ſets in, and all begins to be in readineſs: the lamplighters are at work, the gates that lead to the gardens of the Tuileries are removed; yet the preſs of people is ſo great that there is danger in the paſſage: all the narrow avenues are ſhut up; every where the tiding multitudes have different directions, and increaſe obſtruction; yet curioſity will adventure, women will

bring their children abroad, and government will continue to move this mountainous and overwhelming ocean.

Precautions were taken, and regulations made: granted. Coaches, on the day of feſtival, were forbidden to paſs the ſtreets; and this order was rigorouſly enforced, not in the ſtreets, but, on the quays and the chief ſcene of feſtivity. There was one exception, which was intended as a marked compliment to the people of England: the carriage of the Marquis Cornwallis was permitted to paſs the bridge of the *Tuileries*, and along the quays, that our ambaſſador might view the ſplendor of the ſcene. After animoſity ſo deteſtable, and mutual hatred ſo mutually and ſo perniciouſly inflamed, how dear to the heart are the returns of friendſhip.*

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* In 1476 Alphonſo V. king of Portugal, came to Paris to ſolicit aid againſt Ferdinand, ſon to the king of Arragon, who had deſpoiled him of Caſtille. Hiſtorians tell us Lewis XI. paid him great honour, and endeavoured to procure him every poſſible amuſement. He was lodged in *la Rue des Prouvaires*,* at the houſe of a grocer, named *Laurent Herbelot*; was taken to the *Palais*, where he had the pleaſure to hear a remarkable cauſe pleaded: on the morrow, he was preſent at the reception of a doctor in divinity; and the following Sunday, December 1, being the eve of his departure, a proceſſion of the univerſity was commanded, which paſſed under his windows. Here was a king honourably lodged, and finely amuſed!"†

Saint Foix, we find, deſpiſed amuſement from part of which knowledge might be obtained, and the mind enlarged; and, probably, would have thought Lord Cornwallis, much more rationally treated. I have little doubt but it was the intention to aſtoniſh this noble Marquis; who, I believe, poſſeſſes much wiſdom and virtue. He was the friend of Peace, might be gratified by the reſpect paid to the ambaſſador of England, and could not but feel ſome ſurpriſe at the illumination. He might admire; but it is my hope that no wiſe man long forgot himſelf ſo far as to approve.

* Or, *Rue des Prêtres*: in old language, *prouaire* ſignified a prieſt.—*Saint Foix.*

† Saint Foix: vol. iii. p. 262.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

EXHIBITIONS AT LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE: INEFFECTUAL ATTEMPTS: OBSTACLES OF ENJOYMENT: BLAZE OF LIGHT IN LA PLACE DE LA CONCORDE: THE GARDENS AND PALACE OF THE TUILERIES, THE BANKS OF THE SEINE, AND THE PONT NEUF: REFLECTIONS ON THE SEARCH AFTER TRUE PLEASURE: INQUIRIES INTO MORAL AND PHYSICAL EFFECTS: FATAL ACCIDENTS: AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG ENGLISHMAN AND HIS WIDOW: REVERBERATION OCCASIONED BY THE FIRE-WORKS AND DEATHS: A WORD ON THE DUTIES OF GOVERNMENTS: HOW FAR THEY ARE INFLUENCED BY PUBLIC OPINION AND NATIONAL PROPENSITIES: AND WHAT IS THEIR POWER OF RESISTANCE.

THE illumination is become general: let us forget it, for a moment, that we may take a view of what is paſſing in *la Place de la Concorde.*

This place, though not ſo regular in its form, is of greater extent than Lincoln's Inn Fields. Here it was that cities were to be beſieged, citadels to be bombarded, ramparts overthrown, towers levelled to earth, and a general conflagration was to drive men, women, and children, to take refuge in the temples. The tumults of battle, the horrors of war, and the deſolation it produces were all here to be pictured!

But how, in the name of magic, was all this to happen; though the place was larger than Lincoln's Inn Fields? Where were the cities, and towns, and towers, and temples? I looked for them by day, and I looked for them by night; but I could no where find

them. I found only ſomething which thoſe who made them, or their maſters, were pleaſed to call ramparts: conſiſting of painted boards and canvas, ſuch as the beſt theatre on the *Boulevards* would have been aſhamed to exhibit, as the whole extent and power of their ſcenery.

I would not attempt a picture of ſuch vile farces, I would not thus again and again obtrude them upon the reader, if it were not with ſome faint hope that I may aid and excite men to conſider, not only of pageants like theſe, but, of a multitude of aſſociating objects, to which the mind may be eaſily led.

The rains of the ſeaſon had filled this vaſt place with mud: troops of ſweepers had been employed, in clearing and ſtrewing it with ſand: the taſk was beyond their power; the mud and ſand were ſoon amalgamated by feet ſo innumerable; and the people themſelves found the ſight did not reward them for the trouble of cleaning their ſhoes. No woman in Paris, obſerve, ever dirties her petticoats, be the weather fair or foul; ſhe always takes care to hold them too high.

Let us turn to a different part of the picture. What a blaze of light is here! Who ſhall deſcribe it! Being in *la Place de la Concorde*, the extenſive glare ſeems to defy rivalry: yet by the gardens and the palace of the *Tuileries*, it was far exceeded. The grand alleys and the arches I have mentioned are a ſheet of light: the palace of the *Tuileries*, from top to bottom, is the ſame!

What then are the banks of the Seine, and the *Pont Neuf*? They are ſtill more aſtoniſhing! The quays, the parapets, the entire ſurface of the bridge, with all its lofty and extenſive temporary arches, are faced and flanked with lights. There appears to be no intermiſſion, no vacuity, no repoſe for the eye. To add to the broad magnificence, the ſtill waters of the Seine act as a mirror; and, by reflexion, double that which before was infinite.

I know

I know not what has been, yet I doubt if ever the world produced another equal expanſe of artificial light.

Let us pauſe. Let not the imagination be deceived; but rather let it be prompted to inquire. Pleaſure is the legitimate purſuit of man: let him ſeek it moſt in its utmoſt ſublimity; but let him not be deceived. The grand effect of this evening was that it was unuſual: a ſingular increaſe of what? Of wiſdom, or of folly? To produce this ſteady flame no knowledge of ſcience, no effort of mind, no flight of genius, was neceſſary. Boards, broad and narrow, were nailed againſt the walls; *lampions*, that is, ſmall earthen pans, flat, and of rude workmanſhip, were filled with tallow of the worſt kind; theſe *lampions* were placed in right lines to a vaſt extent, and an almoſt incredible number; they were lighted; and, becauſe of their extent and number, the blaze they ſent forth was unuſually ſplendid, even to the Pariſians; who are accuſtomed to this kind of diſplay. Yet, what was this light compared to the light of noon? It fatigued the eye by its inceſſant twinkling; but it did not, like the ſun, repel and defy the powers of human viſion.

The pleaſure of ſurpriſe excepted, what were its other attributes and conſequences? It abſolutely vitiated the lower atmoſphere: the air which man was obliged to breathe ſtank. The mouth nay and the thorax were lined with what I feared was infectious; and I ſtill doubt if it were not ſo, to many.

I have before ſpoken of the waſte of labour, and materials: what was the waſte, in the preſent inſtance? In proportion as it excited ſurpriſe, did it not excite to future and ſtill greater waſte? Was it productive of any the leaſt phyſical or moral good?

Beſide the harm already ſuppoſed, it was productive of miſchief of which there can be no doubt. Many lives were loſt; ſeveral workmen

workmen fell from the ſcaffolding at the *Pont Neuf*, and were killed; not at once, but ſucceſſively, and in conſequence of repeating the ſame deſperate attempt.* Under the very windows of the conſular palace, and from which it was ſaid *Madame et Monſieur* Bonaparte were looking at the time the accident happened, boards had been placed acroſs a deep area, in which were ſeveral pieces of hewn ſtone for building: on theſe boards, people had thronged to ſee the illumination and fire-works; and in ſuch numbers that the boards broke. By this event a number of perſons were maimed, and killed; one of whom was an unfortunate Engliſhman, in the bloom of youth: who, accompanied by his wife, had made the journey purpoſely to be preſent at this feſtival. His wretched widow conveyed and attended him back in his coffin.

By the fire-works themſelves it was reported that four or five perſons at leaſt loſt their lives: yet this part of the exhibition was ſo pitiful that the people were utterly diſſatisfied. The place of diſplay was very injudiciouſly choſen: it was from the Temple of Concord; built, as deſcribed, on barges: where, the air being confined by the two banks and parapets of the *Seine*, the new Louvre on the north quay, and the lofty buildings on the ſouth, the reverberation was ſo violent that it terrified not only the ſpectators but the whole neighbourhood. The people in *la Rue de Lille*, where I lived, imagined ſome dreadful exploſion had happened; and ran from their houſes in alarm to inquire. One of the rods that had been ſent up into the air fell in our court-yard. My wife paſſed

* This I was aſſured was true; and that two victims were taken to the famous hoſpital *l'Hôtel Dieu*, where they both died; one almoſt immediately. The thing attempted was to illuminate the allegorical figure, which at laſt was not wholly effected.

through

through the court immediately after it had fallen; ſhe had been induced to go into the ſtreet by hearing that a man had juſt been killed at the corner of it: a rod had fallen on his head, and ſhe ſaw the people bearing him away. Near the ſame place another man had his arm broken.

Is it the foreſight and ſagacity of a provident government, that can ordain theſe things; or is it inſanity?

I am well aware that every government receives a certain degree of impulſe, from the people governed. To pageants, illuminations, fire-works, and a countleſs train of ridiculous and dangerous follies, the people of France have for many ages been familiarized. Succeeding feſtivals were held, while I remained in Paris; and at none of them were the propenſities of the people indulged to the ſame exceſs. The conſequence was diſſatisfaction: they murmured at the neglect; they regretted the pleaſures that were paſſed. The feſtival concerts were afterward given in the garden of the Tuileries, adjoining the palace: theſe concerts they ſaid were for the rich; why were the poor excluded? No complaint could be more unjuſt: the ſpace was ſufficient to contain many thouſands more than could approach, near enough to hear; and the gardens were open to all ranks. I ſaw no man turned back, one poor fellow excepted; and, when I inquired why he was denied admittance, the ſentinel pointed to his bare legs: the man was without ſtockings. Others, whoſe rags were of leſs value, paſſed freely. The diſtinction was abſurd, but the bayonet was obeyed.

By how much then of this propenſity in the people was the government overawed; or, if you pleaſe, influenced? In things of ſtill much greater importance, in conſcriptions and taxation, in taking from the people the money that ſhould maintain and the ſons that ſhould labour for their families, they certainly conſult

ſult no propenſity of the people. Since governments think themſelves obliged to make efforts, for the people's ſafety, by which the keeneſt of the people's feelings are wounded and rouzed, ſurely ſimilar cauſes ought to produce ſimilar effects. Where is the family that would not more willingly ſubmit to the loſs of a puppet-ſhow than to the loſs of a huſband, or a ſon? The diſuſe of feſtivals would make them ſink into forgetfulneſs: few children would regret what few children had ſeen; and to none but children can ſuch ſhows give pleaſure.

CHAPTER LXIX.

INTRODUCTION TO THE NARRATIVE OF A DREADFUL EVENT: GRAND FIRE-WORKS AT THE MARRIAGE OF THE DAUPHIN: SHEETS OF FIRE THROWN ON THE PEOPLE: STREETS RENDERED IMPASSABLE: PEOPLE TRAMPLED TO DEATH: A BROKEN SCAFFOLD AND SPECTATORS DROWNED: PARADE OF GRIEF AND FEELING: ROYAL DONATIONS: MISERY OF THE SCENE: THE COUNT ST. FLORENTIN: THOUGHTS ON THE ARTS OF COURTIERS: INSTANCES OF THE HABITUAL NEGLIGENCE OF THE FRENCH: MONKS IN ARMOUR.

I HAVE waited for this opportunity to relate one of thoſe tragical events, which I ſuppoſe moſt certain to make and leave a due impreſſion upon the mind, of the miſchiefs which are not only liable to reſult, but which actually have reſulted, from the celebration of public feſtivals.

In Chapter XXXIX. I alluded to this narrative, which I reſerved for its proper place; and lamented that I had not, in France, found authentic documents, from which I could ſafely ſtate and detail the facts.

In the ſpring of 1770 Lewis XVI., then the dauphin of France, was married to *Marie Antoinette*, of the imperial houſe of Auſtria. Fatal was the beginning of this marriage; and, alas, ſtill more fatal was its end. Of the event I have now to deſcribe I find the following account, in the Annual Regiſter.

"The grandeſt fire-works that have ever been known, were this evening exhibited in the ſquare of Lewis XV.* at Paris, in

* Now *la Place de la Concorde.*

honour of the dauphin's marriage; but the fatal cataſtrophe, that marked this exhibition, will long be remembered with horror and regret. It appears that the plan of the fire-works was ſo vaſt that it exceeded the powers of the engineer to regulate all its parts, and to reſtrain its effects; and ſome of the apparatus, having exceeded his intention, or playing off untimely, threw ſheets of fire upon the people.

"The dreadful conſequences that enſued, from this alarm, might in a great meaſure be imputed to the inattention of the magiſtrates. In the firſt place, there was no ſcaffold erected for the convenience of the ſpectators; and in the next, the communications between the *Place de Louis XV.* and the *Boulevards*, which conſiſt of three ſtreets, were in a manner blocked up: that on the left hand, the *Rue la Bonne Morue*, being narrow, was rendered impaſſable by the coaches: that on the right, called *Rue St. Florentin*, in which the Count St. Florentin, ſecretary of ſtate, has his reſidence, and in whoſe department the care of this metropolis is, and by whoſe order the fire-works were exhibited, for the conveniency of himſelf and friends, his excellency would not permit the populace to paſs; and this being the principal thoroughfare from the *Place de Louis XV.*, where the fire-works were exhibited, to the *Boulevards*, there was only the middle ſtreet free for the foot paſſengers.

"The aſtoniſhing multitude, that had crowded to ſee the fire-works, being ſeized with a panic, upon finding a hurry and confuſion, for which the greater part of them were unable to account, endeavoured to eſcape through this narrow ſtreet; which they ſoon jammed up in ſuch a manner as to make it impaſſable. The confuſion increaſed to ſuch a degree that one trampled over another, till the people lay one upon another in heaps; thoſe, who were undermoſt, ſtabbed thoſe who lay above them, in order to diſengage

diſengage themſelves. The pickpockets and robbers availed themſelves of the confuſion; and many ladies had their ear-rings torn out of their ears. A ſcaffold, erected near the palace of Bourbon, broke down with the over-weight of the ſpectators, who all fell into the river. There have been already taken up above a hundred drowned at *St. Cloud*, but many bodies have been driven beyond that place. The carnage was dreadful. It is computed that not leſs than three thouſand are either killed, wounded, or rendered cripples during the remainder of their days.

" The humanity of the new-married pair, on this melancholy occaſion, cannot be ſufficiently applauded. The dauphin, in the firſt tranſports of his grief, gave all the money allotted for his month's expences, toward the relief of the ſufferers; and in this act of generoſity he was followed by the dauphineſs, whoſe mind was ſo deeply impreſſed, with the relation of what had happened, that it was with difficulty ſhe could be kept from fainting. His majeſty was alſo greatly affected, and iſſued orders, that no expence might be ſpared to ſuccour and aſſiſt the miſerable. In ſhort, ſuch a ſcene of real diſtreſs never before preſented itſelf, and it is thought it will be a means of utterly aboliſhing that kind of entertainment for the future.

" The number of the dead, ſo far as the bodies that were drowned have been recovered, appears by the lateſt and beſt accounts to have been in all ſeven hundred and twelve. Among which were four monks, two abbés, and twenty-two perſons of condition. It does not appear that there are any Engliſh among the number.

" His moſt chriſtian majeſty has ordered 100,000 livres to be expended, toward the relief of the unfortunate perſons, who were hurt, or have loſt their relations, in the confuſion on the night of

the city fire-works. The dauphineſs and the meſdames have alſo contributed."*

What can be ſaid to fix this deep in the memory of man; that the terrible example may warn nations and governments againſt follies ſo deſtructive; and that it may become an everlaſting beacon to futurity!

The miſery of the ſcene was beyond the power of deſcription. An Engliſhman, who was preſent, has informed me that the heart-rending cries, from relations, brothers, ſiſters, fathers, mothers, and wives, who came to ſeek the dead, and who were kept off by ſoldiers ſtationed for that purpoſe, were too piercing to be endured: he was obliged to hurry away.

My wife's father was among the crowd, and in danger of being one of the victims: fortunately, he was young, ſtrong of limb, and ſagacious. The moving multitude was a ſolid body; and he, as a kind of particle, was wedged in and carried along, treading as he went upon the dying and the dead. He that ſhould happen to ſink down muſt never riſe again: and there were hewn ſtones brought for building, which occaſionally made vacant places, and over which many miſerable wretches ſtumbled their laſt.

It is another moſt remarkable incident that, on this dreadful day, not only the fire-works, by their deſcent, occaſioned the havoc deſcribed, but an accident, common as we have ſeen to ſuch exhibitions, when eager, thoughtleſs, and ignorant multitudes aſſemble, was on this occaſion unuſually fatal. The Bourbon palace, or *Palais du Corps Legiſlatif*, is oppoſite *la Place de la Concorde*, where the chief miſchief happened; but wholly diſtinct

* Dodſley's Annual Regiſter for 1770, p. 113.

from

from it, being on the other ſide of the river. At this palace, we find, a ſcaffold broke down, and plunged ſuch numbers into the river, that above a hundred dead bodies were taken up, being caught by the nets of *St. Cloud*. Theſe nets are only down during night; conſequently, what the number was that paſſed, down the ſtream, it is impoſſible to tell.

From the deſcription of the place it is evident the new buildings, that now decorate *la Place de la Concorde*, were not then erected. Three narrow ſtreets are deſcribed; whereas that now in the centre of the ſquare is held to be the fineſt and moſt ſpacious ſtreet in Paris. *La Rue des Champs Elyſées*, to the weſt, is alſo wide.

What ſhall we ſay to the Count Saint-Florentin, ſecretary of ſtate, and guardian of the metropolis; who, that he and his friends might ſee the fire-works, would not ſuffer the people to paſs? Let us ſay nothing: but let us feel the more.

There is another feature of the times, which muſt not be paſſed unnoticed. "The preſents of jewels, made by the king and royal family to the dauphineſs, upon her marriage, were valued at three millions of livres;"* and on the miſerable relics of the killed, on the wounded and the crippled, publickly acknowledged to be above three thouſand, one thirtieth of the ſum in preſents and jewels was beſtowed. "The dauphin, in the firſt tranſports of his grief, gave all the money allotted for *his month's expences*; in which act of generoſity he was followed by the dauphineſs, whoſe mind was ſo deeply impreſſed that ſhe could with difficulty be kept from fainting. The king too was greatly affected."

The king, the dauphin, and the dauphineſs had all hearts, were

* Dodſley's Annual Regiſter for 1770, p. 110.

all

all ſuſceptible of human ſympathies. How was the tale varniſhed, by what arts were their ears abuſed, by what practices were the dreadful ſenſations of ſuch a moment diverted from their proper channel, and ſo treated as to produce in them ſuch an unworthy, ſuch a wretched, ſuch a degrading exhibition of ſenſibility? What dreadful misfortunes were impending, over princes who were at the mercy of ſuch adviſers!

"The diſtreſs was ſo real that it was thought it would be the means of utterly aboliſhing that kind of entertainment." We have ſeen how they have been aboliſhed! We have ſeen that, in leſs than five months, three feſtivals were held; that fire-works were exhibited at them all; and that at each of them ſeveral lives were loſt. I preſume I do not ſpeak in an uncharitable ſpirit, when I hope that ſuch feſtivals may everlaſtingly be ſtigmatized with infamy!

There is a habitual negligence, in the character of the French, which ſhould particularly warn their governors againſt dangerous and raſh experiments.

"The *Pont Nôtre Dame* was built in 1412, by permiſſion of the monks of *St. Magloire*, who were lords of the manor; and, on the 25th of November 1499, owing to the culpable negligence of the municipal officers, the bridge fell, and four or five hundred perſons periſhed."*

"It was on this bridge that the eccleſiaſtical infantry of the league paſſed in review, before the legate, June 8d, 1590. Capuchines, minimes, cordeliers, jacobins, carmelites, and feuillans, with the robe tucked ſhort, the cape down, armour on the back, the helmet on the head, the muſket on the ſhoulder, and the

* *Curioſités de Paris*, vol. ii. p. 315.

ſword

ſword by the ſide, all marched, four by four, and the reverend biſhop of *Senlis* at their head with a ſpontoon. The curates of *St. Jacques de la Boucherie* and *St. Côme* performed the functions of ſergeant-majors. Some of theſe military men, without recollecting that their muſkets were loaded with ball, thought proper to ſalute the legate, and killed one of his almoners by his ſide. His eminence, finding it began to grow too hot at this review, beſtowed his benediction on them in haſte, and departed."*

Any one, who will ſearch the hiſtory of France, may find innumerable examples of the thoughtleſs, unforeſeeing, unforeboding manner, in which the people are too much accuſtomed to act. Nor is there any people who are not liable to numerous and frequent accidents, when they aſſemble in multitudes and in confined places.

Diſcouraged as I was in my attempts to obtain information on the tragical ſubject of this chapter, I ſtill did not relinquiſh all hope; and therefore earneſtly requeſted ſeveral friends to uſe their utmoſt endeavours to effect that in which I had failed. The preſent chapter was written when at length one of them ſent me the following addition:

"I can procure no accurate documents reſpecting the number of people killed, at the *fête* given on the marriage of the dauphin. I have ſpoken to people, who were preſent; and they all agree that the number was never known. The number of bodies expoſed at *La Madelaine*, on the following morning, did not exceed two hundred: the reſt were *ſecretly diſpoſed of*, by the order of government. I cannot diſcover that the whole number was ever eſtimated at more than fifteen hundred; and that is generally underſtood as an exaggeration."

* *St. Foix*, iii. p. 249.

This

This is much the ſame account that I have repeatedly received, when I put the ſame queſtions. The ſelf-deſtructive principles, and their pernicious effects on the people, of a government that keeps ſecret things which it ſuppoſes diſhonourable to itſelf will form a part of future inquiry.

There is another recollection, which forces itſelf upon the mind. Let not the fallen be inſulted; but, oh, let the terrible events of the paſt be an eternal memento to the future.

I have mentioned that the body of Lewis XVI., the miſerable victim of revenge, inſanity, and faction, was buried at the church where the two hundred, that portion of the multitude trampled to death at his wedding, were expoſed. After depriving him of life, this was but petty vengeance; and yet the feelings perhaps of the majority might be gratified, and exult more in this incident than in any of his ſufferings while alive: nay might even, in thoſe who were averſe to the crime of murdering him, be conſidered as a juſt inſtance of retribution. Many who had ſurvived, but with the loſs of health, or maimed in limb, many who had been robbed of near relations, or dear friends, and ſtill many thouſands more, who had witneſſed the ſcene of unexampled diſtreſs, might all unite, might ſympathize in feeling, and, blinded by paſſion, might ſay it is but juſt. It was a dreadful æra: the crimes of generations, rather committed by a ſucceſſion of the men, who, by the accident of birth or the obtruſiveneſs of daring, forced themſelves upon princes than by the princes themſelves, were all heaped upon a ſingle monarch. Nations and governments are but children: the times are numberleſs that a leſſon muſt be repeated, before it can be underſtood.

CHAPTER LXX.

THE CAPTURE OF THE BASTILLE WHOLLY FORGOTTEN, BUT THE ANNIVERSARY OBSERVED: THE PRESENT FESTIVAL DIFFERENT FROM THE PRECEDING: A NEW QUAY BEGUN; TWELVE YOUTHS AND TWELVE MAIDENS MARRIED: CONCERT AND ILLUMINATION: COLOURS DISTRIBUTED; AND PRACTICE OF BONAPARTE: CREATION OF THE CORPS OF MAMELUKES: THE CONSULAR GUARDS OFFENDED: THE FRENCH EASILY CALLED FROM THEIR OCCUPATIONS: A DANGEROUS JOKE: METHOD OBSERVED IN THE PRESENT WORK: DANGER OF GIVING OFFENCE: AND OF FALSE CONCLUSIONS: THE DIFFICULTY OF CLASSIFICATION.

FROM the 9th of November, 1801, to the next 14th of July, 1802, that is, from the feſtival of the acceſſion of Bonaparte to the enſuing anniverſary of the deſtruction of the Baſtille, there were no feſtivals given by government. As a feſtival, the fall of the Baſtille muſt be obſerved; but, with reſpect to the event itſelf, as a public epocha, it is obliterated from the public mind. Heavens! Were the joys of the feſtival of the confederation ſo fleeting? Are their labours, their drenching, and their dancings ſo ſoon forgotten? I fear leſt the exclamations of the foreigners had ſomething of a right feeling in them. I fear the French danced too much, and thought too little.

Of the feſtival of the 14th of July, 1802, I muſt now give a brief account. Days like theſe cannot paſs without affording tokens that may inſtruct. There is reaſon to hope that government to a certain degree was aware of the miſchief that had

attended the late feſtivals. Inſtead of the follies and evils by which they had been branded, utility at length was recollected. On the 14th of July, 1802, the firſt ſtone of the new quay, to embank, confine, and adorn the Seine, was laid: it is to be called the *Quay d'Orſai*; that is, till ſome new event, or ſome new caprice, ſhall cauſe its name to be changed. But for its name no matter: it was a public work, and deſerves to be recorded.

A popular act of another kind was projected; but the program is ſhort, and will beſt explain the modeſt pretenſions made on this anniverſary of the foundation of freedom.

PROGRAM OF THE FESTIVAL, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOURTEENTH OF JULY.

"Government is deſirous that morals and virtue ſhould be particularly honoured, and publicly rewarded, at this feſtival.

"On the 14th of July, in each of the twelve municipalities of Paris, a young woman ſhall be married to a young man, choſen among the youth who have diſtinguiſhed themſelves by marks of courage.

"The ſame ceremony ſhall take place in each of the twelve diſtricts, on the firſt of *Vendémiaire* enſuing.

"The prefects and ſub-prefects ſhall conſult with each municipality, to provide a portion for the young women, and to order the program of the ceremonies, which ſhall take place on occaſion of theſe marriages.

"At Paris, on the evening of the 14th of July, a grand concert ſhall be given on the terrace of the Tuileries. The palace of the government ſhall be illuminated; as ſhall the garden of the Tuileries, and *la Place de la Concorde.*

"*The Miniſter of the Interior,*

"*Signed* CHAPTAL."

Theſe

Theſe ſigns of peace, love, and propagation, however, were not all that marked the day. A grand parade was held, at which colours were diſtributed by the hand of Bonaparte; who ſeldom ſuffers one of theſe parades to paſs without beſtowing ſabres, or muſkets, or other implements of honour, and alas of murder; and who appears to think no condeſcenſion too great, that can endear him to the army.

A part of the army, his perſonal guard, it is however ſaid, was much offended on this day; for it was on this day the corps of Mamelukes, newly created, clothed in the coſtume of Egypt, partly choſen from the Mamelukes of that country, and partly filled up with young Frenchmen, were appointed to be of his retinue. The heart burnings among the ſoldiers were reported to be violent; nay it was ſaid, perhaps by thoſe who hoped it, that they were dangerous: but it could not be true, or danger is there ſhort lived; for nothing more was publicly heard of their anger. When I ſay publicly I mean the goſſip of the Pariſians: in this city there is no publicity, but that, of any thing unauthorized by government.

There is a circumſtance, which I conſider as very ſignificant, that is, regarding it as a propenſity common to the lower orders in all nations; and which proves how careful rulers ſhould be not to afford unneceſſary pretexts to be idle. There was no novelty, the dreſs of the Mamelukes excepted, to excite public curioſity; yet the people ſwarmed abroad in multitudes as vaſt as on any former occaſion. In Paris, the ſlighteſt pretence will call them from their occupations; objects the moſt trifling will arreſt their attention; and, as mournful experience has taught, cauſes which they cannot comprehend will impel them in any direction, and to attempt at ſome times acts the moſt atrocious, and, at others, the moſt ſublime. It is a painful conſequence that ſublimity

itſelf, not underſtood, changes its nature, and degenerates into atrocity.

I obſerved another trait; new to me, and certainly but little in the habits of the people. A knot of young men, ſome who by their military jackets I thought to be untrained conſcripts,* and others men that work on the river, whoſe manners are of the rudeſt and moſt boiſterous kind, theſe youths I ſay in a knot, at the gate of the Tuileries, where the throng was neceſſarily great, ſeveral times forced a paſſage for themſelves backward and forward. I feared at firſt ſome plot had been laid, to raiſe a popular commotion; but ſoon diſcovered it was one of thoſe dangerous jokes which I ſhould not have been much ſurpriſed at in England, but of which the examples in France are rare.

The only pleaſures, which the populace could this day enjoy, were thoſe of a reſpite from their daily labours and cares, and the hilarity which multitudes in motion communicate. The illuminations were much inferior to thoſe they had ſo lately ſeen; and the concert, now as before, could only be heard by a ſmall portion, of ſo vaſt a crowd.

There is yet a remarkable feſtival, which I witneſſed, and intend to deſcribe; I mean the celebration of the birth-day of Bonaparte: but, as it is intimately connected firſt with the character of the man, next with the ſtate of the church, and laſtly with the manners of the people, I ſhall reſerve it to the opportunity when I ſhall ſuppoſe it will beſt exemplify what I may have ſaid, or introduce what I ſhall have to ſay. It will be a relief to the reader, who perhaps is already fatigued with the ſubject of feſtivals; on which I ſhould not ſo long have inſiſted had I not thought it

* People taken from their families and obliged to ſerve as ſoldiers.

rather

rather a hiſtorical feature, of the government and the people, than a matter of mere amuſement. Amuſement is good; but inſtruction is better: if they happen to go together, they greatly inhance each other's worth.

In writing the preſent work, I purſue a method which has not often been adopted, in books of travels. The form of a journal, the hiſtory of events indiſcriminately as they paſs, is almoſt inevitable, when it is the hiſtory of a tranſitory reſidence, a ſhort ſtay at a great number of places; and ſuch I was obliged to make mine, till my arrival at Paris. Here however my intention was to ſtudy the place, and the people; and here facts have accumulated, on a diverſity of ſubjects, which inevitably claſs and arrange themſelves under various heads. Had I continued the form of a journal, I ſhould have given a collection of remarks which, valuable or not in themſelves, could only have been deſultory: and muſt often have diſtracted the attention, when they ought to have informed and filled the mind. I give this explanation, that the reader may at leaſt know what I intend.

By all that I have hitherto ſaid, my purpoſe has been to illuſtrate the cuſtoms and manners of the people; and I am now about to purſue the ſame end ſtill more intimately and minutely. We have accompanied them abroad, in their walks on the *Boulevards*, and in their congregated paſtimes and enjoyments: we muſt now attend on them to their labours, their domeſtic habits, and their common uſages; in the houſe, the ſtreet, the market, and the church.

While preſenting the remarks and anecdotes I have noted down, and the images which are ſo vivid in my recollection, the French themſelves will be often diſpleaſed, will accuſe me of injuſtice, and perhaps of inaccuracy. For the truth of the facts I ſhall relate I would cheerfully anſwer with my honour and my life; but

but not for the juſtice of the inductions, made by myſelf or others. Facts have always two faces: they alſo have an infinite number of combinations with other facts; and to conceive and detail the whole of their modifications is beyond the power of man: he is the moſt powerful who can trace them in the trueſt order, and to the greateſt extent.

On the ſubject of manners, cuſtoms, and uſages, the claſſes under which they may be arranged might be multiplied at will: to reduce them to their greateſt ſimplicity would be, at any time, a moſt difficult taſk; requiring leiſure and extent of labour, beyond what can, in the preſent inſtance, be beſtowed. Indolence, induſtry, cruelty, compaſſion, order, ſlovenlineſs, patience, impetuoſity, in fine, all the words that characterize the habits and paſſions of man, might each afford a title for diſſertation: the moſt characteriſtic and eſſential only can be choſen; and theſe it ſhall be my endeavour to ſelect.

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE USE OF RECOLLECTION: IGNORANCE IS CONTENTIOUS: MISTAKES EASILY MADE: ENGLAND CHARACTERIZED BY CHATEAU-BRIAND, AND BY MAYER: FRENCH LADIES RECEIVE VISITORS WHEN IN THE BATH: MISSION OF FIÉVÉ, TO ENGLAND: OFFENCE GIVEN BY ENGLISH JOURNALS: LETTERS OF FIÉVÉ, ON THE ENGLISH NATION: IMPARTIAL TRAVELLERS, DIFFICULT TO FIND: A FRENCH LADY, IN LONDON; AND HER ENTHUSIASTIC HOPES DISAPPOINTED: FRENCHMAN'S PICTURE OF AN ENGLISH CONVERSATION: QUERIES ON LOQUACITY, AND TACITURNITY: XIMENES, FATHER OF THE POETS: MUTUAL IMPROVEMENTS DESIRABLE.

TO the man conſcientiouſly deſirous of giving faithful pictures, that ſhall neither err on the ſide of flattery nor of cenſure, the recollection of the prejudices of nations, and of the individuals who attempt to deſcribe and characterize nations, is never long abſent. This recollection is frequently a tormentor; though at ſome times it is a warning voice, and at others it fortunately becomes a cautious and rational guide.

In perſonal altercation this ſeldom happens. Twenty years ago, I remember a diſpute I had with a Frenchman of letters, who affirmed that the water-works at *Marli* were the moſt wonderful machinery on earth: this I ſtrenuouſly conteſted, and from the report of others believe I happened to be right; but the fact is we were equally ignorant on the ſubject.

Coming down *la Rue Montmartre*, during my laſt reſidence at Paris, I ſaw a youth beating ſomething which I thought was dough with

with a mallet. This being remarkable, I looked round to diſcover for what kind of paſtry dough ſo hard and tough could be intended, and ſaw a ſhop, near where he ſtood, at which meat pies were ſold. My immediate inference was that I had undoubtedly diſcovered what I ſought for, and was going; but happened to recollect that dough ſo hard, intended for pies, and beaten upon a ſtone in the ſtreet, which though high and placed at a corner muſt ſtill collect dirt, was altogether ſtrange: I therefore determined to wait. It was a prudent reſolution: in a few minutes, the boy finiſhed his work, and carried it into a glaziers' ſhop at a few doors diſtance; and this hard and dirty dough for pies was inſtantly changed into putty.

Chateau-Briand, who has gained a certain degree of celebrity, by a certain degree of real talent in his novel entitled *Attala*, and ſtill more by the eccentricity and caprice of his religious opinions; who has affirmed, in his work on Chriſtianity, that God is the Great Old Bachelor of the univerſe; *Chateau-Briand*, an emigrant, who reſided ſeveral years in England, where he was treated with a part at leaſt of that reſpect which is due to the exiled and unfortunate ſtranger; *Chateau-Briand*, to characterize an Engliſh audience at a theatre, has inſtanced a ſailor drinking punch in the pit. Were this a ſolitary miſtake it might be forgiven, even in a man of talent and obſervation; but thoſe, who ſhall read his letters on the Engliſh nation, inſerted in *le Mercure, An X.*, will find a multitude of ſimilar traits.

In one of the journals, I read a letter, ſigned *Mayer, artiſte dramatique* (a player); in which this profound obſerver, having juſt returned from England, full of contempt and glorious to recollect he was a Frenchman, drew a picture of the Engliſh nation from the barren heaths he had obſerved on his journey to Portſmouth, from the manners of proſtitutes, whom he had there ſeen on the

ramparts

ramparts and at the theatres, and from the behaviour of the ſailors their companions.

In the ſpring of 1802, I received a very polite note from a lady at whoſe houſe I viſited, complaining that I had lately been guilty of too long abſence, and particularly requeſting to ſee me. The friendly reproof demanded an immediate reply: it was too late that evening, but I haſtened early the next morning, that I might prove myſelf not guilty of diſreſpect.

Her maid informed me the lady was in the warm-bath, but that ſhe would announce my arrival. She preſently returned and led me to a large kind of cloſet, where her miſtreſs was up to the chin in water. I knew the manners of the place, and that cuſtom had robbed this incident of that ſtrange impropriety which would have been attached to it by an Engliſh lady; that is, unleſs ſhe happened to be of that claſs of high faſhion, which apes the boldeſt of what we call the indecencies of certain foreign cuſtoms.

I found the lady had ſomething to communicate, which ſhe conſidered as ſerious and alarming. A Frenchman, of the name of *Fiévé*, ſhe had been aſſured had been ſent over to England, by the French government. The freedom of remark, in which the Engliſh journals had indulged, on the conduct of the Firſt Conſul, had produced a great effect in Paris. This indeed I knew to be true.

The republican party were anxious that the ſame free inquiries ſhould continue; and their opponents were equally zealous to have them ſuppreſſed. For this purpoſe ſhe ſaid Mr. *Fiévé* had been diſpatched to England; and the means to be employed were thoſe of bribery: he was to purchaſe the ſilence of the papers that had given moſt offence. She truly conſidered ſuch bribery as one of the vicious arts by which modern politicians, of all parties, endea-

vour to profit; and was deſirous that I ſhould convey the intelligence ſhe gave me, to the editors of the Engliſh journals.

It was with difficulty I could make her underſtand, or believe, that any ſuch interference, on my part, would be ineffectual; and in my opinion contrary to that independence of character, and conduct, which every man ought to cheriſh. Should there be any editor diſpoſed to receive the bribes of France, which I had a ſtrong perſuaſion there was not, ſuch a man would not be deterred by any remonſtrance of mine: and, with reſpect to perſonal independence, it could only have a pure and abſolute exiſtence in him that ſhould imbibe and divulge true principles, yet ſtand wholly aloof from party.

It proved to be true, however, that Mr. *Fiévé* went at that time to England: but I have ſeen no ſymptom of the influence of his bribery over the editors of newſpapers. His ſtay was ſhort; and, on his return, he publiſhed letters on England, and reflexions on the philoſophy of the eighteenth century, the evident intention of which was to decry the Engliſh, and the opinions which he is pleaſed to attribute to philoſophy; and to approve and countenance all the changes, that had happened and were happening in France.

I dare not venture to affirm his zeal was inſincere, and his motives intereſted; though it is publicly known that he and Mr. *Chateau-Briand* have both received that protection and employment, from the French government, which they both have courted.

Of the ſtrange and I am ſorry to add, in the letters of Mr. *Fiévé*, the odious perverſion of facts no Engliſhman, who is thoroughly acquainted with them, can poſſibly doubt; though he ought to doubt of any intentional deceit. Shallow inquiries, ſudden cov-

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cluſions, and obſtinate blindneſs, are qualities common to the human mind, when under the influence of prejudice and paſſion. And what prejudice is more rooted than the prejudice of habit? What paſſion is more blind than the ſelfiſhneſs of ambition? How firmly do they convince thoſe, who have taken them for guides, that they have a deeper inſight into man, the tendency of his actions, and the very eſſence of his nature, than can be attained by the ſlow, calm, and accurate inquirer. In fine, where is this ſlow, calm, and accurate inquirer to be found? The dull, unfeeling, half-obſerving detailer does not deſerve the title of accurate. Each man aſſumes the credit of being accurate; and he that is moſt ſtill is very imperfect. The letters of Mr. *Fiévé* himſelf ought to be read; for, though they contain more errors than I have time or inclination to refute, they ſuggeſt many wholeſome truths. It is ſeldom that the wiſe do not profit more by the cenſure of enemies than by the conſolation of friends. Cenſure excites inquiry, which conſolation attempts to ſtifle.

The ſubject of national and individual prejudice is inexhauſtible.

A French lady, of good education, quick feelings, and lively fancy, made a journey to England. From the pictures that had been given her, ſhe had imagined that charity, order, common ſenſe, nay wiſdom itſelf were general and univerſal properties; to be found in every ſtreet, every perſon, and every act. She was young, and eager to ſee the beautiful viſions her fancy had formed realized: ſhe had yet to learn that charity, order, common ſenſe, and every other virtue, is in the beſt only comparative; and that the beſt of men, and much more of nations, abound in defects.

She came to London, and the firſt family to which ſhe was addreſſed had all the oppoſite qualities ſhe expected to find. She lodged in a ſtreet that was a great thoroughfare, and the vaunted

cleanly foot pavement of London was loaded with melted ſnow and wintry mire. The ſon of the houſe, inſtead of being the guardian of her honour, attempted to be her ſeducer; and not with the reſpectful and polite approaches of a Pariſian *homme à bonnes fortunes*, but the unchaſtized groſſneſs of looſe deſire. The perſon with whom ſhe had money dealings cheated her. A hackney coachman, finding ſhe was a foreigner, not only demanded an exhorbitant fare but treated her with inſult.

She ſtaid only a week; yet theſe are but a few of the particulars, which ſhe recounted to me, of the diſappointment and chagrin ſhe felt, and the ſatisfaction with which ſhe made her haſty return. The force and pleaſantry of the picture ſhe drew, and her earneſt deſire that, as I intended to deſcribe Paris, I ſhould not be guilty of ſimilar miſtakes, were ſtrong proofs of acute diſcernment, good ſenſe, and good intention.

In the ſame company, a French gentleman aſſerted that the marking quality of the Engliſh nation was dulneſs. He too had been a traveller, had viſited England, and gave the following proof of the truth of his remark.

The Mall in St. James's Park, ſaid he, is the only walk in London, for faſhionable company—this ſhewed his ignorance of the place. To this walk I went, and ſat down, on one of the benches, by the ſide of an Engliſhman. Being a ſtranger, I expected that the perſon who was in his own country would think it but common politeneſs to addreſs a foreigner.

The Engliſhman never opened his lips.

If he will not ſpeak firſt, ſaid I to myſelf, he will at leaſt be glad to fall into converſation with me when I begin: it will give him an opportunity to inſtruct me in all that is remarkable in this great city; which, though I think it is the dulleſt place I ever ſaw, he no doubt admires. "It is a fine day, ſir," ſaid I.

He

He looked at the ſky, conſidered a few ſeconds, and anſwered—'Yes, ſir.'

I ſat another ten minutes, hoping the oracle would ſpeak: it was dumb! "Pray ſir," ſaid I, "what is it o'clock?"

He leiſurely pulled out his watch, looked at it, took time to conſider if it was right, and anſwered—'Paſt twelve.'

Another ſilence enſued: I was quite vexed, and aſked him "which way was the wind?"

He looked for the ſmoke, and the riding of the clouds, could ſee neither, and anſwered—'I don't know, ſir.' And this, ſaid my lively Frenchman, was the whole of an Engliſh converſation of about half an hour's continuance.

That the French have an eaſy and pleaſant manner of falling into diſcourſe is true; that the knaviſh and artful among them take advantage of this habit, and introduce themſelves to ſtrangers purpoſely to impoſe upon them is likewiſe true; as it is that taciturnity has increaſed ſince the revolution; and that I have frequently ſat by the ſide of Frenchmen, without either party having any apparent wiſh to break ſilence.

To fall into familiar diſcourſe, with a perſon to whom you are wholly unknown, is not thought a mark of pertneſs, and ill breeding, in France, as it is in England; but I am far from certain that it never will be ſo thought. If two ſtrangers, ſeated by accident on the ſame bench, have no common thoughts, habits, and ſympathies, or none with which they are yet acquainted, to begin a converſation is at leaſt aukward, and embarraſſing.

The French gentleman told a ſtory which he knew would make his countrymen ſmile; for it flattered his and their prejudices: but the queſtions he put deſerved the very anſwers he received. If he deſired information, why did he not aſk for it; and explain of what kind? Would it not have been an unmannerly

nerly preſumption, in any one, to have told him that St. Paul's was built by Sir Chriſtopher Wren; that the Lord Mayor was choſen once a year; and that, if his Majeſty ſhould die, the Prince of Wales would aſcend the throne? This would have been the kind of intelligence, likely to be obtruded in a profuſion of words upon a ſtranger, by thoſe Pariſians who are merely babblers; and who preſuppoſe great ignorance in the perſons to whom they communicate their knowledge. This would be impertinence and ill breeding beyond all diſpute, if it were not for that evident intention to oblige with which it is delivered. When a Frenchman can give information, his immediate readineſs to give it is exceedingly agreeable; and when, as is moſt frequently the caſe, he only prattles, he prattles with good humour, and ſhould therefore be pardoned. He ſhould however be cautious in accuſing thoſe who reſpectfully forbear to take the ſame freedom.

A writer, in one of the journals, praiſed ſome Engliſh cuſtoms; and was ſoon anſwered by an author who pompouſly ſigns himſelf *Ximenes, doyen des poëtes:* that is, father, as we ſhould ſay, or oldeſt of the living poets. What, demanded this ſage in the tone of exultation, muſt we go to London to learn the *ſavoir vivre?* Remembering that he was a poet, nay the father of the poets, it might be lamented that he ſhould have lived ſo long and learned ſo little. Did he not know that each country has its *ſavoir vivre?* Was he quite certain that the *ſavoir vivre* of France is the beſt, the wiſeſt, the moſt conducive to human happineſs? Is the *ſavoir vivre* any where well underſtood? Has it not every where a large mixture of vice and folly?

I own I am glad to meet ſtrangers, with whom I can readily fall into converſation; but it muſt likewiſe be owned that, to thoſe who have any delicacy of feeling, it is a thing of ſome difficulty. It requires, not only amenity of manners, but, that the minds

minds of both parties ſhould be free from other trains of thinking; which perhaps might more uſefully and more happily employ their attention. In Engliſh taciturnity there is often too much pride; and in French prattle there is no leſs levity. Inſtead of contempt, reproach, and endeavours to depreciate, let them ſtudy to profit by their mutual miſtakes, while they admire and imitate their mutual virtues.

The Darner. La Ravaudeuse

Published by R. Phillips 71 St Paul's Ch. yd. Sept. 1st 1803.

CHAPTER LXXII.

DEFECTS CHARACTERIZE NATIONS: TO AMEND ERROR IT MUST BE NOTICED: PRIDE AND VANITY HAVE THE SAME ORIGIN: THE MISTAKES WITH WHICH VANITY IS CONNECTED: MEN ACTING IN A BODY ARE SHAMELESS: PREJUDICE OF NATIONAL WRITERS: ALL NATIONS OFFENDED BY THE VANITY OF THE FRENCH: A SPECIMEN OF THE BOMBASTIC FROM SAINT FOIX: FRENCH COURTIERS DESCRIBED: INCONSTANCY THE ENEMY TO PERFECTION: MISTAKE OF THE FRENCH IN GIVING UNDUE PRAISE.

I HAVE before obſerved, that the things which diſtinguiſh nations from each other are chiefly, or rather entirely, their defects; it cannot therefore excite wonder that, while I recommend amenity, I am obliged to purſue the taſk of detecting error. To ſeek to ſlander nations would be equally odious and miſchievous; but to excite them to correct errors, by clearly and forcibly exhibiting their conſequences, is a duty from which no true philanthropiſt will ever ſhrink. To make a trade of ſentiment is baſe; and an affectation of it is either cunning or a perverted habit of the mind. Error was the Augean ſtable, which Hercules did not diſdain to ſweep.

In all our habits and in all our actions, there is a large mixture of good and ill: each of our individual habits pervade and influence the reſt; and there have been moments in which I have imagined our virtues, and our vices, are claſſed; and that each claſs has its leader, which predominates, tempers, and command the remainder.

Many

Many qualities, which are often ſuppoſed to be oppoſite, are in their origin the ſame. The ſilence, reſerve, and apparent coldneſs of an Engliſhman are modifications of the paſſion we call pride: the loquacity and parade of the French are tokens of their vanity: that is, pride and vanity are the different modes in which the two nations expreſs one feeling; the high opinion each has of itſelf.

As France is the ſubject, the vanity of the French nation, and a part of its conſequences, will form the queſtion I have next to conſider.

I will not affirm that the different qualities I ſhall have to enumerate, under this claſs, are all derived from vanity; but they certainly are all modified by, and intimately compounded with, this one evil habit. It is a feature in the human mind highly deſerving of attentive obſervation, for it is highly deſerving of abhorrence, that men will ſay and do thoſe things, collectively, which no one individual would dare to avow.

This practice extends itſelf; a ſingle perſon will ſpeak and act in the plural with a degree of oſtentation, dogmatiſm, and effrontery, which would be ludicrous, were he only acting for or ſpeaking of himſelf. As a member of ſome ſociety, even when that ſociety is but imaginary, his tone is ſolemn, his deciſions are indiſputable, and he becomes inflated by the collective importance of the corps, in whoſe name he utters his oracles. While combating under the Olympian Ægis, WE, he believes himſelf invulnerable.

Petty examples of this offence are too numerous not to be remembered, by every man of common obſervation; but it is not theſe into which I would now inquire: it is the maſter vice of its kind, it is excluſive national preference, I would examine; that vice to which men ought with conſcientious magnanimity to attend; that vice which is rooted and pernicious becauſe every man encourages his neighbour in its practice, and becauſe no

man dares firmly and entirely to counteract it, in conſequence of the dreadful penalty annexed; which is nothing leſs than the danger of exciting the miſtruſt, if not the hatred, of his whole nation. Foreigners therefore only dare tell the plain truth; and they tremble at every ſtep, leſt the people who ought to liſten, inſtead of deriving benefit, ſhould find their anger inflamed, their animoſity confirmed, and the inveteracy of ill habits increaſed.

It is a too general practice of writers, when they ſpeak of the country that gave them birth, inſtead of an honeſt and manly inveſtigation of facts, to inflame their imaginations, and to write groſs flattery and pernicious falſehood. It is their misfortune to be frequently incapable of calm and diſcriminating reſearch: they are too imperiouſly hurried away, by the aſſociations to which from childhood they have been accuſtomed.

Thus, in the fine arts, the French will not allow any modern people, the Italians excepted, to be named; and in the higheſt of thoſe arts, poetry, particularly the drama, they claim excluſive ſovereignty. The Italians are treated as buffoons; the Germans and Engliſh as barbarians; they do not examine, they deride and deſpiſe.

By this conduct every nation feels itſelf inſulted; for, of all the fine arts, poetry is the moſt generally faſcinating; and, of all the ſpecies of poetry, the faſcination of the drama is the greateſt. An Engliſhman, of liberal education, cannot have his feelings more aggravatingly offended than to be told of the *monſtruoſities* of Shakeſpear.* Yet this phraſe every ignorant ſcribbler, without underſtanding a word of Engliſh, will apply, whenever Shakeſpear is named, to that immortal, that greateſt of poets.

Equal oſtentation, with ſcarcely leſs arrogance, is common to

* *Les Monſtruoſités de Shakeſpear.*

them

them when they ſpeak of painting, ſculpture, and the other fine arts. Saint Foix was a popular writer, and a man of no ſmall degree of acumen, and merit: a Frenchman, agreeing with him in opinion, would hold his authority to be infallible. Speaking of the Louvre, the following is the ſtyle and tone he aſſumes, after having related, with becoming indignation, that the court of the Louvre had been encumbered by a houſe built by ſome one who obtained authority from people in power to commit this public nuiſance.

" * *Depuis qu'on a exhumé ce magnifique Palais, ſi long-temps enſeveli dans l'oubli le plus honteux à la nation, Paris, la province, les étrangers, tous les peuples du monde, et moi-même, nous pouvons admirer ſans obſtacles le plus beau morceau d'architecture qui exiſte ſur la terre, la gloire du génie François, le témoin authentique de ſa ſupériorité en ce genre ſur tous les architectes de la Grèce et de Rome, ſur tous les peuples de l'Europe. Monument qui publiéra d'une voix plus éclatante que toutes les trompettes de la renommée, qu'il n'eſt aucun ſublime dans les arts, comme dans les lettres, où l'eſprit du François ne puiſſe atteindre, quand ſon vol ſera ſoutenu par le goût du grand, dans le prince et dans ſon miniſtre. Oui, les hommes à talens de notre nation l'emporteront ſur ceux de toutes les autres, quand ils ſeront encouragés, moins par les récompenſes de leur ſouverain, aujourd'hui ſi répandues, que par ſes éloges rares et donnés au ſeul mérite. Ils excelleront, quand ils ne ſeront plus jugés par cette foule de petits-maîtres, qui inondent la cour et la ville, et dont l'impertinence et l'audace, filles de l'Ignorance et de l'Oiſiveté, augmentent tous les jours le nombre. Hommes vils et mépriſables, pâtris de faux goût et de préſomption; ſans étude et par conſéquent ſans principes, ſans lumieres, ſans idées de grandeur et de nobleſſe; ſerviles eſclaves de la mode et de ſes futiles préjugés; chez qui*

* Vol. iii. p. 203.

*la nouveauté des bijoux, l'arrangement de la coëffure, la bigarrure de l'habillement tiennent lieu d'eſprit, de ſens, de raiſon; qui donnent le ton à ces bonnes compagnies ſi vantées, et ſi heureuſement parvenues au point d'eſtimer ces poupées, parlantes, et de louer en elles juſqu'aux boucles de leurs ſouliers."**

This rhapſody is truly characteriſtic. Of that trifling tribe, who ſo long gave the faſhion in France, and were the arbiters of that national taſte which they perverted, who has written with greater bitterneſs, or characterized the follies and depravities in the arts, of which they were the pretended patrons, with more truth than the author of what is here tranſlated? Yet, of the ſuperiority of France, who can aſſert with more ſelf-ſufficiency, or dilate with greater pomp? For the ſake of veracity, the tranſlation below is nearly

"* Since the court of this magnificent palace has been cleared, long as it was buried in forgetfulneſs the moſt ſhameful to the nation, Paris, the provinces, foreigners, all nations of the earth, and *I myſelf*, can now admire the moſt beautiful piece of architecture exiſting on the earth, the glory of the genius of France, the authentic proof of her ſuperiority, in this kind, over all the architects of Greece and Rome, over all the nations of Europe. A monument which declares, *with a voice more powerful than all the trumpets of fame*, that in the arts, as in literature, there is nothing ſublime of which the genius of the French is not capable, when its ſoaring is ſuſtained by a love of the grand, in the monarch and in his miniſter. Yes; the men of talents, in our nation, will gain the aſcendency over all others, when they ſhall be encouraged leſs by the rewards of their ſovereign, now ſo freely beſtowed, than by his praiſe, which is rare and given only to merit. They will excel, when they ſhall no longer be judged by that tribe of triflers, who inundate court and city, and whoſe numbers are daily increaſed by Impertinence and Self-ſufficiency, which are the daughters of Ignorance and Idleneſs. Vile and contemptible beings; inflated by falſe taſte, and preſumption; without learning, conſequently without ſcience, without information; with no feeling of the great and the noble; the ſlaves of faſhion and its ſilly ſervile prejudices; among whom the novelty of a toy, the faſhion of a head-dreſs, and the capricious cut of a coat are the ſubſtitutes of mind, ſenſe, and reaſon; who give the ton to the faſhionable world, ſo vaunted, and ſo ineffably capable of eſteeming theſe ſpeaking puppets, and praiſing them even to their ſhoe-buckles."

as

as literal as tranſlation would allow. The architecture here ſo immoderately praiſed is that of the inner court of the Louvre; which, as a whole, is rather a pile of incongruities than the rival of Greece, Rome, and all Europe: not becauſe the French want genius; as the beautiful *façade* of this building, by Perrault, is a noble proof; but becauſe it was erected at various times, and after the diſcordant plans of various architects.

No one, acquainted with French literature, will accuſe this quotation of being a ſolitary inſtance of forgetfulneſs, which ought not to be cited in evidence of vanity: the reader would be quickly offended, were one in a thouſand of the exiſting proofs given, from their early and recent writers; but particularly during and even after the boaſted and boaſting age of Lewis XIV. I do not conteſt the merit of that age: but the increaſe and ſtability it gave to an erroneous and ſtrong national propenſity, that of ſelf-adulation, it is the peculiar duty of every ſage that France ſhall produce to counteract. By its own writers, the great merits of the nation are often overlooked; becauſe they are ſeldom or very imperfectly underſtood: while the very qualities that ſink it, in the opinion of the ſurrounding ſtates, are trumpeted aloud as its pre-eminent virtues.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

THE SELFISHNESS OF AMBITION; AND ITS DEVASTATING PROPENSITIES: AMBITION AND VANITY IN MONARCHS LESS DESTRUCTIVE THAN IN NATIONS: BENEFITS OF KNOWLEDGE: THE FRENCH A NATION OF EXHIBITORS: EXAMPLES OF VANITY: POSSIBLE CONSEQUENCES OF A CANNON FIRED BY A SUN-BEAM: SCIENTIFIC PRATE: A MATHEMATICAL FIDDLER: PHILOSOPHIC BEGGARS, AND SHOE-BLACKS: JOURNEYMEN THAT WORKED ON PRINCIPLE: AN ENGLISH MECHANIC, AT PARIS: THE ARCHITECT, AND THE FUMIST: A SCIENTIFIC CORN-CUTTER, WHO HAD STUDIED ANATOMY: AN EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHER, AND FORTUNE-TELLER: GASCONADES MOST PROPER TO THE FRENCH: GASTON DE FRANCE, BROTHER OF LEWIS XIII. A STREET ROBBER: ANECDOTE OF A GASCON AND COLBERT: THE GASCON A THEATRICAL CHARACTER.

IS there any thing more fatal to a people than that ſelfiſh pride, in rulers, which baſe and odious flattery has gloſſed over with the title of noble ambition? "When a monarch enters a city, it is an affair of ſtate: he muſt meditate on breaking down the wall, that he may enter through the breach, if he cannot march in at the gate with ſufficient pomp. This public entry may occupy and deprive him of obtruding cares: he may hold counſel on the ſubject with his miniſter; and it may be inſcribed in the regiſtry of the ſtate.

"Another affair, no leſs royal and ſublime, may be that of hoarding gold and ſilver; that a part may be thrown under the foundation ſtones of his palace. There is ſomething great in the burying of treaſures, to be diſcovered in future times; that, after

after having ſearched hiſtory, men may explain how they happened to be there.

"If there be ſtill an occupation more dignified, it is that of ruining his neighbours; which he will call virtue, and the world will call valour."*

Theſe were traits, given by a contemporary, of Frederic I. of Pruſſia: yet this was little to what might be ſaid of his ſucceſſor, called THE GREAT. When rulers have inordinate vanity, they are the ſcourges of the earth: though it ſtill may be maintained that this defect in them is leſs injurious than the ſame paſſion when it is national. Had not the haughtineſs of the Engliſh and the vanity of the French ſympathized with the feelings of their governors, thoſe continued and deſolating wars into which they have hurried never could have exiſted. The French are a warlike people only becauſe of their exceſſive vanity. If the Engliſh are leſs warlike it is becauſe they are leſs ignorant; knowledge is more diffuſed, and the common people better foreſee conſequences. From the diffuſion of knowledge only can the extinction of wars be expected.

It is vanity that has rendered the French a nation of exhibitors; a fact which perhaps has not been ſufficiently remarked, or explained. When exhibition has become habitual, its abſurdities paſs unperceived. Many proofs of this were given in the foregoing account of the feſtivals, many were forgotten, or eſcaped me, and many more will occur, in other of their cuſtoms and manners. Their muſeums, public libraries, the garden of plants, national manufactories, and other public eſtabliſhments, are, to the utmoſt of the nation's power, converted into grand exhibitions. The utility of theſe objects is indubitable, and truly great: moſt

* *Reflexions Morales*, &c. Amſterdam, 1713.

of

of them ought to be as public as poſſible; and, as neither evil nor good is unmixed, vanity has here the happieſt of reſults.

To aſtoniſh the vulgar is one of the uſual efforts of this paſſion.

Imagine a man ſtanding by the ſide of a cannon, or mortar, charged with powder; without any other perſon being preſent: he may be leaning on it, and perhaps attentively reading. In this calm quieſcent ſtate of the mind, without the approach of lighted match or ſentinel to give him warning, a ſudden exploſion takes place. Should he be wholly ignorant of the cauſe, who can foreſee the degree of his alarm?

Let us ſuppoſe, inſtead of a man, a female, of delicate and it may be hyſteric habits, and who ſhall tell the immediate or the future conſequences?

I am not inventing: this is no picture of the imagination. At the top of the mount, beſide the obeliſk, in *le Jardin des Plantes*, is a large mortar, that formerly was fired at noon, by concentrating the ſun beams in a burning glaſs. I have read of another cannon, in or near Paris, that was daily fired by the ſame expedient; but I forget at what place. It might require the powers of Newton to diſcover the properties of light; but what did it require to make ſuch a uſe of ſuch a diſcovery?

To attempt to ſurpriſe, by an affectation of literary and ſcientific acquirement, is a thing common in France to multitudes, even among the vulgar and the illiterate. Give them an opportunity, and they affect a phraſeology, which I know not better how to paint than by calling it *ſcientific prate*. I heard this ſo often that I remember various inſtances.

Being at the houſe of a friend, one evening, who had ſent for a common fiddler to play, that his children might dance, I took up and looked at the man's violin. It was a thoughtleſs movement of curioſity; and, ſeeing me immediately put it down again, the owner

owner thus addreſſed me, with a very ſerious air:—"*Ah, monſieur, j'avoue qu'il ne vaut pas grande choſe; car il n'eſt pas fait d'après les principes mathématiques.*"* I was aſtoniſhed. "Do you underſtand mathematics?" ſaid I. "*Comme ça,*" replied he: "*je n'ai pas trop pourſuit mes études.*"† I queſtioned the man further, and learned, more by his anſwers than his avowal, that he could ſcarcely read.

Going one day through the paſſage on *le Quay des Quatres Nations,* I ſaw a beggar, remarkable for the tatters in his coat, addreſſing an old lady, who ſtood at a ſhop; and, as I paſſed, heard him ſentimentally exclaim—"*Ah, madame! il n'y a point de philoſophie ſans argent.*"‡

Standing on the *Pont Neuf,* I heard two *décrotteurs,* ſhoe-blacks, converſing. One ſaid to the other—"*Que je ſuis malheureux! je n'ai pas gagné le ſous d'aujourd'hui.*" His neighbour replied—"*Et ben! Il faut être philoſophe, il ne faut pas ſe plaindre.*"§ Beggars and ſhoe-cleaners can talk and perhaps practiſe as much philoſophy as their ſuperiors.

Walking in *les Champs Elyſées* behind ſome workmen, I heard them converſing on their trade. They were common journeymen, and no doubt as ignorant as ſuch men are every where: for thoſe who acquire knowledge ſoon obtain better employment. One of them vaunted to the other:—"*Oh, j'ai bien fait mes études:* [Such phraſes are here common-place, even among the vulgar] *je ſais mon métier à fond; je me connais en bons principes.*"

"*Ils ſont très néceſſaires, au bons ouvriers.*"

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* Oh, ſir, it is not worth much; it is not made on mathematical principles.

† But little: I have neglected my ſtudies.

‡ Ah, madam, there is no philoſophy without money.

§ How unfortunate I am! I have not earned a ſou.—Well, one muſt act the philoſopher, and not complain.

" *Néceſſaires! Mais ils ſont indiſpenſables.*"*

Such were the replies of his companions; and ſuch kind of prate is common among them. Barbers, tailors, ſhoemakers, nay ſhoe cleaners, all have *made* their ſtudies; all underſtand their trade *à fond* [to the very bottom]; all work according to principle; yet every man, who is truly informed of the ſtate of the mechanic arts, well knows how far behind the workmen in England the workmen are in France.

While I was at Paris, a mathematical inſtrument maker, who had long worked for the late Mr. Ramſden, and had performed many things that were highly finiſhed, and accurately made, came to complain to me that he did not find the employment, in Paris, which he expected; and to requeſt I would adviſe him how to act. My firſt advice was that he ſhould return to England; where his excellence was known, and where the reward of excellence is ſo much higher. I perceived his vanity acted upon him: he wanted to aſtoniſh the workmen in Paris, by exhibiting ſome performance of his own; and I remarked to him that this perhaps was not ſo eaſy as he might ſuppoſe. " Oh, yes," ſaid he, " it is eaſy enough." ' No people,' anſwered I, ' ſpeak more, or perhaps write better, on the mechanical arts, and their rules and principles, than the French.' " Very true," replied he, " they talk a deal, and do little. An Engliſhman does not ſay much; but he brings home his work as well finiſhed nay and better than he promiſed."

A friend, who was building a houſe, deſired the architect, for there is no ſuch unſcientific profeſſion in France as a maſter-

* Oh, I have gone through my ſtudies: I am maſter of my trade: I am thoroughly verſed in the beſt principles.—They are very neceſſary to good workmen.—Neceſſary? They are indiſpenſable.

builder,

builder, would take ſpecial care that the chimnies ſhould not ſmoke. The man looked at him with ſurpriſe.

" That, ſir, is no affair of mine."

' How! not your affair.'

" No, certainly, ſir; it is the buſineſs of the *fumiſte:* [the chimney doctor.]

This man, no doubt, had *made* his ſtudies: his rank was no leſs than that of architect; had any one queſtioned or contradicted him, it ſoon would have appeared how profound he was in principles.

Dignity of phraſe is not confined to architects, or fumiſts. Whoever has lately paſſed through the *Louvre* to the church of *St. Germain l'Auxerrois,* may have ſeen an old table, with a box on it, decorated by a painting of an operator, with inſcriptions and other ornaments. The whole appearance is wretchedly mean; but not ſo the words. The owner of this apparatus, with which his figure correſponds, is uſually ſeated in a coffee-houſe, or *cabaret,* I forget which, diverting himſelf with ſmall talk, and the game of domino. The ſhop of Shakeſpear's apothecary was magnificence itſelf to the apparatus of this ſcientific man; yet the following is a copy of the hand-bill he diſtributes.

Place et Cloître Germain-l'Auxerrois, paſſage de la Treille, vis-à-vis l'entrée du Billard, n°. 22.

" *Le Citoyen* THIERRY, *officier de ſanté, élève et ſucceſſeur de feu M. Brocard, célèbre chirurgien dentiſte de ſon tems, nouvellement arrivé à Paris, après avoir parcouru pendant dix-huit ans divers departemens de la république, offre ſes ſervices et ſes talens au public, dont il eſpère mériter la confiance.*

" *Il ſuffit de prévenir le lecteur qu'il fait avec une légèreté et dextérité ſurprenantes l'extraction des dentes gâtées, ſurdents, racines et chi-*

cots les plus invétérés ; il cotériſe [cautériſe] *et plombe les dents cariées, lorſqu'il juge à propos de le faire, et par cette ſage précaution, il parvient à conſerver ces ſortes de dents pluſieurs années, ſans craindre une rechute douloureuſe.*

" Il fait généralement tout ce qui concerne la toilette et l'ornement de la bouche ; il poſe des dents artificielles qui imitent les naturelles, le tout à un prix raiſonnable.

" Le Citoyen Thierry fait de même avec beaucoup de ſuccès l'extirpation des cors aux pieds : une expérience acquiſe par lui, d'environ vingt années de pratique, fondée par principe de l'étude de l'anatomie, l'a mis à même de faire les opérations ſans douleur ; auſſi-tôt la perſonne opérée, elle marche auſſi facilement comme ſi elle n'eût jamais eu de cors aux pieds.

" Le Citoyen Thierry ſe tranſporte en ville pour opérer, lorſqu'il eſt demandé.

*" Les perſonnes jalouſes de conſerver leurs dents en bon état, comme celles qui ſont affligées de cors aux pieds, peuvent s'abonner avec le C. Thierry, ſoit au mois ou à l'année, le tout à un prix raiſonnable. Et par cette ſage précaution, les perſonnes jalouſes de leur dentier le conſerveront en bon état, et celles affligées des cors aux pieds marcheront toujours librement. Il ne reçoit aucune lettre ſans être affranchie.**

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* "The Citizen THIERRY, officer of health, educated by and ſucceſſor to the late *M. Brocard*, a celebrated ſurgeon-dentiſt in his day, lately arrived at Paris, after having for the ſpace of eighteen years travelled the various departments of the republic, offers his ſervices and his talents to the public, whoſe confidence he hopes to merit.

" It is ſufficient to notice to the reader, that with a lightneſs and dexterity that are ſurpriſing, he performs the extraction of hollow teeth, ſide fangs, roots, and ſtumps, the moſt inveterate; he cauterizes and leads hollow teeth, when he thinks proper ſo to do, and by this ſage precaution he attains the preſerving of theſe kind of teeth ſeveral years without fear of a painful relapſe.

" He performs generally all that appertains to the toilet, and the ornament of the

I have tranſlated in the French idiom, to attempt though in vain the full grandeur of the original; and I print this and the following, to which numbers might be added, as proofs that the ſame pretenſions to ſcience, ſtudy, principles, and the jargon already quoted, prevail in their hand-bills and printed puffs, as in their converſation. I muſt however firſt remark, that an Engliſhman acquainted with the figure of Citizen *Thierry*, who, according to his own account, travelled the republic ſeveral years before it exiſted, ſhould he imagine this good citizen, having tranſported himſelf into the city, at the toilet of a lady, there to perform all that appertains to that office, and to the ornament of the mouth, would have a moſt whimſical ſucceſſion of ideas.

In deſpite of the high pretenſions of Citizen *Thierry*, and his numerous other brother officers of health, who all of them bill the ſtreets of Paris, the following is a perſon ſtill more profoundly verſed in ſcience.

" CHAMOIS, *Phyſicien, et ſon epouſe, reconnaiſſant la confiance dont le public les honore, préviennent qu'ils continuent toujours avec ſuccès de développer la chaine des événemens heureux ou malheureux de la vie; connaiſſance précieuſe et utile pour jouir du bonheur, ou re-*

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the mouth; he puts in artificial ſo as to imitate natural teeth; all at a reaſonable price.

" The citizen *Thierry* likewiſe performs with much ſucceſs the extirpation of corns; an experience acquired by him, in about twenty years practice, founded on principle from the ſtudy of anatomy, has in like manner enabled him to perform theſe operations without pain; which are no ſooner over than the perſon walks with as much eaſe as if there never had been corns in the feet.

" The citizen *Thierry* tranſports himſelf into the city when he is demanded.

" Perſons jealous of preſerving their teeth in good order, as well as thoſe afflicted with corns in the feet, may ſubſcribe to the citizen *Thierry* by the month or year, all at a reaſonable price; and, by this ſage precaution, perſons jealous of their ſet of teeth, will preſerve them in good condition; and thoſe afflicted with corns in the feet, will walk freely. All letters muſt be poſt paid."

pouſſer

pouſſer les effets du malheur, par le moyen d'un tableau phyſique, ſur les lignes des mains et ſur la phyſionomie. Ils annoncent le paſſé, le préſent et l'avenir, ſoit pour héritages, mariages, nouvelles, pertes, procès, affaires de famille, etc. Ils ne laiſſent rien à déſirer. Ils poſsèdent des ſecrets dont ils ſont les ſeuls propriétaires.

" *Ils demeurent toujours rue Germain-l'Auxerrois, n°. 58, au 1er. près l'Apport-Paris, vis-à-vis la rue des Lavandières, maiſon du Perruquier, en face de la Croix-d'Or. Il eſt viſible tous les jours, chez lui, ou ſon épouſe, depuis 7 heures du matin juſqu'à 6 du ſoir.*

" *Son nom eſt ſur la porte* À PARIS.

" Nota. *Ils donnent des Numero pour la Loterie Nationale.*"*

Conjurors, it is true, can do ſtrange things: it would be difficult for other men to *announce* the paſſed and the preſent; a few of the laughter-exciting ſons of Hibernia excepted; and, as for the future, it muſt be left to ſuch experimental philoſophers as M. *Chamois*, and their wives and grandmothers. We however are well capable of giving the French their revenge; let them but copy our advertiſements, hand-bills, and current puffs, and they may learn as much, and laugh no leſs.

In language, every thing ſpoken of muſt be perfect, or ſomething more than perfect: it muſt excite admiration, if not aſto-

* " *Chamois*, experimental philoſopher, and his ſpouſe, acknowledging the confidence with which the public honour them, give notice, that they ſtill ſucceſsfully continue to develop the chain of the events of life, fortunate or unfortunate; a precious knowledge, uſeful for the enjoyment of happineſs, or to repel the effects of misfortune, by the means of a phyſical tablet of the lines of the hands and of the phyſiognomy. They announce the paſſed, the preſent, and the future; be it for inheritance, marriage, news, loſs, lawſuit, family affairs, &c. They leave nothing more to deſire. They poſſeſs ſecrets of which they are the ſole proprietors. . . . . .

" He is viſible every day, at home, or his ſpouſe, from ſeven in the morning till ſix in the evening. His name is on the door.

" N. B. They give numbers for the national lottery."

niſhment.

niſhment. In execution, moſt things are left as chance ſhall guide. The work is often begun in the ſpirit deſcribed; and great ingenuity, talent, nay and ſometimes genius are exerciſed: yet the caſes are rare in which the performance does not ſoon fall into neglect, and the work is not left in an unfiniſhed, often in a deplorable ſtate. In this condition are many of their grandeſt buildings, as I ſhall have occaſion to remark.

Only in a language to which inflated metaphors are common, could thoſe whimſical figures of ſpeech, incidents, and hyperboles, called *Gaſconiana*, have taken birth. If the following are not known to the reader, they will at once be proofs in point, and excite a ſmile.

A Pariſian drew in the ſtreet upon a Gaſcon, by whom he had been inſulted. The Gaſcon, calling a chimney-ſweeper, and giving him a ſous, ſaid—"Here, take this and go to the ſexton: tell him to ring a knell, and come for that dead body"—pointing to the Pariſian. 'Lord, ſir,' replied the meſſenger, 'it ſeems to me the gentleman is in good health.'—"Very true," anſwered the Gaſcon: but did not you hear him challenge me?"

A Gaſcon vaunted, that he had carried a foreſt in his pockets: he had filled them with acorns.

Another complained that, at the beginning of the earth, the Almighty had forgotten to create his eſtate.

I know not whether *Pierre de l'Oſtal* was a Gaſcon; but in the ſonnet, addreſſed by him to *Du Bartas*, and printed at the head of that author's poem, he tells *Du Bartas* that his book is larger than the whole univerſe. This book, or poem, entitled *Commentaire ſur la Semaine de la Création du Monde, en ſept livres*, ran through thirty editions in five or ſix years, was tranſlated, commentated, imitated, and every where admired, yet is itſelf full of the moſt ridiculous ſimilies, metaphors, and gaſconades; and

and was well known to the Engliſh by a tranſlation, under the title, as I recollect, of the DIVINE WEEK. The author tells us that the head is the lodging of the mind; the eyes are two ſhining glaſſes, or two twin ſtars; the noſe is the gutter, or the chimney; the teeth are a double paliſado, ſerving as grinders to the open jaws; the hands the chamber-maids of nature, the clerks of the court to the underſtanding, and the purveyors of the body; and the bones the beams, rafters, and pillars of this lodging of fleſh.

By perſons unacquainted with the holy allegories and effuſions of that age, it would be ſuppoſed *Du Bartas* could ſcarcely be exceeded, in his own ſtyle; but, ſhould they happen to read a poem called "The Purple Iſland," by Fletcher, and ſtrange to ſay, republiſhed in the preſent age with expreſſions of high admiration, they will be undeceived.

Du Bartas likewiſe wrote a ſingular little poem, addreſſed to the Queen of Navarre, on her public entry at Nerac, in which three nymphs diſputed the honour of giving welcome to her majeſty: the firſt in Latin, the ſecond in French, and the third in Gaſcon.

The preſident *De Thou* bears teſtimony that, though his ſtyle was thus inflated, his manners were ſimple, and his diſcourſe was modeſt.

Inſtances might be multiplied at pleaſure; for volumes of gaſconades, like our jeſt books, have been printed. The jeſt books in France are chiefly filled with gaſconades, puns, or tales not fit to be read. Dulaure ſays,* that the jeſt book entitled *Momus Français*, fit only to amuſe footmen, is attributed to *Gaſton de France*; a man who, by his political intrigues and want of good faith, brought his friends to the ſcaffold, eſcaped himſelf by mean-

* *Curioſités*, &c. 2me partie, p. 336.

neſs,

neſs, was the companion of proſtitutes and debauchees, took great delight in trinkets and baubles, and amuſed himſelf by robbing on the *Pont Neuf*. He was the brother of Louis XIII.*

The following is a pleaſant anecdote, and perhaps is not very current.

" Colbert, beyond doubt, was one of the greateſt miniſters France ever poſſeſſed. A Gaſcon officer, having obtained a gratification of a hundred and fifty piſtoles from Louis XIV, in 1680, went in ſearch of Colbert, that the ſum might be paid. The miniſter was at dinner with three or four nobles; and the Gaſcon, without introduction, entered the dining-room with that effrontery which the air of *La Garonne*† inſpires; and with an accent that did not bely his country. Approaching the table, he aſked aloud—" Gentlemen, with permiſſion, pray which of you is Colbert?"

' I am that perſon,' ſaid the miniſter: ' what is it you require?'

" Oh, no great affair," ſaid the other: a trifling order of his majeſty to pay me five hundred crowns."

Colbert, who was in a humour to amuſe himſelf, deſired the Gaſcon to take a ſeat at table, ordered him a cover, and promiſed to expedite his buſineſs after dinner.

The Gaſcon accepted the offer without the leaſt ceremony, and eat inordinately. Having dined, the miniſter ſent for one of his ſecretaries; who took the officer to the treaſury.

Here a hundred piſtoles were counted and given him, on which he obſerved the ſum was a hundred and fifty. " True," replied the ſecretary, " but fifty are retained for your dinner."

' Fifty!' replied the Gaſcon; fifty piſtoles for a dinner! Where I dine I pay but twenty ſous.'

* *Dic. Hiſtorique*, vol. iv. p. 60.

† A river of Gaſcony.

"That I can very well believe," replied the ſecretary, "but you do not dine with the miniſter Colbert, and that is the honour for which you muſt pay."

'Oh very well,' replied the Gaſcon, 'ſince that is the caſe keep the whole: it is not worth my while to accept a hundred piſtoles: I will bring one of my friends to-morrow, and we will eat up the remainder.'

This diſcourſe was reported to Colbert, who admired the gaſconade, and ordered the full ſum to the poor officer. In all probability this was his whole wealth: but Colbert afterward did him many good offices. The ſtory was told to Louis XIV, and it was allowed that none but a Gaſcon was capable of ſuch an act."*

The Gaſcon is as common a character on the French ſtage as the Iriſhman is on the Engliſh, but not ſo pleaſant: his hyperbolies are leſs comic than the unintentional the ſimple blunders of the Hibernian. One of the lateſt pieces of this kind is written by a living author of celebrity, *M. Collin d'Harleville*; and the principal perſonage is *Le Baron de Crac.* It afforded me but little amuſement, nor did the Pariſians themſelves appear to enjoy it ſo much as its reputation led me to expect.

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* *Dictionnaire Hiſtorique de la Ville de Paris*, tom. ii. p. 777.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

A PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY: RULES THAT COULD NOT BE OBSERVED: INFLATION OF FRENCH IDIOMS: POMPOUS AND FALSE PRAISE: THE ELYSIAN FIELDS OF PARIS; AND THE SURROUNDING OBJECTS: MONOTONOUS, AND DESTITUTE OF VARIETY: HUTS, AND CABARETS, IN THEM: SPORTS, GAMES, AND PLEASURES: MIXED COMPANY BY WHICH THEY ARE FREQUENTED: SCENE BETWEEN LEWIS XIV. AND LE NÔTRE: POMPOSITY OF THE MONARCH EQUALLED OR EXCEEDED BY THAT OF THE GARDENER: ANTICS PLAYED BY LE NÔTRE IN PRESENCE OF POPE INNOCENT XI.

IN 1780, at the grand convent of the reverend Auguſtin friars, five or ſix individuals formed a philanthropic ſociety: in imitation of a ſimilar one, then exiſting, at Straſburg. By good fortune, it was ſo well regulated that it maintained or aſſiſted more than nine hundred perſons. It was a kind of ſmall republic, in which no diſtinctions of ſuperiority were acknowledged.

In the French phraſe, I am glad to make honourable mention of ſuch a ſociety; but I likewiſe notice it among the inſtances in which ſounding words are profuſely and inconſiderately employed.

"*Pour être admis membre de cette ſociété il faut un état honorable, un penchant bien décidé à la bienfaiſance, et une réputation intacte.*"*

Theſe are deſirable requiſites in all men; and certainly in the members of ſuch a ſociety: but of the ſtrict obſervation of the

* To be admitted a member of this ſociety, an honourable profeſſion, a decided deſire to do good, and a ſpotleſs reputation are neceſſary.

rule in any country, eſpecially in one where truth is continually ſacrificed to civility, it is no violent degree of ſcepticiſm to doubt. The ſeverity of the rules however did not end with the members.

" *Pour avoir part au ſecours de cette ſociété il faut être domicilié à Paris depuis trois ans, être ouvrier, ou homme de peine, pauvre, et avoir une conduite irréprochable. Elle exige toutes les pièces qui conſtatent ces différentes conditions; et elle vérifie elle-même, par les informations les plus ſévères, ſi on* [l'on] *ne cherche pas à lui en impoſer.*"*

The wiſdom of this ſeverity there is great reaſon to ſuſpect: if none but the irreproachably virtuous are to be relieved, the offices of charity will be quickly performed: the ſociety would not have diſcovered a ſingle pauper, worthy to receive its benefactions: but, as words here coſt little, they here mean little.

How many inſtances might be pointed out in which the French and Engliſh nations are characterized by the idioms of their language. It is a reſearch that would be curious, and inſtructive, were it actively purſued. In England we are contented to walk the ſtreets: not ſo in France; they cannot do leſs than *travel* them, there.

" *On ſait aujourd'hui avec quel ſécurité on peut voyager dans les rues de Paris, pendant la nuit.*"†

Let what will be urged in its defence, a parade of words is highly prejudicial to morals: it is deceit; and in deceit there can be no ſafety.

* To obtain ſuccour from the ſociety, the perſon ſuccoured muſt have lived three years in Paris, muſt be a journeyman, or day labourer, poor, and of irreproachable conduct. Written proofs of all this are required; and the moſt ſevere examination will take place, that the ſociety may not be impoſed upon.—*Guide des Amateurs et Voyageurs à Paris*, vol. ii. p. 469. Paris 1787.

† The preſent ſafety of the ſtreets of Paris is well known.—*Curioſités de Paris, 2me partie*, p. 310. I have tranſlated in the Engliſh not the French idiom: the latter the text explains.

An

An officer, in Paris, was driving that public nuiſance a *cabriolet* ſo careleſsly that it was with great difficulty he avoided running over a woman. Inſtead of meeting the diſapprobation, and reproof, due to men who ſo trifle with the lives of others, the fact was related, as I remember in the journal called *le Publiciſte*, with the moſt pompous praiſe. The manner in which he pulled up his horſe, his preſence of mind, his jumping out of the *cabriolet* to conſole the woman, who was but ſlightly hurt, his humanity—"*enfin c'étoit un vrai militaire François.*"* Language itſelf could go no further.

In the names given to places, inſtead of becoming more ſimple, they increaſe in bombaſt. I have already noticed the titles to quack medicines, the names of the public gardens, and other numberleſs proofs, which the reader will in part recollect. They diſdain ſuch ſimple phraſes as the Houſe of Repreſentatives, the Houſe of Commons, or the Houſe of Lords; palaces they think become them better. *Palais du Corps Légiſlatif: Palais du Tribunat: Palais du Sénat.* I grant that ſuch bodies of men, ſuppoſing them conſcientiouſly to perform their functions, ought to aſſemble in places correſpondent to the dignity of their high and ſerious duties: but the difference of idiom does not the leſs exiſt.

Imitation, as it is productive of much good, ſo does it alſo produce much evil. In England, we appear to have caught a part of this inflated ſtyle, even in proper names. We have Paradiſe Row; Park Place; Mount Pleaſant; and other names which, given to ſtreets in a city, are ſufficiently ridiculous: but the ridicule is not concealed; it lies on the ſurface; no one is miſled, for every one, who looks and thinks, laughs.

Les Champs Elyſées (the Elyſian Fields), excite very different aſſociations.

* In ſhort, he was a true French officer.

The

The place ſo called is adjoining to, and as a picture forms a whole with, *la Place de la Concorde*; the magnificence of which I have already deſcribed. *Les Champs Elyſées* are divided by the ſpacious road, with its two avenues, that leads to *St. Germain en Laye*. You enter them by paſſing between lofty pedeſtals; on the top of which are the ſtatues of Caſtor and Pollux, bridling their impatient ſteeds. They are ſkirted on the ſouth by the river Seine, and by another ſpacious road, that leads to Verſailles, with its adjoining alleys; one of which, as we have ſeen in the program to the feſtival of the 14th of July, is dignified by the title of *Cours-la-Reine*. The ſurrounding objects are moſt of them grand; and the maſs itſelf, that is, the trees contained in *les Champs Elyſées*, which form the maſs, correſponds in grandeur.

This picture however is only true when ſeen at a diſtance; for, being in *les Champs Elyſées*, and inquiring into the beauties and defects of the place, it ſeems difficult to conceive how ſo much labour and expence could have been beſtowed upon a plan ſo barren in invention, ſo deſtitute of variety, and ſo fatiguing from its monotony to the eye. Some few open places excepted, ſuch as the ſpacious roads, *le Carré de Marigni*, and *l'Etoile*, which have been already mentioned, the whole is covered with trees planted in angles, and in that formal manner that, turn to look which way you will, you have eternally the ſame object: a narrow viſta, in a right line. This line is occaſionally broken, by here and there a ſorry building; not any hermitage, which, when you enter it, you find to contain a neat parlour, and a dairy ſo cleanly that the milk is doubly ſweet, but a *cabaret*, where is retailed the thin beverage called *la bonne bierre de Mars*; the brown ſtout of Paris; a wooden hut the habitation of a *traiteur*, or a *réſtaurateur*, where, though they can give you little that is good to eat, they can find you nine-pins, bowls without a bowling-green, and a wooden ſtand,

ſtand, upon which you may play at chuck-penny. Here too men and boys beat large balls, blown up with air, from hand to hand; and play at ground tennis.

The company is as diſcordant as the place. Young and old, well dreſſed and ragged, clean and dirty, meet in numbers when the weather is fine: and, be the coat new or old, the gown or petticoat white or brown, they ſeat themſelves on the graſs, or in the duſt, with ſeemingly equal indifference; or ſaunter among the trees, or ſip their beverage, or follow their paſtimes, till twilight warns them home. Through the day till the approach of evening, when the earth is not damp, idle fellows are ſeen lying here and there, ſleeping on their folded arms; or on the back, with the face covered by the hat. Theſe are the appearances, and theſe the pleaſures of their ELYSIAN FIELDS; which, were a Pariſian in a foreign country and deprived of them to deſcribe, how would the Elyſium of the poets ſink in the compariſon!

This parade of words influences the whole ſyſtem of action; and the influence is ſometimes good, ſometimes bad.

No period affords ſuch abundant proofs, of theſe different effects, as that of the age of Lewis XIV.: and perhaps few men have exhibited a more pompouſly pleaſant ſcene, of this deſcription, than one which paſſed between the monarch himſelf and the famous *Le Nôtre*, Intendant of the Gardens of the Tuileries, Knight of the Order of St. Michel, Controuler General of his Majeſty's buildings, and Deſigner of the Gardens. His titles, we find, might almoſt vie with thoſe of his royal protector.

Few, who have attended to the ſubject, are ignorant of the ſtraight line, circular baſons, cut trees, and formal foppęries, exceeding in bad taſte perhaps all other examples, and likewiſe exceeding all others in abſurd and ruinous expence, of which this famous *Le Nôtre* was the author: or at leaſt which he, by being employed to

to plan the gardens of Verſailles, gave ſuch increaſing faſhion to that it ſpread through Europe; over a great part of which it is ſtill viſible.

In the progreſs of the work, while laying out theſe gardens, he prevailed on the monarch to come and judge of the diſtribution of the parts; and began by ſhowing him the two baſons of water under the terrace of the palace, their ſplendid decorations, and his deſign for a double aſcent of ſteps.

As *Le Nôtre* marked the poſition of and deſcribed his ideal beauties, the enchanted king, at each pauſe in his progreſs, exclaimed—"*Le Nôtre*, I grant you twenty thouſand livres."

This magnificent remuneration, ſays my French author, was ſo often repeated that it vexed the worthy *Le Nôtre*, whoſe ſoul was as diſintereſted as that of his royal maſter was generous; and, at the fourth donation, he roundly interrupted the king, ſaying—"Your majeſty ſhall hear no more: I ſhall ruin you."*

I ſcarcely can conceive any thing more truly comic, put the conſequences of ſuch conduct out of the queſtion, than the ſtate of mind of theſe two men: the king, who could at every five minutes tell a gardener—"I grant you twenty thouſand livres;" and the gardener, who could reply, "You ſhall hear no more of my ſublime projects: I ſhall ruin your majeſty." Here was exaltation of ſoul; a monarch's magnificence; beſtowing the labour and pain, and hunger and thirſt, nay the health and exiſtence, of the millions whom he ruled! Here was a gardener's delicacy; and the true point of honour; who knew exactly when to bid a king ſtop, leſt he ſhould ruin that king who was himſelf ruining all theſe millions of people! What a ſtrange mixture of tragedy and comedy! It ought not to be forgotten that this ſtory is told in many

* *Saint Foix*, vol. iii. p. 392. Alſo *Guide des Amateurs*, &c. vol. i. p. 395.

French

French books; and never without marks of high admiration of the magnificent monarch, and the great the diſintereſted man of genius.

This *André Le Nôtre*, gardener and knight, was an original and pleaſant fellow. His biographer tells us that he travelled to Italy, in the hope of acquiring knowledge; but that his creative genius had already led him to perfection.

No man appears to have had a more thorough conviction of his greatneſs than the gardener himſelf, if we may judge by his manners. Being at Rome, Innocent XI. informed of his merit —Popes, like other men, can be informed, or miſinformed—wiſhed to ſee him, and granted him a long audience; at the end of which *Le Nôtre* addreſſed the Infallible, ſaying—" I have ſeen the two greateſt men on earth; your holineſs and the king my maſter!" The pope, who was as humble as other popes, replied—' There is much difference: the king is a victorious monarch; I am a poor prieſt, the ſervant of the ſervants of God.'

Charmed with this reply, the gardener forgot what he was doing; and, ſlapping the pope on the ſhoulder, anſwered—" My reverend father, you are in good health; you will bury the whole ſacred college."

The pope, ſays my author, underſtood French, and laughed at the prognoſtic; and *Le Nôtre*, more and more charmed by his bounty and the particular eſteem he teſtified for the king, threw his arms round the neck of the pope and kiſſed him.*

* *Dict. Hiſtorique*, vol. vi. p. 529. Caen, 1789. I find the name of this perſon is ſpelled three different ways: *Le Noſtre, Le Nôtre, Le Nautre.* The laſt is adopted by Saint Foix, and the two firſt are in the *Dictionnaire Hiſtorique*; but the moſt uſual I ſuppoſe to be *Le Nôtre.*

CHAPTER LXXV.

PARADE OF THINGS: NATIONAL EMBLEMS OF ENGLISH, DUTCH, GERMANS, AND FRENCH: MUCH SHOW WITH LITTLE MONEY: ANECDOTE OF A POOR MISTRESS AND AN INTELLIGENT MAID: CHANGE THAT HAS TAKEN PLACE IN THE MODE OF WALKING AND OF ENTERING ROOMS: VICIOUS STYLE OF PORTRAIT-PAINTING; INSTANCED IN THE PORTRAITS OF MIRABEAU AND NECKAR: MANNER OF EMBRACING: AND A REMARK ON DECENCY.

THE parade of things limps but feebly after the parade of words: what was the feſtival compared to the program? The effort however to make them keep pace may be traced through all ranks. With the parade of government the reader is in part become acquainted: it will be difficult to give any true picture of it as it exiſts in the different claſſes of ſociety.

The abſence of mind, which ſhould ſeem to be common to nations, in the ſelection of thoſe emblems by which they intend to characterize what they conſider as their beſt qualities, is not a little remarkable. The Engliſh, Dutch, and many others figure themſelves by the lion; as if they gloried in being ferocious beaſts of prey and carnage. The type which the Germans moſt covet is the black eagle, ſplit to the back-bone, and by that hanging together. I ſcarcely know how it would be poſſible more forcibly to inſinuate the ambition of her petty princes, and the diſtracted and divided ſtate of the German empire, than by a black eagle thus maimed and ſevered.

Had the French intended an eternal ſatire upon vanity and boaſting,

boaſting, they could not have been more pointed in their typical deſignation than they are: they have choſen a cock, the figure of which they cut in ſtone and caſt in braſs, and thus he ſtands on the Carrouſel gate of the Tuileries, and numbers of their public monuments, inceſſantly crowing and clapping his wings. At what age of the world ſhall common ſenſe have obtained that aſcendancy that ſhall render men generally alive to the deſolating conſequences of thoſe actions and paſſions of which they are vain, and the abſurdity of the emblems by which they publicly avow and vaunt of theſe miſchievous characteriſtics?

To convey a juſt idea of the parade of things, as it exiſts in all countries, is I believe impoſſible. Every where it is different; and every where it conforms to the manners, and modes of thinking, of the different nations. In France it has a peculiar facility, no where elſe to be found. An Engliſhman is ſurpriſed to ſee the ſhow which a Frenchman can make with a little money: give a poor fellow who has neither coat, ſhoe, nor ſtocking, a few livres, and he will make himſelf a beau for the *Boulevards*; in a week he will be without coat, ſhoe, or ſtocking again. With a couple of louis he would have completely equipped himſelf for a *bal paré*, or dreſs ball.

A perſon who related it to me witneſſed the following ſcene:

One evening company came in unexpectedly at the lodgings of an officer. "Bleſs me," exclaimed the miſtreſs of the houſe, "what ſhall I do? They are my intimate friends: I know they will expect to ſtay ſupper, and I have abſolutely nothing to give them."

A maid, who had lived with her from infancy, which, as a reſult of the feudal ſyſtem, uſed to be common in France, ſeeing the diſtreſs of her miſtreſs and poſſeſſing in a high degree the faculty of making much of a little, aſked her miſtreſs 'what money ſhe

had?' "Oh," replied the lady, "none ſcarcely: I have only a fifteen ſous piece, and three liards:" leſs than ten-pence. 'Give it me quickly,' ſaid the maid.

Away the girl went; and preſently the table was brought, the clean cloth was ſpread, the ſilver forks and ſpoons arranged, bread, butter, a *Neufchatel* cheeſe, a ſalad, two plates thinly ſtrewed with ſtrawberries, and a ragout of ſomething like bare bones, covered the board. The ſhow was quite reſpectable, an appearance of many things, though there was nothing to eat; and the girl, with great apparent vexation, blamed herſelf for her negligence: "She had been ſo forgetful, and the ſhops were now all ſhut: it was ſhameful of her! Her lady was the moſt hoſpitable lady on earth: it was no fault of hers, for her ſtrict orders were to be always well provided."

There was ſomething ſo intelligent, ſo ready, and ſo amiably kind hearted in all this, that, highly as truth ought to be reſpected, it is ſcarcely paradoxical to call it good faith and affection, rather than deceit.

I muſt not here omit to repeat the ſtep, gait, and carriage of the French, their manner of entering a room, their embracing, their mode of portrait painting, and their general behaviour.

It was with great pleaſure that I obſerved their ſtep and gait are conſiderably changed, within theſe laſt twenty years. The ſtep of both ſexes uſed to be exceſſively ſhort: the walk was a kind of trip; and there was a jerk in the gait, which to a ſtranger appeared the extreme of affectation. The women at that time wore ſlippers with high heels, and without quarters; ſo that this quick mode of ſhuffling, to keep the ſlippers on, could only be endured by the light trip I have mentioned; and to effect this a continual twiſt of the hips was neceſſary. In France, whatever a lady approves a gentleman muſt imitate: the ſtep of the latter of conſe-

quence

quence was ſhort; but the twiſting jerk was not equally unavoidable. The ladies now wear low heeled ſhoes, with quarters; and, though their walk is perhaps never dignified, it often has a lightneſs and grace that are very pleaſing. The improvement is not leſs, it is rather greater, in the walk of the men.

The formality of entering a room is by no means the ſame as it was: it has by no means the ſame degree of ſelf-ſufficiency, of foppiſh pretenſion, and a demand to be immediately admired; though ſuch airs are ſtill much too frequently viſible.

The manner of ſitting for and the air given to the head, in portraits, is ſtill far indeed from that unaffected ſimplicity, which thoſe imitations of man ought to poſſeſs. To ſtand in any aſſumed, that is, in any unuſual attitude, or to ſit erect with a protuberant breaſt, the back of the head high, the chin low, and the eye big with vanity and diſdain, is ſacrificing as many hours as the perſon painted may be obliged to ſit that he may exhibit himſelf, while that likeneſs of him ſhall continue to exiſt, as ſomething worſe than a fool; an imperious and ridiculous ape. What muſt be the power of habit if *Mirabeau*, who, whatever might be his other qualities, had a ſtrong and diſcriminating mind, actually ſat for the portrait of which we ſo frequently ſee the engraving? And I ſuppoſe it to be nearly certain he did ſit for this portrait.

I have met with many that were at leaſt equally offenſive and abſurd; among which may be reckoned the buſts and portraits of *Neckar*. I had the honour, I ought much rather to ſay the pleaſure, but honour is the phraſe, of being acquainted with his famous daughter, *Madame de Stael:* her works are public; her powers of mind and her genius are well known to mankind. That ſhe ſhould have the buſt and portrait of her father in her apartments was nothing more than might be expected, as well from the reverence in which ſhe holds his talents as from affection, and filial piety:

piety: but that ſhe ſhould never perceive the empirical character, which the artiſt had impoſed upon the father ſhe loved and revered, was ſtrange: and that ſhe did not was evident, not only from the manner in which the buſt obtruded itſelf upon the eye, in paſſing through the hall, but likewiſe from her pointing out the portrait to me, when firſt acquainted with her, as if ſhe feared it might paſs unnoticed. This however is a ſubject which more properly belongs to an inquiry into the ſtate of the arts, of which I ſhall have to attempt ſome brief ſketch.

The embraces of the French are very characteriſtic. If two perſons meet, who have a real affection for each other and have been ſeparated for any length of time, they kiſs very cordially; but it is on the two cheeks: a kiſs on the lips, in public, is an indecency; which they will ſometimes endure, from the ignorance of an Engliſhman, but do not fail to comment among each other on his ſtrange ill breeding, and perhaps on the uncivilized ſtate of his nation. Decency, politeneſs, and civilization, among petty minds, are the petty forms to which they have been accuſtomed.

Between perſons who have alſo a ſtrong degree of affection, but who are part of the ſame family or daily meet, a kiſs on the forehead is often a mark of tenderneſs and kind feeling. When perſons meet who pretend friendſhip for each other, but who in reality never felt any thing that deſerves to be reſpectfully mentioned, the formal cold manner, in which they ſtretch out the neck and project the cheek, is at ſometimes a laughable farce, and at others odious hypocriſy.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

A QUOTATION: RULES FOR BEHAVIOUR: THE GOOD BREEDING OF FOLLY: THE ABBÉ DE LILLE, A ROYAL PROFESSOR, AND A HUMOROUS DIALOGUE: GOOD BREEDING DIFFERENT IN DIFFERENT PLACES: GOOD BREEDING IN THE CITY: ANECDOTE OF A POET AND A LADY: CUSTOM OF SPEAKING IN THE SECOND PERSON: WOMEN THE SHOPKEEPERS: THEY GOSSIP AND COQUET WITH ALL COMERS: THE CONSEQUENCES OF TRIFLING: PARISIAN URBANITY INSTANCED IN A FISH GIRL: LAMENTATIONS OVER A LAP DOG: NUMBER OF IDLERS: OLD WOMAN THAT SOLD PLEASURE: A FLOAT OF FIREWOOD: TRIFLERS EASILY AMUSED: EVIL EFFECTS OF SLOTH.

TO deſcribe not only the manner of embracing but many other national traits, I cannot do better than tranſlate a humorous paper, which appeared in *Le Publiciſte*, the 22d *Vendémiaire*, an X.

"I riſe from once more reading *La Civilité Puérile et Honnête*: a uſeful though neglected book. Every thing is there; from the forms of civility, neceſſary to be obſerved in the preſence of the king, to the manner of ſpreading a tablecloth. Nor is our great Creator himſelf forgotten. No one ought to ſit, ſays the book, during maſs; becauſe, that would be an incivility to the holy ſacrament: neither ſhould any man make the ſign of the croſs behind his back." This, be it here remarked, is what I never ſaw any man do.

"Should you ſee a perſon in company ſeated with his hands before him, his knees ſquare, his feet exactly joined and the toes in

in a ſtraight line, who never ſtations himſelf near the fire, who, in placing himſelf to dine, approaches the table with circumſpection, ſo as to have his two hands reſting on it, and who, in that poſture, ſcrupulouſly waits, and does not unfold his napkin till others begin to do the ſame, nor take a ſpoonful of ſoup till the company taſte theirs, nor drink till others are thirſty, who eats only of the diſh before him, nor ventures to help any one till he has in ſome manner obtained permiſſion, be aſſured that ſuch a man has read *La Civilité Puérile et Honnête.*

" An honeſt professor of the royal college, who lately died, and who doubtleſs had read this book and ſeen very little of the world, went one day to Verſailles, in the ſuite of the rector; where he dined with one of his majeſty's miniſters. When he returned, the *Abbé de Lille*, with whom he was very intimate, and who was in the habit of bantering him for his ignorance of the cuſtoms and things of this earth, ſaid to him—' Well, my friend, tell me, how didſt thou behave thyſelf?'

" Behave! Why aſk me ſuch a queſtion? Is it a thing ſo difficult to dine at Verſailles?"

' So, ſo! Thy ignorance on the ſubject is but too viſible. I warrant thou haſt done a hundred fooliſh things!'

" Pſhaw!"

' Well, let us hear: how didſt thou ſit at table?'

" I ſat on my chair, to be ſure."

' Ay, ay: but what happened then?'

" Why then, I ſpread my napkin."

' In what manner?'

" In the common manner! How elſe? I put the end through my button-hole."

' Which is exactly what nobody now does! And what next?'

" I eat my ſoup."

' But

'But how didſt thou eat it?'

"Like other people; with a ſpoon and a fork."

'That is again preciſely what no well bred man does at preſent. People no longer uſe a fork, when they eat ſoup. Ah my poor friend, *Coſſon*, how have they laughed at thee. What followed next?'

"Why, I next eat my beef."

'And, having eat your beef, what did you do with your knife?'

"My knife? What a ſtrange queſtion! What ſhould I do with my knife but wipe it?"

'And I'll bet a louis it was upon thy bread?'

"Why, what the devil ought I to have wiped it upon my coat ſleeve?"

"The Profeſſor began to be vexed, and the *Abbé* did but laugh the more. Queſtions were then multiplied, on the manner of drinking, and aſking to drink.

'How didſt thou behave, when thou wert thirſty?'

"Behave! I bad the ſervant at the back of my chair give me a glaſs of wine."

'Then thou wert not ſufficiently well bred. Doſt thou know what was ſaid by *Madame de Deffant*, on ſuch an occaſion?'

"I forget."

'She was preſent, one day, when two young gentlemen, being a little heated with wine after a grand dinner, diſputed together concerning whether it were proper to ſay to a domeſtic, give me ſome drink, or, pleaſe to give me ſome drink. "Gentlemen," ſaid ſhe, to put an end to this long and tireſome diſpute, "perſons like you ſhould always ſay, lead me to drink." 'Thou knoweſt, my good friend,' added the Abbé, 'a thirſty horſe would ſay ſo, if he could ſpeak.'

"The poor Profeſſor, a little aſhamed of all his miſtakes, at laſt

ſaid—" I perceive I did not very well know all that was neceſſary, to dine with a miniſter."

It is from *La Civilité Puérile et Honnête* that the artiſans and tradeſmen, in great cities, learn to live; as may eaſily be diſcovered. When, in a fit of gallantry, a man of this claſs drinks to the health of a lady, he takes off his hat, riſes, wipes his mouth, makes his bow, approaches, gives her a kiſs, and bows again: after which there is a mutual bow and curtſey, and both return to their ſeats.

When two ladies meet, after a certain length of abſence, be it in the ſtreet or houſe, they do not fail to embrace; eſpecially if it be Sunday: but it is always after having mutually demanded permiſſion. They then lightly touch each other's cheek, and drop a polite, that is, a formal curtſey.

An anecdote of *M. de Rulhiers* will not here be out of place. A lady, who thought ſhe had cauſe to be offended with him, ordered him to be denied admittance at her door. In return he ſent her *La Civilité Puérile et Honnête*; with the following lines:

" *Ce livre peut vous être utile,*
" *Et vous en avez grand beſoin;*
" *Peut-être il vous rendra civile;*
" *Honnête, c'eſt un autre point.*"*

This ſketch is humorous, becauſe it is faithful. As far as it goes, it pictures thoſe ſilly trifles by a ridiculous adherence to which the middle and lower ranks perſuade themſelves they are a poliſhed people: wholly unconſcious that perfect good breeding conſiſts in kindneſs of manner, which neither obtrudes nor lays any perſon under reſtraint, and in the total abſence of thoſe forms

* " The book you greatly want I ſend;
" 'Twill help you, if you read aright:
" Should you grow civil, you will mend;
" I fear you'll never grow polite."

There is a ſarcaſtic ambiguity in the word *honnête:* it alſo ſignifies *virtuous.*

and

and ceremonies which are no better than acting. Theſe are indeed puerile civilities; it is a miſtake to call them polite. But on the ſubject of politeneſs I have many things to ſay.

As a trait of national manners, I have preſerved the ſecond perſon, *thee* and *thou*, of the original: between friends and relations, in France, it is commonly uſed; and in polite life always denotes either affection or irony. In ſome inſtances, as in the above dialogue, it denotes both: and, indeed, whenever it is uſed as irony, either parentage, friendſhip, or great intimacy, muſt authorize its uſe; unleſs in caſes of angry contempt, or among the vulgar. In fact, it is employed in Paris in much the ſame manner that it ſtill continues to be in ſome of the counties of England, diſtant from the capital.

Another of the conſequences of the love of parade is a trifling manner: trifling both in words and actions; and with ourſelves and others. Among ſhopkeepers, the women generally attend on and ſerve the cuſtomers: it is agreeable to both parties. The wife dreſſes herſelf for exhibition, ſits in her ſhop, and has generally a ſucceſſion of indolent and gallant men, the huſbands of other wives, who are dreſſed, ſeated, and acting the ſame part, that come and goſſip with them; repeating the common routine of tattle, with as much of amorous interlocution as the parties ſhall think proper.

I do not mean to ſay that there are no exceptions to this practice. Many huſbands ſtay at home, and mind their buſineſs: but the ſhops were very few in which I did not obſerve the wife took a principal ſhare. An Engliſhman whimſically obſerved, the wives may be called the active, and the huſbands the ſleeping, partners in the concern; and added, he ſhould not be well pleaſed if his wife were as active as he had great reaſon to believe moſt of theſe good women were.

Trifling extends, not only to things that are in themſelves trifling, but, through the whole economy of life. If you aſk a ſervice, inſtead of a conſcientious ſelf inquiry whether the thing can or ought to be done, a promiſe is often inconſiderately given, without the leaſt intention of performance: yet not with any deſire to deceive; but from the want of that habitual fortitude without which ſincerity muſt be frequently violated. Thus they trifle with their own characters, with the peace and ſafety of their friends, and with truth and common honeſty. It is a great misfortune that to make an appointment, and not keep it, is ſo common that the leaſt excuſe is ſuppoſed to be ſatisfactory. They call that ſteady energy of purſuit which is common to the Engliſh, *leur grand ſerieux*. Lightly ſaid and lightly done is the phraſe, as we think, by which they are characterized.

My wife was one day buying ſome fiſh; and, while ſhe was undetermined, the girl ſaid to her—"*Prenez cela, car vôtre mari eſt un brave homme.*" My wife replied, '*Oui; cela ſe peut bien: mais comment ſavez vous qu'il eſt un brave homme?*'—"*C'eſt égal;*" anſwered the girl: "*cela fait plaiſir à entendre.*"* This girl's maxim is ſound morality, wherever I have been in France.

One of the trifling cuſtoms, which I have often found a certain degree of pain and diſguſt in remarking, is the number and treatment of lap-dogs. If ſuch animals are kept, they ought not to be ill treated: but is it decent to fondle them like children, kiſs them, and ſuffer them to lick the lips of their maſter or miſtreſs as a mutual enjoyment? I have ſeen ſuch things in England; but in France you cannot avoid ſeeing them. Where one woman can be ſeen, in Paris, carrying an infant, ten, or for what I know

* "Take, or, buy it; for your huſband is a worthy man."—'That may be: but how do you know he is a worthy man?'—"Oh, no matter: it is an agreeable thing to hear ſaid."

a hundred,

a hundred, men may be met with, each a little dog under his arm; or, if it be in a public walk on a fine day, running at his heels: the leſs he is the more he is *joli*, and *gentil*.

Calling one morning on a French gentleman, I found him extended on the ſopha, with his lap-dog by his ſide; which he was combing and talking to in the moſt condoling plaintive gibberiſh. He roſe as I entered, and exclaimed—'*Ah, monſieur, vous me trouvez bien affligé!*'—"*Mais qu'eſt il arrivé?*"—'*Mon pauvre chien eſt ſi malade! mais ſi malade! Je viens de lui donner une pilule; et s'il ne ſe porte pas mieux demain il faut que je lui donne un lavement.*'*

This was diſtreſs in which I could not ſympathize. To be inſenſible to the pain of animals, or not to afford them relief, were to be vicious: but it does not follow that we ſhould write elegies on their illneſs.

Dogs advertiſed as loſt, with a promiſed reward of ſeldom leſs than a louis d'or for the finder, form the commoneſt of hand-bills in the claſs of loſt effects. In one of theſe bills, after a deſcription of the animal, the finder was told that the dog had a diſeaſe for which none but the owner knew the remedy.

Indolence is ſo common a habit that it may every where be obſerved. The attention of people at work is called off by the ſlighteſt occaſion; and, ſo great is the number of the abſolutely idle, that there is no part of the day in which the common jugglers cannot go to the ſquares, public places, *carrefours*, and *Boulevards*, and at any of them collect a crowded ring of gazers. They cannot with equal eaſe collect the *liards*; or even the *deniers*.†

* 'Ah, ſir, you find me in great affliction!'—"Indeed! What is the matter?"—'My poor dog is ſo ill! ſo very ill! I have juſt given him a pill; and, if he does not get better, to-morrow he muſt have a glyſter.'

† A *liard* is half a farthing, and a *denier* the third part of a *liard*.

I have

I have often ſeen people walking in great haſte, as if they had urgent buſineſs, ſuddenly ſtop to look, and there remain, only becauſe others were looking over the parapets of the *Pont Neuf*, at objects which are to be ſeen every day.

Before I was much acquainted with the cries of Paris, I one day heard a female voice calling—*Voila le plaiſir, meſdames! Voila le plaiſir!* It ſtruck my ears as very whimſical; and I took my hat and followed, to diſcover what it could mean. When I overtook the woman, I found ſhe was old, the reverſe of handſome, and far from clean: ſtill ſhe kept crying—*Voila le plaiſir!* She walked along the Quay *Mulaquay*, and I with her; watching what was the kind of pleaſure ſhe had to ſell; and at laſt a cuſtomer came, a little girl, who preſenting a ſous received a criſp circular cake, exceedingly thin, and as I afterward found of a bad kind of gingerbread. This poor old woman's pleaſure was of that metaphorical kind which properly ſuited the Elyſian fields of Paris, in which it is daily ſold.

I continued my walk, and obſerved rows of the Pariſians were gazing from the *Pont Neuf*, and over the wall that extends from thence to the *Pont des Tuileries*. And what was it that could attract ſo much notice? It was a float of fire wood, from eighty to a hundred yards in length, deſcending the ſtream. It was ſteered by three men; and, at a diſtance, looked like hurdles; and the management with which they avoided the arches, and the craft on the river, and profited by the current, was to me a novelty: but it was none to the Pariſians; it was what they had ſeen thouſands of times, and at a certain ſeaſon ſcarcely could avoid ſeeing ſeveral times a day: why then did they waſte their time by leaning on the wall? That they muſt anſwer; though I may ſafely thus far reply: the Pariſians ſeldom recollect ſuch a thing as time; and, when they do, it is not by them thought waſted, whenever they can find what they call amuſement. Floats of wood, boys bathing

bathing and ſwimming horſes in the river, and rows of girls and women beating, not rubbing, the dirt out of linen, are to them objects of amuſement. They ſtand to look at them every day of their lives; and, happily as it ſhould ſeem for their health and eaſe, can ſtand and look again and again, whenever their paſſions or deſires do not call them another way. Buſineſs they may have, but buſineſs they do not appear to have; at leaſt great numbers of them: though, when they are in motion, their face and gait then ſeem buſy enough. Their curioſity is ſo frail an inſect that, though eaſily engendered, it expires at its birth; or changes into reverie.

At no time of the day are the coffee-houſes empty; though the ſums that many of them take muſt be very ſmall. Numbers of men aſſemble, after breakfaſt; and, having read the journal or heard it read, ſit many of them all the morning and play at domino; or look on while others play; a game much too inſipid for an intelligent boy.

In the afternoon, the idlers are almoſt innumerable. Their deſire to hear the news leads numbers of them, who appear to be and I ſuppoſe uſually are pennyleſs, to the gardens of the Tuileries; where they form large and cloſe circles, in the centre of each of which there is one who reads a journal, that I believe may be hired for a ſous: and, the number of liſteners is generally ſo great that, if one half of them can hear, it muſt be becauſe they can catch ſounds, in their own language, much quicker than I can, according to the experiments I made.

The cauſes and the conſequences of idleneſs afford a moſt intereſting ſubject, in political economy and moral reſearch. Exceſs of labour is a great evil; ſo is exceſs of indolence; and the uſeful employment of time is among the greateſt of bleſſings that man can attain: but it is one which ſeldom is attained. In England,

land, the poor labour too much: yet they are happieſt when they labour; becauſe, when they have leiſure, inſtead of being led to exerciſes of mind or body that ſtrengthen the faculties, their chief pleaſures are in the pot-houſe, and the liquor-ſhop, where theſe faculties are injured and deſtroyed.

According to travellers, indolence is ſo prevalent in Italy, Spain, Portugal, and other countries, that, compared to ſuch nations, the French are a moſt induſtrious people.

When properly inquired into, I have no doubt that indolence, like every other vice and bad quality, will be found to be in proportion to and the reſult of ignorance. No man can be called indolent, if either his body or mind are uſefully employed; or perhaps if either are effectually employed, whether the employment be or be not uſeful.

What the nations I have cited as indolent have been hiſtory informs us; and what they now are they are become chiefly and firſt in conſequence of the effuſions of fanaticiſm, and afterward of the ambition of prieſts and heroes. Wherever there have been tribes of monks, they have created tribes of idlers. Their very charities, their ſcanty offals, doled out at convents and monaſteries, of which the poor that receive them vaunt ſo much, are the bane of theſe poor: they beget the exceſs of idleneſs; or rather of ſloth; which, when it ſpreads, is the moſt deſolating of all diſeaſes; for it does not cut the worthleſs off, but it propagates them. It does not ſweep multitudes away; but leaves them to encumber the earth, and increaſe its miſeries. If my obſervation be true, the French are becoming leſs indolent: the idlers are not ſo numerous, and beggary of appearance is diminiſhing.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

PARIS NOT A COMMERCIAL CITY: HAS NO LARGE MANUFACTORIES: PLEASURE THE STAPLE TRADE: RECIPROCAL EFFECTS OF PLEASURE HUNTING: PARISIANS UNHAPPY IN OTHER CITIES: DU CLOS CHARACTERISED AS AN AUTHOR: DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE MANNERS OF THE COUNTRY AND THE CITY: DISSIPATION, CAPRICE, INCONSTANCY, AND INDIFFERENCE OF THE PARISIANS: THE EFFECTS OF THE CORRUPTION OF MANNERS: MEN OF MERIT THE SAME IN ALL NATIONS: VANITY AND FRIVOLITY THE PRESERVATIVES OF THE FRENCH.

THERE is a feature that characterizes Paris, which is the reſult of parade and exhibition; and which I have never any where ſeen clearly ſtated.

This city is too far from the ſea to be commercial; yet its population, London excepted, is the greateſt of any city in Europe. I exclude Conſtantinople as belonging to a Mahometan power; and I doubt if the population of that city be well known: that of Paris has often been doubled, in report: it has been called a million; whereas five hundred thouſand is the neareſt round number.

Five hundred thouſand is an immenſe multitude; a great maſs of which muſt exiſt by ſome kind of employment. Of large manufactories, each employing many thouſands of people, I could no where hear. Mancheſter, or Birmingham, with ſcarcely a fifth part of the inhabitants, have either of them tenfold more of manufacturing hands.

How is the enigma ſolved? There muſt be, and there is, what

may be called a ſtaple trade, for the employment of the multitude in Paris; and that ſtaple trade is PLEASURE! The trades that ſupply the common neceſſaries of life muſt have place in all cities, and therefore in this; but the only reſort of the ſupernumeraries, whoſe numbers conſidered in this point of view are extraordinary, is that of adminiſtering to pleaſure. Fortunately as it might ſeem for them, pleaſure is a want common to every man and woman, who poſſeſs a ſingle *ſou* more than will buy them bread. The adminiſtering to old pleaſures, the endeavours to vary them, and the ſearch after new, form the buſineſs perhaps of a majority of the inhabitants.

The attracting of ſo vaſt a multitude to one city, in which there is neither commerce nor large and ſtaple manufactories, and where proviſions are not cheap conſidering that money is ſcarce, muſt be productive of various effects; it muſt teach the poor to live upon ſmall earnings; and induce many thouſands to exerciſe their cunning, their ingenuity, or their genius, as it may happen, in the invention of tricks, in trifling decorations, or in meritorious efforts of ſkill.

If this be true, and it is ſupported as well by facts as by theory, the multitudes that are daily ſeen in Paris, of ſome who endeavour to amuſe, ſome waiting to run on errands, of jugglers, puppet-ſhows, fellows that attempt to extort ſome trifle by the moſt barren arts, including all the theatres, the dancing gardens, the coffee-houſes, and again thoſe that ſtudy the decoration or the diſfiguration of the body, flower fanciers, makers and venders of trinkets, with thouſands of other baubles and trumpery that I cannot recollect, all of which are to ſupply not our real wants but our artificial, our pleaſures and our luxuries, theſe multitudes I ſay increaſe the traffic by which they live, encourage others and themſelves to covet and to purchaſe pleaſure, or what is here called pleaſure, and,

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by at once augmenting the conſumption and ſupplying the market, render pleaſure as I have ſaid the ſtaple trade of the place.

Converſe with a Frenchman, concerning Paris, and the firſt and the laſt thing of which he will vaunt will be its pleaſures. Praiſe any other city, Madrid or Naples, London or Rome, and all of them are dull: they do not poſſeſs the pleaſures of Paris: they want its grand Opera, its Gardens, its Elyſian Fields, its *Boulevards*; not one of which he can poſſibly forget.

Of the love of the fair ſex, indeed, he conſiders himſelf ſecure; for, believe him or not, he aſſures you he cannot be withſtood: but, alas, no where out of France have even the fair ſex the ſame grace, the ſame wit, the ſame enchantment! In Paris, and in Paris only, can that ſucceſſion of pleaſures be found without which he affirms exiſtence is ſcarcely worth accepting.

Of the real ſtate of cheerfulneſs, gaity of heart, as the French would phraſe it, and pleaſurable feelings in the minds of this people, and of their conſequences, I ſhall have to ſpeak more on the ſubject of ſuicide.

IL N'Y A QU'UN PARIS! is the continual exclamation of a Frenchman, who has inhabited that city, and is led to compare it with others. To him there is no world but France; and France itſelf is all compriſed in Paris.

About the middle of the laſt century, *Du Clos* wrote the well known book entitled *Conſiderations ſur les Mœurs de ce Siécle.* He was a man of integrity; but, like other men of integrity, though he diſcerned many of the defects of his nation, ſome objects to his eye were diminiſhed by habit, and others were inviſible. He wrote in the ſpirit of an inquirer, but in a courtly tone: yet his countrymen, many of them, accuſed him of wanting that ſuavity which gently ſtrokes vice, without exciting the leaſt irritation.

Suavity in manner is certainly good, when it does not diſguiſe

the truth; that is, when it does not admit, inſinuate, or directly aſſert falſehood.

From this book I make the following quotation, becauſe it is a Frenchman, ſuch as I have deſcribed, a thinking man, but not a bold or ſevere one, who deſcribes the French. To avoid all ſuſpicion of intentional inaccuracy, and if there be any that is unintentional that it may be detected, I inſert the original and the tranſlation.

" *Un objet très-intéreſſant ſeroit l'examen des différens caractères des nations, et de la cauſe phyſique ou morale de ces différences: mais il y auroit de la témérité à l'entreprendre, ſans connoître également bien les peuples qu'on voudroit comparer; et l'on ſeroit toujours ſuſpect de partialité. D'ailleurs l'étude des hommes avec qui nous avons à vivre, eſt celle qui nous eſt vraiment utile.*

" *En nous renfermant dans notre nation, quel champ vaſte et varié! Sans entrer dans des ſubdiviſions qui ſeroient plus réelles que ſenſibles, quelle différence, quelle oppoſition même de mœurs ne remarque-t-on pas entre la capitale et les provinces? Il y en a autant que d'un peuple à un autre.*

" *Ceux qui vivent à cent lieues de la capitale, en ſont à un ſiècle pour les façons de penſer et d'agir. Je ne nie pas les exceptions, et je ne*

" An inquiry into the different characters of nations, and the phyſical or moral cauſe of this difference,* would be an intereſting ſubject: but the attempt would be raſh, unleſs the inquirer were equally well acquainted with the people compared; and ſtill it would be ſuſpected of partiality. Add to this, the ſtudy of the people with whom we have to live is that which is truly uſeful.

" Confining ourſelves to our own nation, how vaſt and how various is the field! Without entering into ſubdiviſions, which might be more real than perceptible, what a difference, nay what an oppoſition of manners may we not obſerve, between Paris and the provinces? It is as great as between nation and nation.

* The phyſical and moral cauſes are multifarious.

parle

parle qu'en général: je prétens encore moins décider de la ſupériorité réelle; je remarque ſimplement la différence.

" Qu'un homme après avoir été long-tems abſent de la capitale y revienne, on le trouve ce qu'on appelle rouillé; *peut-être n'en eſt-il que plus raiſonnable, mais il eſt certainement différent de ce qu'il étoit. C'eſt dans Paris qu'il faut conſidérer le François, parce qu'il y eſt plus François qu'ailleurs.*

" Mes obſervations ne regardent pas ceux qui, dévoués à des occupations ſuivies, à des travaux pénibles, n'ont par-tout que des idées relatives à leur ſituation, à leurs beſoins, et indépendantes des lieux qu'ils habitent. On trouve plus à Paris qu'en aucun lieu du monde de ces victimes du travail.

" Je conſidère principalement ceux à qui l'opulence et l'oiſiveté ſuggérent la variété des idées, la biſarrerie des jugemens, l'inconſtance des ſentimens et des affections, en donnant un plein eſſor au caractère. Ces hommes-là forment un peuple dans la capitale. Livrés alternativement et par accès à la diſſipation, à l'ambition, ou à ce qu'ils appellent philoſophie; c'eſt-à-dire, à l'humeur, à la miſantropie; emportés par les plaiſirs, tourmentés quelquefois par de grands intérêts ou des fantaiſies frivoles, leurs idées ne ſont jamais ſuivies, elles ſe trouvent

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" Thoſe who live a hundred leagues from the capital are an age remote, in their mode of thinking and acting. I do not deny exceptions; I ſpeak generally. I ſtill leſs pretend to decide the real ſuperiority; I ſimply remark the difference.

" After a long abſence, let a man return to the capital and he is found to be what is called *ruſty*: he may be more reaſonable, but he certainly is different from what he was. It is in Paris that the French ſhould be ſtudied; becauſe they are more French there than elſewhere.

" My obſervations regard not thoſe who, devoted to continual employment and painful labour, have only the ideas that relate to their ſituation and their wants, independent of the places they inhabit. In no place on earth are ſo many of theſe victims found as in Paris.

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en contradiction, et leur paroiſſent ſucceſſivement d'une égale évidence.

" *Les occupations ſont différentes à Paris et dans la province; l'oiſiveté même ne s'y reſſemble pas : l'une eſt une langueur, un engourdiſſement, une exiſtence matérielle; l'autre eſt une activité ſans deſſein, un mouvement ſans objet. On ſent plus à Paris qu'on ne penſe, on agit plus qu'on ne projette, on projette plus qu'on ne réſout. On n'eſtime que les talens et les arts de goût; à peine a-t-on l'idée des arts néceſſaires, on en jouit ſans les connoître.*

" *Les liens du ſang n'y décident de rien pour l'amitié; ils n'impoſent que des devoirs de décence; dans la province ils exigent des ſervices : ce n'eſt pas qu'on s'y aime plus qu' à Paris, on s'y hait ſouvent davantage, mais on y eſt plus parent.*

" *Il regne à Paris une certaine indifférence générale qui multiplie les goûts paſſagers, qui tient lieu de liaiſon, qui fait que perſonne n'eſt de trop dans la ſociété, que perſonne n'y eſt néceſſaire : tout le monde ſe*

" I principally conſider thoſe to whom opulence and indolence ſuggeſt variety of ideas, caprice of judgment, and inconſtancy of opinions and affections; all of which call forth character. Theſe men form a people or tribe in the capital. Yielding alternately and capriciouſly to diſſipation, ambition, or what they call philoſophy, that is to moodineſs and miſanthropy, borne away by pleaſure, tormented now by things of moment and now by fanciful frivolities, their ideas are unconnected and contradictory; yet ſucceſſively appear of equal evidence.

" The occupations of Paris and the country are different: indolence itſelf is not the ſame: in one place it is languor, torpidity, and material exiſtence; in the other it is activity without intention, and motion without object. At Paris, men feel more than they think, act more than they plan, and plan more than they determine. They eſteem only talents and the arts of taſte: they ſcarcely have an idea of the neceſſary arts, which they enjoy without underſtanding.

" Ties of blood are not the bonds of friendſhip: they impoſe only the duties of decency. In the country, they exact ſervices: not that there is more love there than in Paris; they often hate more, but they are more kinſmen.

convient,

convient, perſonne ne ſe manque. L'extrême diſſipation où l'on vit, fait qu'on ne prend pas aſſez d'intérêt les uns aux autres, pour être difficile ou conſtant dans les liaiſons.

" On ſe recherche peu, on ſe rencontre avec plaiſir ; on s'accueille avec plus de vivacité que de chaleur ; on ſe perd ſans regret, ou même ſans y faire attention.

" Les mœurs ſont à Paris ce que l'eſprit du gouvernement fait à Londres ; elles confondent et égalent dans la ſociété les rangs qui ſont diſtingués et ſubordonnés dans l'état. Tous les ordres vivent à Londres dans la familiarité, parce que tous les citoyens ont beſoin les uns des autres ; l'intérêt commun les rapproche.

" Les plaiſirs produiſent le même effet à Paris ; tous ceux qui ſe plaiſent ſe conviennent, avec cette différence que l'égalité qui eſt un bien, quand elle part d'un principe du gouvernement, eſt un très-grand mal, quand elle ne vient que des mœurs ; parce que cela n'arrive jamais que par leur corruption.

" Le grand défaut du François eſt d'avoir toujours le caractère

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" In Paris, a certain general indifference prevails ; which multiplies acquaintance rather than friends, and by which no man is an intruder in ſociety, nor is any one neceſſary to it : all are welcome, no one is wanted. The extreme diſſipation in which they live is the cauſe that no man is enough intereſted for another to be either difficult in choice or conſtant in connection.

" Men ſeek each other little, meet with pleaſure, give a welcome of vivacity not of warmth, and part without regret and without remembering they are parted.

" Manners, at Paris, effect that which the ſpirit of the government produces at London : in ſociety, they confound and equalize ranks, which are diſtinct and ſubordinate in the ſtate. All orders live in familiarity, in London, becauſe the citizens are all in need of each other : they are brought together by the common intereſt.

" The ſame effect is produced, in Paris, by pleaſure : every man is welcome, who can pleaſe ! But there is this difference : equality is good, when it reſults from a principle of government ; but the very reverſe, when it reſults from manners, for it is then only the corruption of manners.

jeune ;

jeune; par-là il eſt ſouvent aimable, et rarement ſûr: il n'a preſque point d'âge mûr, et paſſe de la jeuneſſe à la caducité. Nos talens dans tous les genres s'annoncent de bonne heure: on les néglige long-tems par diſſipation, et à peine commence-t-on à vouloir en faire uſage, que leur tems eſt paſſé. Il y a peu d'hommes parmi nous qui puiſſent s'appuyer de l'expérience.

" Oſerai-je faire une remarque, qui peut-être n'eſt pas auſſi ſûre qu'elle me le paroît; mais il me ſemble que ceux de nos talens, qui demandent de l'exécution, ne vont pas ordinairement juſqu'à ſoixante ans dans toute leur force. Nous ne réuſſiſſons jamais mieux, dans quelque carrière que ce puiſſe être, que dans l'âge mitoyen, qui eſt très court, et plutôt encore dans la jeuneſſe que dans un âge trop avancé. — —

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" Les hommes de mérite, de quelque nation qu'ils ſoient, n'en forme qu'une, entr'eux. Ils ſont exempts d'une vanité nationale et puérile, ils la laiſſent au vulgaire; à ceux qui n'ayant point de gloire perſonnelle, ſont réduit à ſe prévaloir de celle de leurs compatriotes.

" The great defect of the French is to be always young, in character: hence they are often amiable, but ſeldom ſure. They ſcarcely know an age of maturity; but paſs from youth to decline. Our talents of every kind appear early: they long lie neglected, from diſſipation; and they are ſcarcely brought into uſe before their powers are loſt. Few among us enjoy the ſupport of experience.

" I will venture a remark, which perhaps is leſs accurate than I ſuppoſe it to be; but, to me it ſeems that thoſe of our talents which require execution do not uſually continue in all their force ſo long as the age of ſixty. In every exertion, we ſucceed beſt in middle age, which is ſhort; and better in youth than when life is advanced.

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" The men of merit, in whatever country born, form but one nation. They are exempt from puerile and national vanity: this they leave to the vulgar; to thoſe who, having no perſonal worth, are reduced to boaſt of the worth of their country.

" *On*

" On ne doit donc ſe permettre aucun parallèle injurieux et téméraire : mais s'il eſt permis de remarquer les défauts de ſa nation, il eſt de devoir d'en relever le mérite, et le François en a un diſtinctif.

" C'eſt le ſeul peuple dont les mœurs peuvent ſe dépraver, ſans que le fond du cœur ſe corrompe et que la courage s'altère ; il allie les qualités héroïques avec le plaiſir, le luxe et la molleſſe : ſes vertus ont peu de conſiſtance, ſes vices n'ont point de racines. Le caractère d'Alcibiade n'eſt pas rare en France. Le déreglement des mœurs et de l'imagination ne donne point atteinte à la franchiſe, à la bonté naturelle du François : l'amour propre contribue à le rendre aimable ; plus il croit plaire, plus il a de penchant à aimer. La frivolité, qui nuit au développement de ſes talents et de ſes vertus, le préſerve en même temps des crimes noirs et réfléchis, La perfidie lui eſt étrangère, et il eſt bientôt fatigué de l'intrigue. Si l'on a quelquefois vû parmi nous des crimes odieux, ils ont diſparu, plutôt par le caractère national, que par la ſévérité des loix."

" We ought not therefore to indulge in any raſh and inſulting parallel: but, if it be right to remark the defects of our nation, it is no leſs a duty to remark its virtues; and the French have one diſtinctively.

" They are the only people whoſe manners may be depraved without the heart being corrupted, or the courage diminiſhed. With pleaſure, luxury, and effeminacy, they combine the heroic qualities: their virtues have little conſiſtency, their vices have no root. The character of Alcibiades is not uncommon in France. Diſorder of manners and of imagination do not deſtroy the frankneſs and native goodneſs of a Frenchman: vanity contributes to render him amiable; the more he thinks he pleaſes the more he is inclined to love. That frivolity, which injures the unfolding of his talents and virtues, preſerves him from black and reflected crimes. To perfidy he is a ſtranger; of intrigue he ſoon is wearied. If we occaſionally ſee odious crimes among us, they diſappear rather from the national character than the ſeverity of the laws."

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

MIND NOT LIMITED BY THE LIMITS OF GEOGRAPHY: THE FRENCH DEFICIENT IN ENERGY: RESEMBLANCE BETWEEN THE ANCIENT GAULS AND THE MODERN FRENCH: MOLIERE AND SHAKESPEAR THE MOST CORRECT OF PAINTERS: QUOTATION FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE: REMARKS: QUOTATION FROM HENRY VIII: REMARKS: THE BENEFIT OF NOTICING DEFECTS: QUESTIONS PROPOSED TO FUTURE INQUIRERS.

IT will ſcarcely be denied that the author of the above ſketch poſſeſſed great diſcrimination; and was very deſirous to attain and preſerve the candour of veracity. Neither will it I preſume eaſily paſs unremarked that the facts which I have related, and thoſe which I have to relate, are confirmed by the teſtimony of *Du Clos*.

Whoever will take the trouble to read the whole of his work will continually diſcover in it paſſages, and traits, that have the ſame tendency; and the picture he drew was eſteemed to be ſo faithful, by the French themſelves, that Lewis XV. permitted the dedication of the ſecond edition to himſelf; that is, after the firſt had been read, and was become popular; and conferred on the author the charge of hiſtoriographer.

Du Clos aſſerts that, did the French reflect enough in their youth, and were they cured of certain defects, they would be the firſt people on earth: becauſe, even with theſe defects, there is no nation by whom they are excelled. This is that kind of aſſertion which every author, writing of his native country, no matter what

what its defects or its general ignorance, ſeldom fails to make; and perhaps with truth. I ſee no good reaſon for limiting mind by the limits of geography: yet, conſpicuous as the French are among nations, and willingly as I would imitate the forbearance of this author in not aſſuming pre-eminence, it would but be the affectation of candour, nay it would be vicious, were I to conceal what I ſuppoſe to be the indubitable fact; that, in thoſe arts which are moſt uſeful, in thoſe manners which are moſt rational, and in that public government, and private order, that political and individual economy, which can beſt ſecure happineſs, the French are unfortunately far behind the Engliſh. Could I ſpeak this in triumph I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf.

From the picture of *Du Clos* himſelf it cannot but be inferred that, being ſuperficial and eaſily led, the French are deficient in that energy of character which gives perſeverance, order, and conſiſtency, as well to political as to private economy.

This national energy, if I have rightly obſerved them, they are acquiring: but the acquirement will be ſlow; and, if there be that difference of energy, perſeverance, and order, which I preſume there is, between the French and Engliſh nations, equality of improvement may continue: hence a difference as great may alſo continue to exiſt through ages no man can ſay how remote.

According to hiſtorians, the Franks were a race diſtinct from the Gauls, whom they ſubdued; yet, read the character of the Gauls, as given by Ceſar, and you will there find many of the marks by which the modern French are ſtill diſtinguiſhed.

Through deſcending ages, the ſame delineations have been given. A cloud of witneſſes are not here neceſſary: multiplied quotations would give me trouble, and weary the reader; the French themſelves would afford them in the greateſt number: but there is one among ourſelves, whom we eſteem almoſt as the

intuitive child of truth, in the characters he draws. Let the French be referred to *Moliére*; his philoſophy was perhaps ſuperior to his other great qualities: the Engliſh will liſten with a ſtill more magic delight to Shakeſpear.

The following is from the Merchant of Venice.*

" *Neriſſa.* How ſay you by the French lord, *Monſieur le Bon?*

Portia. God made him, and therefore let him paſs for a man. But he! why he is every man in no man. If a throſtle ſing, he falls ſtrait a capering: he will fence with his own ſhadow: if I ſhould marry him I ſhould marry twenty huſbands.

Neriſſa. What ſay you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

Portia. You know I ſay nothing to him, for he underſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; he is a proper man's picture, but, alas! who can converſe with a dumb ſhow? How oddly he is ſuited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hoſe in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where."

To ſatiriſe thoſe follies, and that ignorance, which are prejudicial to men, is the dignified office of the dramatic poet: the marks of the French and Engliſh characters, given in this ſhort paſſage, are ſuch as ſtill are ſeen in their full force: the capering, the fencing, the verſatility, the frivolity, which are too often met in a Frenchman, are in a few touches given at full length; as are the ignorance, the reſerve, the handſomeneſs of perſon, and the want of knowledge of the world, which are ſo evident in many young Engliſhmen, when they firſt go abroad.

Thoſe, who wiſh to ſee the qualities which are moſt honourable to the Engliſh pourtrayed, I refer to the latter end of Henry V. by the ſame immortal painter.

* Act I. ſcene 2.

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The following ſcene I quote, as ſo extremely apropos that, a few variations excepted, it might have been written within theſe two years as a ſatire upon the French and Engliſh: the firſt exhibiting themſelves now, in Paris, and during their late feſtivals; and the latter as returning from the ſcene. The quotation is from Henry VIII.*

" *Lord Chamberlain.* Is it poſſible the ſpells of France ſhould
juggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange myſteries?
Sands. New cuſtoms,
Though they be never ſo ridiculous,
Nay let them be unmanly, yet are followed.
Chamb. As far as I ſee, all the good, our Engliſh
Have got by the late voyage, is but merely
A fit or two o' the face; but they are ſhrewd ones;
For, when they hold 'em, you would ſwear directly,
Their very noſes had been counſellors
To Pepin, or Clotharius, they keep ſtate ſo.
Sands. They have all new legs, and lame ones; one would
take it,
That never ſaw them pace before, the ſpavin
And ſpringhalt reign'd among 'em.
Chamb. Death! My lord,
Their clothes are after ſuch a pagan cut too,
That, ſure, they have worn out chriſtendom. How now?
What news, Sir Thomas Lovel?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovel.

Lov. Faith, my lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clapp'd upon the court gate.

* Act I. ſcene 3.

Chamb.

Chamb. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Chamb. I am glad 'tis there; now I would pray our monſiours
To think an Engliſh courtier may be wiſe,
And never ſee the Louvre.

Lov. They muſt either
(For ſo run the conditions) leave theſe remnants
Of fool, and feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto, (as fights and fire-works,
Abuſing better men than they can be,
Out of a foreign wiſdom) renouncing clean
The faith they have in tennis, and tall ſtockings,
Short bliſtered breeches, and thoſe types of travel,
And underſtand again like honeſt men;
Or pack to their old play-fellows: there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag end of their lewdneſs, and be laughed at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them phyſic, their diſeaſes
Are grown ſo catching.

Chamb. What a loſs our ladies
Will have of theſe trim vanities.

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, lords: the fly whoreſons
Have got a ſpeeding trick to lay down ladies;
A French ſong and a fiddle, has no fellow."

I believe, thinking men generally allow that the manners of nations are moſt accurately and ſkilfully pourtrayed, by the beſt writers

writers of plays and novels. A comic poet, it is true, is a ſatiriſt, who ſelects that which is defective becauſe he is in ſearch of the ridiculous: but I have acknowledged my ſearch, under the preſent head, is the ſame: that is, I wiſh to aſcertain and render evident national defects, that the nation of whom I ſpeak may judge for themſelves; and, by the repeated efforts of men who delineate them, be induced to correct them; alſo that other nations may avoid to imitate that which is injurious. Any attempt to vilify and degrade nations is baſe: but to awaken in them a ſenſe of their miſtakes is a worthy office. No man, alive to the conſequences of national animoſity, will ſeek to increaſe ſo pernicious a vice: there is in all nations much to diſapprove; but there is in all nations ſtill much more to admire.

To the men who do now and will hereafter poſſeſs more information than myſelf, I would propoſe the following queſtions.

Can there be any doubt that the ſearch after pleaſure is more conſtant, and exiſts in a greater degree, in Paris than in any other city of Europe?

Is not pleaſure, as I have ſaid, that which may be called the ſtaple trade of the city? Is it not the reſource of thoſe multitudes who can deviſe no other means of obtaining ſubſiſtence?

Are they not impelled to this reſource by that which, to a city without commerce or extenſive manufactories, may be truly called an exceſs of population?

Is it not the reſult of the habits of the French, their levity, their propenſity to change, their averſion to ſerious employment which demands perſeverance, and the eagerneſs with which they ſeek amuſement and that emotion of which indolence is ever in want, that this ſuperfluous population does and can exiſt? Otherwiſe, would not the number be reduced, by the neceſſity to ſeek employment elſewhere?

If

If it be true that ſuch defects of national character increaſe and ſupport the population of Paris, is it not equally true that the efforts made to obtain ſubſiſtence, by varying and inventing pleaſures, do alſo increaſe and ſupport theſe very defects themſelves?

It is a common doctrine, among French politicians, as well of thoſe who make a part of or agree in ſentiment with the government, as it is of thoſe who complain of or are in oppoſition to its meaſures, that government in France ſeeks its own ſecurity by ſeeking to amuſe, that is, to divert the attention of, the people. All governments are anxious to obtain permanent power; and all permanent power originates and exiſts in the people. A governor is reduced to the level of individual ſtrength, when others do not act with him; and the greater the number and power, phyſical and moral, of his co-adjutors, the greater and the more formidable he, their leader, becomes. Can it be doubted then that the intereſt of government is, to turn the attention of people, not to objects that encourage indolence and want of thought, but, to every thing that can give them perſeverance, ſtability, and firmneſs of character?

CHAPTER LXXIX.

IMPERFECT STATE OF LANGUAGE: ITS EVASIVE NATURE EXEMPLIFIED: AMBIGUITY OF HONOUR: RULES OF HONOUR AMONG THE ENGLISH POPULACE: THE ART OF BOXING A POLITE AMUSEMENT: LESS FEROCIOUS THAN WEAPONS OF SLAUGHTER: BOXING MATCH IN PARIS: HONOUR DECIDED BY THE TONGUE AND THE SWORD: FREQUENCY OF DUELS AMONG FRENCH SOLDIERS: A BOY'S IMPATIENCE TO BE A COLONEL: SOLDIER THAT COMMITTED SUICIDE.

IN the preſent imperfect ſtate of human language, few indeed are the words, if any, that have one conſtant and preciſe meaning. To thoſe, who happen not to have thought on the ſubject, the ſuppoſition, that this ambiguity of ſpeech is the worſt of all the evils that afflict mankind, will appear extravagant. It is by the knowledge of truth, that is, of facts ſo conſtantly repeated to our ſenſes as to become indubitable, that men avoid falſehood or error; that is, ignorance of thoſe facts. There are acute, I ought to call them cunning, caſuiſts, who, if the word truth be mentioned, exultingly aſk what is truth? They exult becauſe they are certain no man can ſay what is truth, in the ſenſe in which they are accuſtomed to underſtand the term: that is, as an abſtract word, including rather all poſſible things, concerning which men can diſpute, than the facts in which they are all agreed. Should there be any man ſo very wiſe, if I were to aſſert that the ſun riſes, as to aſk me, "what is the ſun?" and to demand that I ſhould prove its exiſtence, I might be indolent or pettiſh enough to decline converſation with him: for I ſhould foreſee, if I replied that the

ſun, be it ſomething or nothing, does every day produce ſenſations, in which all men who are not caſuiſts agree, that he would next aſk what are ſenſations?

Since there are men, be it from a love of inquiry or a deſire to ſurpriſe, by ſtrange doubts and aſſertions, who can pretend to queſtion things which all mankind, as well by their actions as by their words, admit as facts that regulate their conduct, it is no wonder, when ſuch is the uncertainty of language, that there are ſo many abſtract terms of undecided and ambiguous meaning.

One of theſe is the word honour; and honour perhaps may be defined to be "that ſelf reſpect, when the action is right, and that vanity, when the action is wrong, according to which men regulate their public behaviour."

The right and wrong of honour, in the populace of England, is a mark that diſtinguiſhes them, perhaps, from all other nations. If they have any diſpute they perhaps are the only people who never bear about them, or think of uſing, weapons, to maim or murder: yet they are the forwardeſt of all people to bid mutual defiance, and end contention by ſingle combat.

This combat is at once a trial of courage and ſkill; and, however it may be juſtly reprobated as cruel, it generates a firmneſs of mind, a coolneſs in danger, and an independence of character, which, in the preſent ſtate of human ſociety, has had very beneficial effects.

I ſpeak of the paſt; I am far from an advocate for its continuance: things highly beneficial, at one period of civilization, at another are highly pernicious.

Theſe combats generally collect crowds, and each crowd inſtantly aſſumes to itſelf the arbitration, and the guardianſhip of honour. The combatants are excited to fight, while they have the power to ſtrike, or ſtand: but, ſhould either of them offend the laws

laws of honour, if one be down ſhould the other ſtrike before he riſes, or ſhould he kick, or bite, or do any thing but fairly box, the mob would interfere, and ſcout him as a coward.

From being a vulgar exerciſe of anger, or of vanity, this art of boxing is become a polite amuſement; of which men of wealth and rank are the patrons and amateurs, as they are pleaſed to ſtyle themſelves: that is, they ſpar and trifle for their own amuſement; and lay wagers, and excite others to ſuch a ſtudious exercoiſe of the art that to deal a death blow, with the fiſt, is now no uncommon event. To fight a pair of cocks or a pair of men is alike become a gentlemanly diverſion.

While I am writing, an event has happened, which ſingularly marks this ſpirit among faſhionable men: that is, men who, having too much wealth and too much time, know not how to procure themſelves pleaſure, but by the excitement of violent emotions; ſuch as ariſe from ſeduction, duelling, the riſk of their fortunes on the hazard of a die, or from *humane ſports* ſimilar to thoſe above mentioned. The event I allude to is the battle between Belcher and the Young Ruffian; attempted at Newmarket, but fought in Eſſex. The paper deſcribing the rounds they had, printed in our journals, will hereafter be thought a curioſity: I mean therefore to give it a place in the Appendix. This encouragement of boxing, by men of rank, is not entirely a novelty: the famous Broughton, of whom I have heard the following anecdote, was patronized by the uncle of his preſent majeſty, the duke of Cumberland:

When abroad commanding the army, a Hungarian of prodigious bodily force, hearing that Engliſhmen were great fighters with the fiſt, defied the beſt of them; and the challenge was accepted by the duke, who ſelected Broughton as his champion. According to the tale, the Hungarian came or was brought to England; and the cautious Broughton, after ſurveying the awfully athletic form of his

antagoniſt, was determined to diſcover his mode of aſſault. For this purpoſe, he gave a robuſt drayman five ſhillings to go up to the Hungarian, whom Broughton had watched as he walked the ſtreets, and ſtrike him a blow. The Hungarian inſtantly ſeized the drayman, and daſhed him with ſuch irreſiſtible force to the ground that the fellow was willing enough to aſk pardon for the affront he had given. Broughton had acquired the knowledge he wanted; and the Hungarian had leſs chance with him than the drayman would have had with the Hungarian.

Let it not be pretended that to encourage theſe cuſtoms is to maintain that national courage which is the defence of the nation: amenity of manners and the exerciſe of the intellect are becoming the great ſafeguards of man.

Neither can I very well underſtand why other nations have ſtigmatized the art of boxing as ferocious. It is true that all deciſion of conteſt by combat is ferocity: but, ſurely, that combat which is leaſt dangerous, and which at the ſame time has the advantages I have deſcribed, is the leaſt ferocious.

I have ſomething more to remark: be it or be it not deſerving of the epithet ferocious, I half ſuſpect boxing is a ſtep in civilization, which other nations in their progreſs are deſtined to take. The two firſt times I was in Paris, I witneſſed violent diſputes; in ſome of which there was much pulling of hair, but no thought of uſing the clenched fiſt: the laſt time, however, I more than once ſaw boys ſparring; and was preſent, at *la Porte St. Denis*, when two men made their utmoſt efforts to box. Thoſe efforts indeed were feeble: to an Engliſhman, their aukwardneſs excited not alarm but laughter: their arms, inſtead of being darted ſtraight forward, were either raiſed up, to fall like the fiſt of a methodiſt preacher who beats his cuſhion, or ſwung round ſo that, if the man ſtruck at received the blow, it muſt be becauſe he would not remove.

The

The mob too began to behave, as it were, in imitation of the Engliſh: they gave the combatants room, and ſeemed to ſuperintend and participate in their valour. The conteſt however was very ſhort: by ſome unlucky accident, one of their noſes bled; and the women would endure it no longer.

In making the above conjecture, I would not be underſtood to approve or encourage the practice of boxing in any place: but if, by fighting with the fiſt, fighting with the ſword and ſabre could be brought into diſuſe, the change need not be regretted. Among the vulgar, in Paris, the point of honour lies in the tongue; it is who can talk the longeſt, and the loudeſt: but, when they are compelled to be ſuch good patriots as to aſſume the dignity of ſoldiers, and wear a ſabre, the point of honour then lies in the ſabre's edge. A gentleman, who lived at *Chaillot*, informed me that ſcarcely a morning paſſed without ſoldiers fighting duels, in the fields behind his reſidence, of which he was a witneſs.

The madneſs of defiance not unfrequently becomes ſo violent that it paſſes from corps to corps; and regiments, quartered in the ſame city, or neighbourhood, are obliged to be marched to different places, from the imminent danger of a general battle.

Speaking with an officer of ſome rank, I put it to him, as a caſe of conſcience, how he, a man who claimed the diſtinction of ſuperiority, moral and intellectual, could juſtify duelling to himſelf? which, if called upon, he avowed he ſhould practice. He gave the common anſwer: the neceſſity of proving himſelf worthy to wear a ſword. What a ſatire upon mankind is ſuch a reply! How does it paint their preſent ignorance! How pernicious is the force of example! Of this can there be a ſtronger proof than the following anecdotes?

The revolution had ſo great an effect on the imagination of the boys of Paris that they uſed to aſſemble in every ſtreet, and march with

with their drums, wooden ſabres made ſharp, and pikes of tin. They made a proceſſion, in the Luxembourg gardens; and, on one of theſe pikes, bore the *head of a cat*, guilty of the murder of a canary bird!

Their military ſports gave riſe to hot diſputes; and ſometimes to ſerious accidents. They all would be officers, and arms in hand diſputed the point. Two were ſeparated, who fought ſo fiercely that the blood began to flow; and, being aſked the cauſe of their quarrel—"*Parbleu!*" replied one of them; "it was my turn to be colonel an hour ago."*

The ſuſceptibility of the French is ſudden, and violent; though it quickly dies away. If they conceive themſelves actually degraded, in the eyes of their fellow-citizens or comrades, I doubt if any people more acutely feel, or for a time more determinately defend, the point of honour than themſelves.

One day, on the parade in the court of the Tuileries, a ſoldier failed in ſome point of exerciſe, from having drunk a little too much in the morning: for this he was reproved, ſent from the ranks, and informed he ſhould never more have the honour to parade before Bonaparte. The ſentence was ſo humiliating, in the eye of the regiment, and the poor fellow was ſo affected by it, that he ſhot himſelf. This happened while I was in Paris.

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* *Anecdotes Relatives à la Revolution*: Paris 1791.

CHAPTER LXXX.

THE FRENCH SOLDIER LESS SLAVISH THAN OTHERS: STRANGE ANECDOTE OF RUSSIAN OBEDIENCE: COMPARED WITH THE NORMANS: MODERN ACADEMIES: INFATUATION OF MEN: FENCING MASTERS ENNOBLED: SINGLE COMBAT ORDAINED BY DAGOBERT: THE JUDGMENT OF GOD BY THE CROSS; BY COLD WATER; AND BY FIRE: A MAN AND A JUDGE MORE RATIONAL THAN THE AGE IN WHICH THEY LIVED: DRUGS THAT RESISTED FIRE: TRIAL BY PURGATIVE PILLS: LITURGIES TRIED BY FIRE: THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE, AND HOPES FROM ITS EFFECTS.

THERE is a degree of familiarity, between a French ſoldier and his officer, which exiſts perhaps in no other military ſervice: he has more than others the exerciſe of his underſtanding; and is leſs a ſlave, a machine, that dare not think, or even ſtand or look, but with the permiſſion of his commander. Like as ſervants in France will diſpute with their maſter or miſtreſs, diſapprove their conduct, and tell them how they ought to act, ſo will a ſoldier, in the field, diſcuſs the advantages of encampment and ſituation; and, in the day of battle, will point to the place which he ſuppoſes in danger, and adviſe evolutions proper to be made: this he will do with a chance of having his advice followed, and himſelf promoted for his diſcernment, or bravery.

If war were a good thing, no conduct could be more rational, or juſt.

It is an old remark that the quick feelings of a Frenchman can never be ſo ſubdued as for him to bear drilling, like the patient German, or ſtill more the ſervile Ruſſian, ſoldier.

The

The tame ſubmiſſion of the latter is indeed incredible. During the ſeven years war, at the time that fortune ſeemed almoſt to have forſaken Frederic II., *Schweidnitz* was beſieged by the Ruſſians: the defence was obſtinate; the Ruſſian commander could only take the place by aſſault, and there was a moat which muſt be croſſed. For this purpoſe, the Ruſſian ſoldiers were ordered to the attack through the moat, till it was filled up with the numbers of the dead; and ſucceeding corps then marched over them, and took the city!

This anecdote is ſo ſtrange a one that I ſhould not dare relate it, were not my authority uncommonly ſtrong: it was told me by a Pruſſian, *M. Von Archenholtz*; known to the literary world as the author of a monthly journal called *Minerva*, Travels in England and Italy, and many other works; and who, being then a captain in the Pruſſian ſervice, was himſelf, as he aſſured me, preſent at the ſcene and a witneſs of the fact.

The following tale is of the ſame kind; with this difference: there is ſomething leſs horridly revolting in the ſacrifice of priſoners, foreigners, and enemies, than in that of defenders, countrymen, and friends: again—the Normans flouriſhed in the barbarous ages, yet committed a leſs atrocious crime, which however ſeems to have excited greater abhorrence: hence, it ſcarcely appears uncandid to ſuppoſe the Ruſſians leſs civilized, in the eighteenth century, than the Normans, in the ninth.

"Unable to render themſelves maſters of the great tower of the Grand Chatelet, at Paris, Abbon, a contemporary author and perhaps an ocular witneſs, reports that the Normans, having firſt endeavoured to fill up the moat with faſcines, and even with bullocks and cows, which they killed for that purpoſe, threw in the bodies of a part of their priſoners, whom they put to death, to ſerve as a bridge. Gozlin, biſhop of Paris, penetrated with horror and indignation

indignation at this inhuman act, caſt a javelin, invoking the Virgin, and killed one of the miniſters of the barbarity, whoſe body was immediately toſſed among the reſt."*

The alliance between military honour and vanity is viſible, in every part of warlike inſtitutions; but it is peculiarly exemplified by the art of fencing, and among the maſters who teach that art. Plato we are told taught philoſophy in the delightful groves of Academus; and now, the French having given the example, academy is the word: the meaneſt ſtreet, or the pooreſt village, may have its academy: not in delightful groves, but in garret, hut, or half deſolate grange: not to teach the divine philoſophy of Plato; but, among other the more humble elements of knowledge, dancing, fencing, nay and hair dreſſing; for this kind of academy I remember to have ſeen.

Conſidering men as a claſs of intelligent beings, that have for ages beyond knowledge been exerting their collective faculties that they might increaſe individual happineſs, of which the aſcertainment of perſonal ſafety forms an eſſential branch, it appears aſtoniſhing that, in ſuch a lapſe of time, it ſhould ſtill be ſuppoſed that the moſt certain means of ſecuring this perſonal ſafety are thoſe the very ſpirit and tendency of which encourage perſonal aſſault. It appears aſtoniſhing that, inſtead of academies for teaching the art to kill, the whole world has not been filled with academies to teach the art of liſtening to complaints with patience, of replying to them with candour, and of inculcating the habits of good temper and kindneſs of heart, ſuch and in ſo great a degree as no accidents could overcome. Have they not yet diſcovered that this knowledge is more eſſential, to man, than even all the faſcinating, the ſublime, and the uſeful, which the whole circle of

* *Saint Foix*, vol. iii. p. 81.

arts and ſciences can impart? for this would induce all theſe; and with them health, longevity, public and private affection, and univerſal happineſs.

We read of maſters of arms, at Paris, in the time of Charles IX.; but the author adds they had neither rule nor ſtatute that gave them authority. Under Henry III., they were formed into a community; which was confirmed by Henry IV. and Lewis XIII. This company conſiſted of twenty maſters; who could not become ſuch without having been *prévôts*, under other maſters. By Lewis XIV. they were honoured with the privilege of heraldic arms; and by letters patent, dated May 1656, *with the rank of nobility for them and their deſcendants*, after twenty years exerciſe of their art!

I cannot look at a fencing maſter teaching his ſcholars, and ſee him go through his flouriſhing formalities, his ſalutes, his ha ha! his ſtamping, lunging, parrying, and the reſt of his antics and vapourings, if I forget myſelf, without laughter; and aſſimilating him to the empiric and merry andrew, who diſtribute poiſon for which the multitude is made to pay: but, if I am thoughtful, I ſtand confounded at the ſtrange want of foreſight and infatuation of mankind.

Governments partake of and act according to the prejudices of the people governed; and I have what many will deem the infanity to hope that the people and government of England will ſome time ſet the world the example of aboliſhing the arts that teach men ſcientifically how to murder. They need not fear that this ſhould decreaſe their fortitude: it is a quality that originates in activity of mind and body: it is the conſtant companion of habitual energy; and the modes of activity and energy, are infinite: they are not confined to fighting.

This hope is not ſo extravagant, ſay if you pleaſe ridiculous, as to

to ſome it may ſeem: the ages are not ſo very remote ſince the following was among the *capitulaires of Dagobert:*

" *Si deux voiſins ſont en diſpute ſur les bornes de leurs poſſeſſions, qu'on leve un morceau de gazon dans l'endroit conteſté; que le juge le porte dans le Malle;** *que les deux parties, en le touchant de la pointe de leurs épées, prennent Dieu à témoin de la juſtice de leurs prétenſions; qu'ils combattent après, et que la victoire décide du bon droit.*"†

That two neighbours, having adjoining lands, the one ſtrong of body the other weak, ſhould decide their difference by ſingle combat is an extravagance which, from the nature of the human mind, were all paſſed hiſtory and tradition loſt, would ſcarcely be admitted as poſſible: yet this itſelf was comparatively trifling.

" The biſhop of Paris and the abbot of St. Denis contended for the patronage of a monaſtery. *Pepin-le-Bref,* not able to decide, ordered *the appeal to the judgment of God by the croſs*; and the biſhop and the abbé each named a champion. Theſe two men went into the chapel of the *Palais,* and there raiſed and croſſed their arms; while the people, devoutly attentive, wagered now for one and now for the other. The champion of the biſhop tired firſt, lowered his arms, and loſt the cauſe.

" The trial, or *judgment of God,* by cold water conſiſted in throwing the accuſed into a large and deep vat, filled with cold

* The place where the aſſizes, or ſittings, were held.

† If two neighbours have a diſpute concerning the limits of their poſſeſſions, let them cut a piece of turf from the conteſted place; let the judge bear it to the Malle; let the two parties touch it with the point of their ſwords, calling God to witneſs the juſtice of their pretenſions; and let them afterward combat, that victory may decide the right. *Saint Foix,* vol. iii. p. 221.

water; having firſt tied the right hand to the left foot, and the left hand to the right foot: to ſink was the ſign of innocence; and, if the accuſed ſwam, it was a proof that the water, which had cautiouſly been rendered holy by benediction, rejected him; it being too pure to receive the guilty."

I ſhould willingly have ſubmitted to this kind of proof. The judgment of God, by fire, afforded not the ſame facility for eſcape: the ſentence was to carry a red-hot bar of iron, weighing about three pounds, nine or ſometimes twelve paces: or to put the hand into an iron gauntlet, hot from the furnace: or to plunge the hand in a veſſel of boiling water and take out a conſecrated ring, ſuſpended at a leſs or greater depth: after which the hand of the patient was wrapped in linen, and ſealed by the judge and adverſe party. If, at the end of three days, when the linen was removed, no mark of ſcald or burn appeared, the accuſed ſtood abſolved.

In the thirteenth century, a man who was accuſed refuſed to ſubject himſelf to the trial by fire; alleging as his motive that he was not an empiric. The judge reaſoned with him, to induce him to ſubmit to the law: to which he replied—"I will willingly take the burning iron, provided I receive it from your hand." The judge, aſtoniſhed at the propoſal and not in the leaſt inclined to the experiment, decided that men ought not to tempt God.

What now appears nothing more than common ſenſe, ſo plain that it could eſcape none but idiots, in the anſwer of this man, was, in the age in which he lived, the proof of an inquiring and firm mind. This the deciſion of the judge demonſtrates: the abſurd opinions of the age were that God, being the protector of innocence, would not ſuffer fire to burn or water to ſcald the hands of the innocent. The faith of the man and of the judge

was

was leſs than that of their age; but their underſtandings, eſpecially that of the firſt, were much greater.*

"The iron and inſtruments uſed in theſe proofs were conſecrated, and kept in churches that were *privileged for that purpoſe*; and the profit of the practice was a motive for endeavouring to render it general.

"The ſame proofs exiſted among the Greeks; and St. Epiphanus reports that the prieſts of Egypt would rub the face with certain drugs, and afterward plunge it in boiling water without receiving the leaſt injury. A juggler, named *Gaſpard Toulon*, poſſeſſed the art of waſhing his hands in melted lead.

"The people of Siam had a ſtill more whimſical mode: to determine in favour of juſtice, civil or criminal, the parties were ſentenced to ſwallow certain purgative pills; and he whoſe ſtomach could retain them the longeſt was judged victorious."†

At the ſame æra, the ſame practices were common throughout Europe. The queſtion aroſe, in Spain, concerning whether the Roman ritual or the ritual of Muzarabe was preferable; and a ſingle combat was ordained. The parties concerned happened to perceive ſome of the evil conſequences of this deciſion; and it was agreed that the two liturgies ſhould be thrown in the fire, and that the book which moſt durably reſiſted the flames ſhould be preferred, for the celebration of divine ſervice.‡

Surely the progreſs in mind and manners, that has been made ſince this period, is ſufficient to juſtify the hope that the barbarous

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* *Dictionnaire des Mœurs, Uſages, et Coutumes des François.* Paris, 1767. Tom. ii. p. 147.

† *Saint Foix*, vol. iii. p. 184 to 188.

‡ *Dict. des Mœurs*, &c. tom. ii. p. 87.

cuſtoms,

cuſtoms, by which we are ſtill afflicted and diſhonoured, will ſome time hereafter be rejected with equal abhorrence, and ſpurned at with no leſs contempt.

I ſuſpect that, if the mountebank practice of fire eating could be traced, we ſhould find its origin in theſe ages; when men had ſuch urgent motives to diſcover the means that might render the ſkin capable of ſuſtaining ſuch ordeal proofs.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

T. Gillet, Printer, Salisbury Square.

APPENDIX.

CHAP. LX.

LA VIE HEROIQUE ET GLORIEUSE
DU CONSUL BONAPARTE,
Depuis l'époque de sa naissance jusqu'à la paix de Lunéville.

Air du Dialogue du Vin et de l'Eau.

D'UNE vie éclatante
Animons tous les cœurs,
Et que l'univers chante
Le vainqueur des vainqueurs;
Toi grand héros sublime,
Puissant et magnanime,
En chantant tes haut faits,
Permets que je retrace
A toute la surface
Tes glorieux succès.

En Corse il prit naissance*
De parens vertueux,
Son cœur, dans son enfance,
Fut bon et généreux;
Dès l'âge le plus tendre,
Voulant tout entreprendre,
Il quitte son pays,
Jetant l'œil sur la France,
Pour puiser sa science,
Il s'en vint à Paris.

Il est admis en classe
Parmi de grands sujets,
Et bientôt il surpasse
Les plus fiers des cadets;†
Plein de philosophie,
Sur la géographie
Il fixa son régard;
Se livrant à l'étude
Avec exactitude,
Le génie est son art.

Commençant sa carrière
Au siége de Toulon,
Ce jeune militaire
Dirige le canon;
Son génie il déploie
Et l'ennemi foudroie,
Il parvient à son but,
En préparant sa chûte,
Le terrasse et culbute:
Quelle glorieux début!

* Bonaparte prit naissance à Ajaccio, en Corse.

† Jeunes nobles de la ci-devant Ecole Militaire.

Général de brigade
Il est fait à l'instant,
Le soldat de tout grade
Admire son talent;
Au champ de la victoire,
Déjà couvrant de gloire
Ses courageux guerriers,
Des scélérats l'intriguent,
Le denoncent, le briguent,
Pour ternir ses lauriers.

Sa vertu porte ombrage
A des hommes pervers,
Et Beffroy, dans sa rage,*
Le plonge dans les fers;
C'est par droit d'injustice,
Dans la ville de Nice,
Qu'il le fait arrêter,
Lui supposant des crimes,
Au nombre des victimes
Veut le précipiter.

Il voulut se démettre
Après cet attentat;
Mais on veut le remettre
Avec plus grand éclat;
Chargé du militaire,
Au treize vendémiare,†
C'est en le commandant,
Que par son grand courage
Il prévint le carnage,
L'effusion du sang.

Pour prix de sa constance
Et de son dévouement,
Il a la confiance
D'un grand commandement,
Il est de l'Italie,
Ce merveilleux génie,
Fait général en chef;
Il retourne avec zèle
A sa troupe fidèle
Commander derechef.

En voyant Bonaparte,
Les soldats renaissans,
Aucun d'eux ne s'écarte,
Tous rentrent dans les rangs,
Manquant du nécessaire;
Ils retrouvent leur père,
Leurs chagrins sont bannis;
Oubliant leur misère,
Ils vont d'humeur guerrière
Battre leurs ennemis.

Notre jeune Alexandre
Est déjà triomphant,
Par-tout il faut se rendre
Devant ce conquérant;
Il franchit les montagnes,
Les plaines, les campagnes,
Les fleuves, les remparts,
Villes, bourgs et villages;
De riches appanages
Sont sous nos étendarts.

L'ennemi nous riposte
Par un feu soutenu,
Le Français à se poste
Allait être vaincu,

* Conventionnel en mission dans le Midi.

† Il fut chargé du commandement des troupes de ligne à Paris.

Quand

Quand Bonaparte vole,
Et plante au pont d'Arcole *
Le drapeau tricolor;
Malgré qu'on le mitraille,
Il gagne la bataille :
Peut-on rien de plus fort ?

L'armée enorgueillie
Triomphe de nouveau,
Et l'armée ennemie
Est déjà sur le Pô :†
Il prend Pizzighitone,
Peschiera, Vérone,
Céva, Coni, Novi,
Ancône avec Plaisance,
Par force et violence,
Et le pont de Lodi.

Parme, Milan, Modêne,
Mantoue et Mondovi,
Avec beaucoup de peine,
Se sont rendues à lui;
Malgré qu'on lui tend piège,
Il fait lever le siège
Bientôt à l'Autrichien;
Achevant sa défaite,
Le force à la retraite,
Il fuit vers Léoben.

L'Empereur en alarmes
De voir tous ses succès,
Verse un torrent de larmes,
Regrettant ses sujets :

Les villes, les provinces
Des Electeurs et Princes,
Je les donne aux Français;
Diminuons ma carte,‡
Dit-il à Bonaparte,
Je veux faire la paix.

Formant des nœuds sincères
Dans un étroit lien,
Par les préliminaires
Signés à Léoben,
Les plénipotentiaires
Conclurent tous en frères
A Campo-Formio,
Une paix solidaire,
L'ouvrage salutaire
D'un traité le plus beau.

On s'en tint à l'échange,
Sauf à ratifier,
Alors chacun se range,
Croyant pacifier;
Ensuite au Directoire,
Tout enivré de gloire,
Bonaparte s'en vint;
On lui donne une fête,
Célébrant sa conquête :
Quel glorieux destin !

Dissimulant sans peine
Avec ce grand guerrier,
Les Directeurs en haine
Veulent l'expatrier :

* L'armée avait perdu tout espoir de vaincre; mais l'intrépidité de leur chef anima tellement les soldats français qu'ils se rendirent vainqueurs, et firent des prodiges dont il n'y a pas d'exemple; ils mirent 8000 hommes hors de combat, prirent canons, caissons, munitions, &c.

† Fleuve considérable d'Italie.

‡ L'Empereur, dès ce temps, donna quatre principales places pour gage de la paix.

Pour nous quel coup funeste,
Quand sous le faux prétexte
D'un merveilleux projet,
On l'envoie en Egypte,
Avec nombreuse suite,
Sous le plus grand secret.

Bref, il part pour la gloire
De l'expédition,
Guidé par la victoire,
Il s'embarque à Toulon;
La Méditerranée
Porte à la destinée
Ce brave conquérant;
Malte est à cet Hercule,
Bientôt ce digne émule
Paraît vers l'Orient.

Avant de prendre terre
Il fallut se toiser,
La flotte d'Angleterre
Ne cessait de croiser;
Il mitraille, il canonne,
Pendant que Nelson tonne,*
Fait brêche pour sortir;
Notre armée à la rade,
En forçant la croisade,
Prend le port d'Aboukir.†

Il prend Alexandrie
Avec son brillant port;
L'Egypte, la Syrie,
Résistent, mais à tort;
Il en fait la conquête:
Au Caire, à Damiette,
Il brave tout péril;
Il pénètre, il avance,
Et marche à tout outrance
Dans les bouches du Nil.‡

Il donne aux Pyramides§
Un terrible combat,
Et marche à pas rapides
Sous un mauvais climat;
Il entre dans l'Asie,
Les déserts d'Arabie
Il franchit en César:
Puis il sut rendre braves
Les Mamelucks esclaves
De Mourat et Dgezzar.‖

Bonaparte en Judée
Fait des exploits nouveaux,
Augmentant son armée
De ces Orientaux,
Leur montre la tactique
De notre République
Et prend Jérusalem;
Redoublant de courage,
Ajoute à son ouvrage
Nazareth, Bethléem.

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* Amiral anglais.

† Le port d'Aboukir est le lieu où débarqua la flotte française en Egypte.

‡ Fleuve.

§ Les Pyramides ont vu la fameuse bataille de ce nom, livrée par l'armée d'Orient: elles sont situées à quatre lieues du Caire.

‖ Bey d'Egypte et Dgezzar. Ce redoutable pacha eut la cruauté de faire couper les oreilles aux prisonniers français, et les envoya au Grand-Seigneur son maître à Constantinople.

Il

Il protége les cultes
Des peuples qu'il soumet,
Et punit les insultes
Faites au dieu Mahomet :
Par-tout on le révère,
Ce guerrier débonnaire,
Il est le grand Français ;
Evitant le massacre,
Il fait le siége d'Acre,*
Avec un grand succès.

Les Directeurs perfides
Croyaient sacrifier,
Dans les déserts arides,
Ce vertueux guerrier ;
Méprisent, font outrage
A son traité si sage,
On le porte à Rastadt ;
Pendant qu'on l'examine,
Le congrès s'y termine
Par un assassinat.†

La guerre recommence
Avec acharnement,
Il faut venger l'offense
Faite au gouvernement :
La France est en ruines
Par toutes les rapines
Des intrigans divers ;
L'infâme Directoire,
D'execrable mémoire,
Préparait nos revers.

Schérer de l'Italie
Prend le commandement,
A la horde ennemie
Il la livre à l'instant ;
En vingt jours de retraites
Nos superbes conquêtes
Etaient à Suvarrow,‡
Quand Moreau, juste, brave,
En brisant toute entrave,
Arrêta ce fléau.

Bientôt la voix Céleste
Parle au grand d'Orient,
Il revient au plus leste
Sur notre continent ;
A l'aide d'une barque,
Sans que nul ne remarque
Ses opérations,
Laisse à terre un message,
Et n'informe qu'un sage§
De ses intentions.

Par de nouveau miracles
Ce génie immortel,
Triomphant des obstacles,
Débarque à Saint-Michel :‖
Tous les cœurs se dilatent,
Les intrigans le flattent
En rentrant dans nos murs,
Sans penser qu'il médite
De changer au plus vîte
Tous leurs destins futurs.

---

* Saint-Jean d'Acre. † Mort de Bonnier et de Roberjot.

‡ Feld-maréchal commandant les troupes auxiliaires Russes en Italie.

§ Bonaparte, en quittant l'Egypte, laisse un paquet cacheté à l'adresse du général Kléber, pour lui remettre vingt-quatre heures après son départ ; dans lequel il lui manifeste ses intentions, et le charge du commandement de l'armée d'Orient.

‖ Entre Fréjus et Cannes en Provence.

Soudain il obtint l'ordre
De commander Paris;
Tout était en désordre,
Ce n'était que partis;
Par forme exécutoire
Conseils et Directoire
Il transfère à Saint-Cloud,
Le dix-huit de brumaire,
D'une étrange manière
Il changea tout-à-coup.

Ce général se montre
Au Conseil des Cinq-Cents,
Et trouve à sa rencontre
Quantité de brigands;
Un seul de caractère,
Aréna, téméraire,*
Veut lui donner la mort;
Mais Thomé, par adresse,
De l'arme vengeresse
A garanti son sort.

Voyant ces insulaires,
Il commande en héros
Au grenadiers sincères
De charger ces bourreaux;
Les Directeurs en lutte,
Les deux conseils en butte,
Sont dissous à l'instant:
Au lieu de Directoire,
Consulat provisoire
Est formé sur-le-champ.

Par le son de la trompe
Et le bruit du canon,
Il nous donne avec pompe
La constitution:
Le vingt-deux de frimaire
Cette œuvre salutaire
De grands législateurs,
Est reçue avec zèle,
La joie universelle
Renait dans tous les cœurs.

Premier Consul de France,
Cet homme généreux
Rend d'abord l'existence
Au rentier malheureux:
L'apôtre de Minerve
Part au camp de réserve,†
Harangue les héros,
Excitant ces phalanges
Par de justes louanges
A des exploits nouveaux.

Il sait par son génie
Triompher du hasard,
Montant l'artillerie
Sur le Mont Saint-Bernard;
Passant travers la neige,
De cent lieues il s'abrége,
Protégé du Très-haut;
La Réserve en problême,
Après ce stratagème,
A pris Montebello.‡

---

* Aréna, né comme Bonaparte en l'isle de Corse, est celui-qui voulut lui ôter la vie; il voulut le percer d'un poignard, et blessa Thomé, grenadier, qui para le coup en se précipitant sur l'assassin.

† Camp de réserve, formé à Dijon.

‡ Mont Saint-Bernard. Bonaparte fait monter les canons sur le sommet du Mont St.-Bernard, par les habitans de cet endroit, qui en furent émerveillés; il va par cette ruse surprendre les

D'une ardeur martiale
Au champ de Maringo,
Ce héros se signale,
Fait l'ennemi capo;
D'un nouvel armistice
Il fait le sacrifice
Après tant de succès;
Puis il revient en France,
Rapportant l'espérance
D'une solide paix.

Une ligue en délire
Contre lui conspira,
Cherchant à le détruire,
D'abord à l'Opéra,
Méditant sa ruine,
Une affreuse machine
Eclate au Carrouzel;*
Mais le ciel en silence,
Du sauveur de la France
Para le coup mortel.

On traite à Lunéville,
Et l'on signe au Congrès
Une paix très-utile
Au bonheur des sujets:
L'Empereur se mutine;
Mais, malgré qu'il s'obstine,
Il faut pacifier;
Enfin il se décide,
Reçoit de notre égide
La palme et l'olivier.

Héros plein de clémence,
Mets le comble à nos vœux,
La paix et l'abondance
Peuvent nous rendre heureux.
Français, rendons hommages
Au plus puissant des sages,
Au plus grand des mortels;
Qu'un même vœu s'exhale,
A la paix générale
Elevons des autels.†

---

les avant-postes de l'armée ennemie, qui le croyait bien éloigné de ces camps: jamais telle manœuvre ne fut exécutée. L'empereur, qui doutait de la création de l'armée de réserve, se persuada qu'elle existait, quand il sut que Bonaparte commandait en personne à Montebello.

* Explosion du 3 nivôse, rue Nicaise.

† However mean as a composition, this ballad recapitulates the most remarkable military exploits of Bonaparte; and was admirably calculated to produce on the patient idlers, who delight in a pretence to loiter in the Elysian Fields and public places of Paris, the effect that was intended. In the following page is another excellent specimen of the same artful kind; and is curious as a document to prove that the Concordat, at that time, July 14, 1801, was either not conceived or not determined on.

IMPROMPTU

IMPROMPTU SUR ST.-BONAVENTURE.

Le 14 Juillet.

Air de la Bayonnette.

IL faut pour nous égayer
Que chacun s'apprête;
Vive du calandrier
Le saint que l'on fête:
Le quatorze de juillet
On doit fêter en effet
Saint bo bo bo bo, saint na na na na,
Saint bo bo, saint na, na,
Saint Bonaventure, turelurelure.

Tandis que dans tout Paris
Règne la concorde,
Tous les saints du paradis
Prêchent la discorde;
Ils sont jaloux du patron,
De la Fédération,
Saint bo bo, etc.

De la révolution
C'est l'anniversaire;
Qu'une éternelle union
Termine la guerre:
Notre bonheur est certain,
Et rendons grace au grand saint
Saint bo bo, etc.

CHAP. LXIII.

EXPOSITION PUBLIQUE

DES PRODUITS

DE L'INDUSTRIE FRANCAISE.

CATALOGUE DES PRODUCTIONS INDUSTRIELLES

Qui seront exposées dans la grande Cour du Louvre, pendant les cinq jours complémentaires de l'an 9; avec les noms, départemens et demeures des Manufacturiers et Artistes admis à l'Exposition.

Arrêté des Consuls de la République, qui établit chaque année, à Paris, une exposition publique des produits de l'Industrie Française.

Paris, le 13 Ventôse, an 9.

LES CONSULS DE LA REPUBLIQUE, sur le rapport du Ministre de l'intérieur, ARRETENT:

ART. I.er Il y aura, chaque année, à Paris, une exposition publique des produits de l'industrie française, pendant les cinq jours complémentaires. Cette exposition fera partie de la fête destinée à célébrer l'anniversaire de la fondation de la République.

II. Tous les Manufacturiers et Artistes français, qui voudront concourir à cette exposition, seront tenus de ce faire inscrire, avant le 15 Messidor, au secrétariat général de la préfecture de leur département, et d'y remettre des échantillons ou modèles des objets d'art qu'ils desireront exposer.

III. Les produits des découvertes nouvelles, et les objets d'une exécution achevée si la fabrication en est connue, pourront seuls faire partie de l'exposition. Ces produits et ces objets ne seront admis qu'après un examen préalable, et sur le certificat d'un jury particulier de cinq membres, nommés à cet effet par le Préfet de chaque département.

IV. Les opérations de ce jury seront terminées au 1.er Thermidor, et les Préfets feront publier et afficher les noms des manufacturiers et artistes de leurs arrondissemens respectifs, dont les productions auront été jugés dignes d'être présentées au concours général qui aura lieu à Paris: ils indiqueront l'espèce et la qualité de ces productions.

V. Les objets dont les jurys de département auront prononcé l'admission, seront examinés par un nouveau jury composé de quinze membres nommés par le Ministre de l'Intérieur. Ce jury désignera les douze manufacturiers ou artistes dont les productions lui auront paru devoir être préférées à celles de leurs concurrens; il indiquera, en outre, les vingt autres manufacturiers ou artistes qui auront mérité, par leurs travaux et leurs efforts, d'être mentionnés honorablement.

VI. Les citoyens désignés par le jury seront présentés au Gouvernement par le Ministre de l'Intérieur.

VII. Un échantillon de chacune des productions désignées par le jury, sera déposé au Conservatoire des arts et métiers, avec une inscription particulière qui rappellera le nom de l'artiste qui en sera l'auteur.

VIII. Le procès-verbal contenant le choix motivé du jury, sera transmis à tous les Préfets, qui en donneront connaissance à leurs administrés.

IX. Le ministre de l'Intérieur est chargé de l'exécution du présent arrêté, qui sera inséré au bulletin des lois.

Le premier Consul, signé BONAPARTE.

Par le premier Consul, *le Secrétaire d'état*, signé HUGUES B. MARET.

Pour copie conforme:

Le Ministre de l'interieur, signé CHAPTAL.

Le local destinée, dans la grande cour du Louvre, à l'exposition de l'an 9, est distribué en cent quatre portiques d'architecture Romaine; les objets admis à l'exposition y seront placés dans l'ordre suivant:

PORTIQUE No. 1.—*Thilorier*, breveté d'invention, rue Saint-Martin, vis-à-vis la rue aux Ours, à Paris: Boîtes à feu destinées principalement à chauffer l'eau des bains, avec économie de temps et de dépense; Poëles fumivores; Phloscope, espèce de fourneau portatif qui chauffe et éclaire.

PORTIQUE No. 2.—*Petit-Walle*, fabricant, enclos des Quinze-vingts, à Paris: Nécessaires à barbe, Rasoirs fins.

PORTIQUE No. 3.—*Serrazin*, costumier de Longwy, département de la Moselle, demeurant à Paris, rue Saint-Denis, No. 67: Habit sans coutures apparentes, et que l'on peut transformer à volonté en veste, redingote, manteau et pantalon.

Le citoyen *Maché* a exécuté les coutures.

Dumoulin, artiste, rue de la Vieille-Monnaie, No. 8, à Paris: Tissus et Ornemens en cheveux.

Saumon, artiste, rue Saint-Nicolas, faubourg Saint-Antoine, No. 5, à Paris: Mécanique de son invention, nouveau va-et-vient, à double échappement, procurant un double mouvement de rotation et de bascule, pour faire à-la-fois le service de différentes usines.

PORTIQUE No. 4.—*Richard* et *Noir-Dufresne*, manufacturiers à Alençon, département de l'Orne, et à Paris, faubourg Saint-Antoine, rue de Charonne: Basins, piqués, mousselinettes, mousselines, calicots, cotons filés, &c.

PORTIQUE No. 5.—*Chiroflet*, fabricant de meubles, rue Neuve-Saint-Jean, faubourg Saint-Denis, No. 21, à Paris: Chaises, fauteuils, lits en acajou et autres bois.

PORTIQUE No. 6.—*Denis (Julien)*, manufacturier au Luat, près Saint-Brice, département de Seine-et-Oise: Cotons filés, depuis le No. 25 jusqu'au No. 200.

PORTIQUES Nos. 7, 8 et 9.—Manufacture nationale des Gobelins: Tapisseries représentant, 1. le

1. le président *Molé*, insulté par les frondeurs, d'après *Vincent*; 2. le massacre de l'amiral de *Coligny*, d'après *Suvée*; 3. Aminte et Silvie, d'après *Boucher*; 4. des fruits et animaux des Indes, d'après *Desportes*; 5. le souper de Henry IV. chez *Michaud*, d'après *Vincent*; 6. des fleurs, d'après *Madame Cotter*.

La manufacture a sur les métiers des objets d'une plus grande perfection; elle ne pourra les exposer que l'année prochaine.

PORTIQUE No. 10.—*Campmas*, ingénieur hydraulique, enclos de la Raison, dans la Cité, No. 46, à Paris: Machine pour préserver du naufrage les bateaux, navires et vaisseaux.

PORTIQUE No. 11.—*Fourny*, manufacturier, rue Papinière, No. 650, fauxbourg Saint-Honoré, à Paris: Hygiocerames, poterie nouvelle.

PORTIQUE No. 12.—*Rogier*, fabriquant, demeurant à Paris, rue de la Huchette, au dépôt des tapisseries d'Aubusson: Tapisseries d'Aubusson.

PORTIQUE No. 13.—*Capitaine*, ingénieur, rue Serpente, No. 17, à Paris; Conducteurs d'écriture, carte de géographie gravée par des procédés mécaniques.

Lamotte, rue neuve des Mathurins, No. 844, maison du C.en *Desarnod*, à Paris: Modèle de machine à vapeur, à double injection.

Dixnard, mécanicien, rue du faubourg Martin, No. 182, à Paris: Dessin d'une machine hydraulique pour parer à l'inconvénient des filtrations provenant des eaux de la pompe à feu de Paris: Dessin d'une mécanique pour opérer l'ascension dans l'air sans le secours du ballon; dessin d'une machine hydraulique pour l'arrosement des jardins potagers sans le secours de l'arrosoir.

Chevalier, ingénieur, quai de l'horloge du Palais, No. 1, à Paris: Baromètre mécanique de son invention, approuvé par plusieurs sociétés savantes; dessin contenant les plans et profils de ce baromètre.

Normant, rue des Ecrivains, No. 20, à Paris: Bouteille d'une nouveau vinaigre de son invention.

Lartigue, ingénieur-hydrographe de la marine, rue de Cimetière-Saint-André-des-Arts, No. 8, à Paris: Carte physique des provinces d'Honduras et de Nicaragua, exécutée en relief.

PORTIQUE No. 14.—*Menard*, fabricant de vases, rue Charonne, No. 124, ayant son dépôt au Louvre, voûte du télégraphe, à Paris: Vases de terre cuite, à formes antiques et modernes, de différentes grandeurs.

PORTIQUE No. 15.—*Ferlier* aîné, rue Notre-Dame-des-Victoires, Nos. 19 et 20, à Paris: Nouveau bleu dit Anglais, composé de substances indigènes, propre à fixer le blanc, azurer et teindre en bleu tendre, sans l'employ du soufre; échantillons blanchis et azurés avec ce bleu.

Bataille, de Colombe près Paris: Colle forte.

Souillard, rue Pagevin, No. 218, à Paris: Composition pour raccommoder toutes sortes de porcelaines.

PORTIQUE No. 16.—Draps et casimirs fabriqués avec des laines fines provenant des beliers et brebis du troupeau de race Espagnole de Rambouillet;

Par *Decretot (Jean-Baptiste)*, de Louviers;

Delarue (Henri) et compagnie, de la même ville;

Leroy et *Rouy*, de Sedan.

Draps de laines métisses de beliers de race pure de Rambouillet, accouplés avec des brebis de différens départemens: Ces draps ont été fabriqués par *Jean-Baptiste Decretot* et par *Henri Delarue* et compagnie.

C'est depuis 1786 qu'on entretien à Rambouillet le troupeau de race Espagnole pure: il a produit de nombreux élèves; et bientôt nos manufactures de draps pourront se passer des étrangers pour leur approvisionnement en laines fines.

PORTIQUE No. 17.—*Madame Conté*, au dépôt général du C.en *Hauault*, rue de la Loi, No. 889, à Paris: Crayons artificiels assortis.

PORTIQUE No. 18.—*Tissot*, fabricant, petite rue de Reuilly, No. 8, faubourg Antoine, à Paris: Cornes à lanternes, de toutes les grandeurs; cornes aplaties pour les peignes; cornes noires et marbrées pour les couteliers; raclures.

Veuve Goujon, petite rue de Reuilly, No. 8, faubourg Antoine, à Paris: Coton filé, nankins, siamoises, toiles de coton, étoffes de soie et coton.

PORTIQUES Nos. 19 et 20.—*Sallandrouze-Lamornais*, fabricant, rue des Vieilles-Audrieths, No. 6, au Marais, à Paris: Tapis veloutés.

PORTIQUE No. 21.—*Caron-Crepin*, fabricant à Amiens, département de la Somme: Flanelle.

Morgan et *Delahaye*, fabricans, même commune: Deux pièces velventine, deux pièces velours dit croisé cordelet, une pièce cannelée croisée, gris de perle.

Hamelin-Vanrobais et compagnie, fabricans à Abbeville: Draps.

Gensse, Dumini et compagnie, fabricans à Amiens: Casimirs.

Bonvallet, fabricant d'étoffes à fleurs, à Amiens: Différentes pièces imprimées d'après des procédés économiques dont il est inventeur.

Masse et *Cassieri*, fabricans à Saint-Omer: Echantillon de drap fabriqué avec des laines provenant du troupeau des citoyens *Delporte*, de Boulogne.

PORTIQUE No. 22.—*Gruff*, frères, manufacturiers à Sèvres, ayant leur dépôt général à Paris, rue Saint-Thomas-du-Louvre, No. 264: Cires à cacheter, à odeur, bleues, violettes, et de toutes autres couleurs.

PORTIQUE No. 23.—*Decretot*, fabricant à Louviers, département de l'Eure, ayant son dépôt, place des Victoires, Nos. 2 et 18, à Paris: Casimirs rayés et unis, casimir en vigogne pour schals, drap de vigogne du Pérou et de Buenos-aires, drap de pinne-marine, gilets en vigogne et pinne-marine, draps laine d'Espagne, draps laine de race pure naturalisée en France, draps d'été (ci-devant Royal).

Maille (Pierre), jeune, fabricant à Elbeuf: Echantillon de gilets en laine.

PORTIQUE No. 24.—*Raoul*, fabricant de limes, place Thionville, No. 28, à Paris: Limes, façon anglaise.

PORTIQUES, Nos. 25 et 26.—*Piranesi*, frères, architectes, dessinateurs et graveurs, rue de l'Université, No. 296, à Paris: Planches gravées, et estampes d'architecture et d'antiquités grecques et romaines.

PORTIQUES Nos. 27, 28 et 29.—*Lignereux*, fabricant de meubles, rue Vivienne, à Paris: Commode en bois d'acajou, avec différens ornemens en bronze, secrétaire, console, tables à thé, pendules, paire de girandoles, candelabre, &c.; deux vases de porphire rouge, un vase forme Médicis; *idem*, en porcelaine du Japon, &c.

PORTIQUES Nos. 30, 31 et 32.—*Boulet*, entrepreneur de la Manufacture d'armes de Versailles, ayant son dépôt, rue de la Loi, à Paris: Armes de guerre et de chasse.

PORTIQUE No. 33.—*Vacher*, rue Vivienne, à Paris: Etoffes de soie.

PORTIQUE No. 34.—*Solages*, concessionnaire de mines de fer et de houille dans le département du Tarn, rue de l'Université, No. 290, près la rue Belle-Chasse, à Paris: Modèle d'une nouvelle écluse approuvée par l'Institut national.

PORTIQUE

PORTIQUE No. 35.—Manufacture nationale de la Savonnerie, à Chaillot: Tapis.

PORTIQUES Nos. 36, 37 et 38.—*Jacob*, frères, fabricans de meubles, rue Mêlée, No. 77, à Paris: Grande console à griffons dorés; console ornée d'incrustations; table ronde, richement incrustée; table à thé, pieds en bronze doré; deux secrétaires, nouveaux modèles; deux commodes ornées de bronze et camées; chiffonnier à colonnes et frise sculptées, dorées; petit lit richement orné; consoles à têtes de Mercure; table mécanique; fauteuil à chimères en bronze doré au mat; paires de candelabres en bois sculpté, doré; plusieurs nouveaux modèles de trépieds et nécessaires; lustre ajusté sur une glace; paire de riches candelabres différemment ajustés.

PORTIQUE No. 39.—*Huspais*, manufacturier à Sèvres près Versailles, département de Seine-et-Oise: Vaisselle de terre blanche.

PORTIQUE No. 40.—Réservé pour l'officier de police.

PORTIQUE No 41.—*Jantet Leyssard* et compagnie, fabricans à Nantua, département de l'Ain: Ouvrages faits au tour, en buis, bois et corne.

Dumanoir fabricant à Rouen: Cornes et cornets à lanterne.

Vigeant, cultivateur au Rigalleau, département de la Charente: Echantillon d'eau-de-vie de marc.

Hazard fils, émailleur à Paris: Yeux en émail.

. . . . . département de la Corrèze: Platine à canon.

Soller et compagnie, fabricans à Dilling, département de la Moselle: Scies, équerre, crics, hache, moulin à moudre le café, fiches pour portes et fenêtres.

Letixerand, manufacturier à Sienk, même département: Alênes et poinçons.

Rochet aîné, maître de forges à Audincourt, département du Haut-Rhin: Tôle, fer-blanc, aciers et fers en barre.

Dumas, aciériste à Caumont, département de l'Eure: Echantillons d'acier.

Bataille, coutelier à Bordeaux: Rasoirs fins.

Joseph Olive, Pierre et Samson *Maquenhen*, Pierre-Etienne *Frevin*, fabricans à Esquerbotin près Abbeville: Serrures, cadenas et verrou de sûreté.

Les ouvriers de la contrée dite le Vimeux, département de la Somme, travaillant sous la direction du C.en *Deschasseaux*: Deux platines de fusil, du modèle 77.

Guerin, frères, fondeurs à Saint-Lô, département de la Manche: Etain fin provenant de métal de cloches.

Chamberlin, manufacturier à Honfleur: Sulfate de fer et d'alumine.

PORTIQUE No. 42.—*Utzschneider* et compagnie, fabricans à Sarguemines, département de la Moselle: Faïence en cailloutage.

Revol neveu, manufacturier à Lyon: Faïence en terre cuite, vernis doré.

Zeiler-Valler et compagnie, entrepreneurs de la verrerie de Meysenthal, dite *de Saint-Louis*, département de la Moselle: Aiguière et cuvette en cristal.

Wood, manufacturier, à Forges, département de la Seine-Inférieure: Faïence.

Reymond et *Revol*, fabricans à Saint-Use, département de la Drôme: Poterie et cruzets en grès.

Rousseau, manufacturier, à Clairvaux, département de l'Aube: Verres à vitres.

PORTIQUE No. 43.—*Demougé* et *Hreutzer*, fabricans à Strasbourg: Urnes, tables, &c., en bois, revêtues d'un nouveau vernis; cadran sur tôle imitant l'émail.

Aserat aîné, fabricant au Puy, département de la Haute-Loire: Outres en peau de vaches, pour le transport des liquides à dos de mulet ou de cheval.

Desaigues,

Bazal et *Samson*, manufacturiers à Claire-Fontaine, même département: Piqué écru croisé.

Lenfumey-Camusat, fabricant à Troies: Tricot en laine de France, bas de coton.

Patureau, même commune: Piqués.

Pujol père et fils, fabricans à Saint-Dié, département de Loir-et-Cher: Echantillons de couvertures de coton.

Sevennes frères, manufacturiers à Rouen: Piqués, basins.

Desrevisilles frères, entrepreneurs d'une blanchisserie à Rouen: Piqués, basins, cotons, finette, bas, blanchis à l'acide muriatique oxygéné.

Société établie à Anvers, sous la directions du C.en *Bourgeois*: Mousseline superfine.

Pictet, fabricant à Genève, breveté d'invention: Schal tramé en laine et soie; Echantillons de laine recueillie sur un agneau de race Espagnole, né à Lancy, près Genève.

PORTIQUES Nos. 50, 51, 52.—*Deharme* et *Dubaux*, fabricans, rue de la Madeleine, à Paris: Ouvrages en tôle vernie.

PORTIQUES Nos. 53 et 54.—*Desarnod*, architecte, ingénieur-caminologiste, rue neuve des Mathurins, No. 844, à Paris: Sept modèles de fourneaux, et deux modèles de cheminées portatives, construits en bois, fer et cuivre, de grandeur naturelle, appelés par l'auteur *Calorifer*, qu'il se propose d'exécuter en fer coulé, et dont les uns sont destinés à chauffer les magasins, cafés, comptoirs, bureaux, &c., et les autres à chauffer les grandes bibliothèques, les manufactures, les sécheries, les hospices, les serres les plus vastes, &c.

Regnier, membre du Lycée des arts: Une serrure de combinaison *(pour le roi d'Espagne)*; une thermomètre métallique, approuvé par l'institut national.

PORTIQUE No. 55.—*Verhest*, sculpteur, rue de la Verrerie, No. 171, à Paris: Agates factices, transparentes comme les agates naturelles, de différentes formes et grandeurs; tableau représentant, sur fond d'agate factice, un pot de fleurs modelées avec une composition de toutes couleurs.

Madame Gaillard, rue du Paon-Saint-Victor, No. 13, à Paris: Pierres gravées montées en bagues; tabatières formées de bois pétrifié, &c.

PORTIQUE No. 56.—*Delarue*, distillateur, rue de Cléry, No. 84, à Paris: Liqueurs et sucreries.

PORTIQUE No. 57.—*Ebingre*, fabricant à Saint-Denis, département de la Seine: Toiles peintes en divers genres, et notamment à fond sable, imprimées par le moyen d'une mécanique extrêmement fine, pour laquelle il a obtenu un brevet d'invention.

PORTIQUE No. 58.—*Seguin*, membre de l'Institut national, manufacturier à Sèvres: Cuirs, et papiers de paille.

PORTIQUE No. 59.—*Bontems*, manufacturier, rue Mêlée, passage de l'Indien, à Paris: Cotonnades, et étoffes de soie.

PORTIQUE No. 60.—*Chignard*, fabricant, rue Villote, à la Râpée, a Paris: Toiles peintes.

PORTIQUE No. 61.—*Segretier-Cardeur*, *Béligné*, *Collin*, fabricans à Langres, département de la Haute-Marne: Objets de coutellerie.

Plumer, *Donnet* et *Vannier*, fabricans à Pont-Audemer, département de l'Eure: Cuirs pour la sellerie, pour bottes et souliers.

PORTIQUE No. 62.—*Georget*, serrurier, rue Saint-Denis, Nos. 50 et 79, à Paris: Serrures et verroux de sûreté; bascules et cachentrées, qui peuvent être adaptées à toutes serrures ordinaires.

Vatinel, fabricant, rue de la Tour, marais du Temple, No. 5, à Paris: Basins et piqués.

PORTIQUE No. 63.—*Grégoire*, fabricant, breveté d'invention, rue du Paradis, No. 20, à Paris: Etoffes en tissus circulaires, *dites* tournoises.

Harlmann,

Hartmann, horloger, rue de Vannes, No. 9, à Paris: Pendule à huit cadrans.

Lenoir, fabricant d'instrumens de mathématiques, rue de la Place Vendôme, au dépôt des Cartes de la Marine, à Paris: Modèle du grand quart de cercle mural de l'observatoire; comparateur perfectionné sur celui qui a servi à déterminer la longueur du mètre définitif; nouveau baromètre portatif; thermomètre métallique et hygromètre; deux cercles répétiteurs réduits à la plus simple construction, et à la plus petite dimension pour les opérations géodésiques; nouvelle boussole pour observer la déclinaison absolue, utile à la levée des plans; niveau à lunette, d'une construction extrêmement simple.

PORTIQUE No. 64.—*Jacquemard* et *Besnard*, manufacturiers, faubourg Saint-Antoine, à Paris: Papiers peints, mineorange et bleu de prusse.

PORTIQUE No. 65.—*Léonard Tournu*, manufacturier à Franciade, ayant un dépôt rue des Aveugles, No. 554, près Saint-Sulpice, division du Luxembourg, à Paris: Vis à bois, à l'instar des vis anglaises.

PORTIQUE No. 66.—*Meausse*, artiste, rue de Beaune, No. 865, à Paris: Modèles d'une faulx tournante, et de deux nouvelles dragues qui se ferment pour retirer le sable et la vase du fond de l'eau.

Picot, mécanicien à Abbeville, département de la Somme: Quatre pompes économiques pour les incendies et l'arrosement des jardins.—Le prix modique de ces pompes, qui n'est que de 72 fr. pièce, les met à la portée des fortunes les plus médiocres: le ministre de l'intérieur, après s'être assuré de leur mérite et de leur utilité, les a fait connaître dans tous les départemens.

La Caze, rue des Poulies, No. 160, à Paris: Modèle d'une machine propre à remplacer celle de Marli; modèle de vingt quatre moulins à blé; modèle d'une machine aérienne; nouvelle machine à prendre les taupes; modèle d'une machine à enfoncer les pieux.

PORTIQUE No. 67.—*Henry* et *Thirouin*, fabricans, rue Beaubourg, No. 275, à Paris: Boutons façon anglaise.

Herhan, breveté d'invention, rue de Lille, No. 708, à Paris: Châssis garnis de matrices mobiles en cuivre, frappées à froid; œuvres de Salluste imprimées avec de nouveau caractères stéréotypes; châssis garnis de pages, ou clichés stéréotypes, avec lesquels on a imprimé le Salluste; cadre présentant le produit des clichés; une page grand in-folio, exécutée par le même procédé de matrices mobiles.

PORTIQUES Nos. 68 et 69.—Manufacture nationale de porcelaine de Sèvres: Porcelaines.

PORTIQUE No. 70.—*Lemaire*, horloger, rue Saint-Martin, No. 8, à Paris: Pendules à jeu de flûte, boîte à carillon.

Deverberie, horloger, boulevart du temple, derrière le café Turc, à Paris: Pendules, ornemens et meubles en bronze doré.

PORTIQUE No. 71.—*Bauwens* frères, manufacturiers à Passy près Paris: Basins, piqués, mousselinettes et autres étoffes de coton; coton filé jusqu'au No. 250; métiers à navette volante.

Les mêmes fabricans ont joint différens objets de leur manufacture de Gand, département de l'Escaut.

PORTIQUE No. 72.—*Lebastier*, fabricant, rue Bourg-l'Abbé, No. 69, à Paris: Cire à cacheter, à odeur, de différentes couleurs.

Ollivier, graveur, rue Thibautodé, No. 9, à Paris: Musique imprimée en caractères mobile.

Fauller, *Rempff* et *Muntzer*, fabricans à Choisy-sur-Seine, département de la Seine, ayant leur dépôt à Paris, rue Grenier-Saint-Lazare, No. 87: Maroquins rouges, noirs, jaunes, puce, et autres couleurs.

PORTIQUE No. 73.—Conseil des Mines: Substances minérales extraites du sol de la République; objets obtenus de leur traitement.

PORTIQUE No. 74.—Etablissemens des Quinze-vingts et des Sourds muets: Draps fabriqués par les aveugles; souliers, livres imprimés, ouvrages de tour, &c. des sourds-muets.

PORTIQUE No. 75.—*Olivier*, fabricant, breveté d'invention, rue de la Roquette, No. 73, à Paris: Poterie et minium.

PORTIQUE No. 76.—*Merlin-Hall*, propriétaire de la manufacture de terre fine établie à Montereau, département de Seine-et-Marne: Terre fine.

Jouvet, rotonde du Temple, arcade No. 26, à Paris: Echantillons d'une nouvelle marqueterie applicable au bois et aux métaux; chaise en marqueterie.

Gala, rue faubourg Poissonnière, No. 28, à Paris: Echantillons de sparterie.

Muchalon, rue de la Loi, No. 299, près le théatre des arts, à Paris: Perruques nouvelles de différentes formes antiques; diadèmes, colliers, bracelets, garnitures de robes, bordures de tableaux, draperies, et autres ornemens en cheveux.

PORTIQUE No. 77.—*Didot* frères, imprimeurs-libraires, rue de Thionville, No. 116, à Paris: Le premier volume des Œuvres de *Racine*, in-folio. *Virgile*, in-folio, relié magnifiquement par *Bozerian*; *Horace*, in-folio, sur peau de vélin; Collection des Classiques, in-4to. et autres ouvrages imprimés par *Didot* l'aîné, reliés en maroquin, par *Bozerian*; éditions stéréotypes, cinquante-quatre volumes in-18, grand papier, reliés par le même; éditions stéréotypes in-12 et in-8°. de *Montaigne*: formes de pages stéréotypes de *Montaigne*; Frontispice des Œuvres de *Racine*, et cinq estampes de sept pièces de cet Auteur.

PORTIQUE No. 78.—*Luton* et compagnie, doreurs sur cristaux, rue du Petit-Carreau, No. 34, à Paris: Gobelets, carafes, et autres objets en cristal, dorés d'une manière élégante et solide, par des procédés dont ils sont inventeurs.

PORTIQUE No. 79.—*Henrion*, ferblantier, breveté d'invention, rue de la Loi, No. 19, à Paris: Lampes à tuyaux et à courans d'air.

PORTIQUE No. 80.—Manufacture nationale de Beauvais, département de l'Oise: Copies de tableaux de *Lagrené*, *Boucher*, *Casanove*, &c. canapés, dossiers de canapés, de fauteuils; feuilles d'écran, &c.

PORTIQUE No. 81.—*Dessigny*, fabricant de dentelles à Bruxelles, ayant un dépôt rue de Cléry, No. 96, à Paris: Dentelles.

Petou, frères à neveu, fabricans à Louviers, département de l'Eure: Draps et casimirs.

PORTIQUE No. 82.—*Basenerye*, rue de la Vieille-Bouclerie, No. 134, à Paris: Décorations en sucrerie.

PORTIQUE No. 83.—*Cartier*, fabricant à Tours, ayant un dépôt rue de la Loi, chez le C.en Leroy, à Paris: Etoffes de soie et tapis.

PORTIQUE No. 84.—*Moise Mayer*, fabricant de porcelaines, rue Crussol, No. 67, à Paris: Bouquets de fleurs; vases à formes antiques; groupes en biscuist, et autres objets en porcelaine.

PORTIQUE No. 85.—Les Administrateurs des établissemens du Creuzot et de Mont-Cenis, département de Saone-et-Loire, demeurant à Paris, faubourg Poissonnière, No. 22: Cristaux, fontes, tôles, et cuivres laminés.

PORTIQUE No. 86.—*Quiris*, graveur sur cristaux, rue des Vieux Augustins, passage du Vigan, à Paris: Commode plaquée en glaces, gravée et dorée.

Perrin, fabricant, rue Mouffetard, No. 410, à Paris: Toiles métalliques servant à fabriquer le papier vélin, pour faire des cribles et tamis, &c., pour les gardes-feux, gardes-manger, &c., et

et pouvant être employées dans tous les lieux d'où l'on veut écarter les insectes, sans corrompre l'air ni intercepter la lumière.

Bouvier, fondeur, enclos de la Cité, No. 5, à Paris : Pendules et autres meubles en filigrane.

PORTIQUE No. 87.—*Saleneuve*, mécanicien, rue et faubourg Denis, No. 26, division du Nord, à Paris : Vis de pressoir en fer, de six pouces de diamètre, taillée, ainsi que l'écrou, avec une machine qu'il a inventée, laquelle peut servir à tailler des vis d'un pied de diamètre, à telle course et tel nombre de filets que l'on desire ; forte presse à timbre sec, en cuivre ; autre presse plus petite ; deux découpoirs, l'un en cuivre, l'autre en fer fondu.

Galle, rue du Chaume, No. 41, à Paris : Gravures en médaille.

Schey, rue faubourg Denis, No. 48 : Paire de flambeaux en acier fondu, et autres objets.

PORTIQUE No. 88.—*Robert*, successeur d'Arthur, fabricant, rue de la place Vendôme, au coin du boulevart, à Paris : Papiers veloutés représentant le velours uni, enrichis de bordures veloutées rehaussées d'or ; papier linon, et autres papiers de décor, à vases antiques, trépieds, candelabres, rehaussés d'or, sur fond de marbre et granit, &c.

PORTIQUE No. 89.—*Payen* et *Bourlier*, fabricans, plaine de Grenelle, près Paris : Sel ammoniac, façon d'Egypte ; sel ammoniac blanc ; soude blanche caustique, et cristaux de soude ; sulphite de soude sulphure, nouveau sel découvert dans les eaux-mères provenant de la fabrication de la soude ci-dessus ; petit fourneau en relief, de la machine à blanchir par la vapeur, suivant le procédé de *Chaptal* ; plan du même fourneau, divisé en neuf coupes ; échantillon de toiles blanchies par la vapeur.

Pluvinet frères, manufacturiers à Clichy, près Paris : Sel ammoniac gris, façon d'Egypte ; sel ammoniac blanc, façon d'Angleterre ; souffre raffiné, façon de Hollande.

Alban, manufacturier à Javelle, près Paris : Sulfate d'alumine.

Gerentel, île Louvier, près l'Arsenal, à Paris : Blanc de céruse.

PORTIQUE No. 90.—*Baradel*, ingénieur, rue du faubourg Saint-Jacques, No. 7, à Paris : Porte-crayons tré-filés de différens métaux ; aimant naturel enlevant cent cinquante livres.

Jeker, mécanicien, rue des Marmouzets, No. 42, à Paris : Machine à tailler les vis ; balance *dite* Romaine, de nouvelle composition, et les pèse-monnaies portant le nom de l'auteur.

Bertin, breveté d'invention, rue de la Sonnerie, No. 1, à Paris : Lampes docimastiques, ou fontaines de feu, propres à la prompte ébullition des liquides, à la fusion des métaux et à la manipulation du verre.

PORTIQUE No. 91.—Ce portique présente une suite d'étalons des nouveaux poids et mesures, exécutés sous les ordres du Ministre de l'intérieur, par les soins du conseil des poids et mesures.

Azais, dit *Laserre*, rue Maison-neuve, petite Pologne, No. 995, à Paris : Objets exécutés en paille ronde.

PORTIQUE No. 92.—*Pomera*, serrurier, rue de Bondy, cul-de-sac de la Pompe, No. 9, à Paris : Serrure de sûreté.

Pihan fils, faubourg Saint-Martin, passage du Desir, à Paris : Sangles d'une fabrication perfectionnée.

Crochot, rue du faubourg Saint-Denis, en face des petites Ecuries, à Paris : Pipes façon de Hollande.

PORTIQUE No. 93.—*Gillé* fils, fondeur en caractères, rue Jean-de-Beauvais, No. 28, à Paris : Fonte de caractères.

Dautry, passage du Caire, No. 77, à Paris : Métier en bois à faire des bas.

PORTIQUE No. 94.—Mme *Mercier*, rue des Prouvaires, No. 575, à Paris: Fleurs en sucre.

PORTIQUE No. 95.—Maison de détention de Bicêtre: Ouvrages des détenus.

Maison de force de Gand, département de l'Escaut: Une pièce de basin, et une pièce de toile-coton dite calico.

PORTIQUE No. 96.—C.^ons^ *Cahours*, manufacturiers à Rentigny, département de l'Oise, à Vallançay, département de l'Indre, et à Paris, rue Planche-Mibray: Pièces tricots à côtes différentes, fabriquées avec toutes les espèces de laines connues en France; pièces tricots de coton à côtes diverses, imitant tous les genres de fabrication des manufactures anglaises. Le dépôt des marchandises de leurs trois manufactures est à Paris, rue Planche-Mibray, No. 3.

PORTIQUE No. 97.—*Gohin* frères, fabricans, faubourg Saint-Martin, No. 8, à Paris: Vernis, bleu de Prusse, bleu pour les fleuristes et les peintres, et propre à azurer le linge; laques solides, vertes, jaunes, &c.; laques superfines; carmin et autres couleurs.

Seghers, fabricant, rue de Lorillon, au haut du faubourg du Temple, à Paris: Toiles cirées, marbrées; taffetas cirés, &c.

PORTIQUE No. 98.—*Dechemant*, rue de la Feuillade, No. 2, à Paris: Dents et râteliers artificiels, de composition minérale.

Assier-Perricat père, ingénieur, rue Geoffroi-l'Anier, No. 30, à Paris: Instrumens de physique expérimentale, en verre.

Bréant, horloger, rue du Temple, No. 127, à Paris: Pendule à plusieurs cadrans, présentant l'annuaire républicain perpétuel, exécuté conformément au décret du 4 frimaire an 2.

Toussaint, père et fils, fabricans à Raucourt, près Sedan, département des Ardennes: Boucles d'acier poli.

PORTIQUE No. 99.—*Bellenoue-Chartier*, propriétaire à Blois: Machine à battre le blé.

Jaunes, mécanicien à Metz, département de la Moselle: Machines aratoires.

Detrey, fabricant à Besançon: Bonneterie.

Coutan, manufacturier, place du Chevalier-du-Guet, à Paris: Bonneterie.

Veuve *Pallouis*: Echantillon d'écarlate sur soie.

Ferrand, rue des Lyonnais, à Paris: Bonneterie fabriquée avec des produits de plantes indigènes autres que le chanvre et le lin.

PORTIQUE No. 100.—*Duchet*, rue Poliveau, No. 21, à Paris: Colle forte.

Tournoux, rue Bleue, No. 5, à Paris: Outils en acier.

Bensperg, rue Poissonnière, No. 169, à Paris: Trois tableaux faits à l'aiguille, représentant, l'un *Voltaire*, et les deux autres le *premier Consul*.

PORTIQUE No. 101.—Maison de détention de Saint-Lazare: Ouvrages de broderie et couture; cotons filés, &c. par les détenus.

Maisons de détention de Bruxelles et Vilvorde: Mousselinettes, basins, mouchoirs, toiles, flanelles, siamoises, étoffes de laines, &c.

PORTIQUE No. 102.—*Detrouville*, rue Madame, No. 1260, à Paris: Savon dit *des Sultana*.

PORTIQUE No. 103.—*Ternaux* frères, manufacturiers à Louviers, Sedan, Reims et Ensival, demeurant à Paris, place des Victoires, No. 18: Draps et casimirs.

PORTIQUE No. 104.—*Carcel* et *Carreau*, brevetés d'invention, rue de l'Arbre-Sec, à Paris: Lampes à mécanisme, ou jeu de pompe appelé *Lychnomena*.

Nota. Plusieurs objets dont l'envoi est annoncé, n'étant pas arrivés, on n'a pu les comprendre dans le Catalogue.

DETAILS

CHAPTER LXIV.

DÉTAILS

DES CÉRÉMONIES, JEUX, COURSES DE BATEAUX,

JOUTES, SPECTACLES,

CONCERTS, ILLUMINATIONS ET DANSES,

Qui auront lieu pour la célébration de la Fête de la fondation de la République, les cinq jours complémentaires an 9, *et le* 1er. *Vendémiaire an* 10.

PROGRAMME OFFICIEL.

Jours complémentaires.

DURANT les cinq Jours complémentaires, il y aura dans la grande cour du Louvre, une exposition publique des produits de l'industrie nationale.

Le soir du premier Jour, illumination générale dans le lieu de l'exposition.

Chacun des cinq Jours complémentaires, les Manufactures nationales, les Bibliothèques, et les Musées resteront ouverts depuis neuf heures du matin jusqu'à quatre heures de l'après-midi.

Le dernier jour complémentaire, les principaux théatres donneront des spectacles *gratis*.

A neuf heures du soir, salve générale d'artillerie.

Premier Vendémiaire.

A six heures du matin, nouvelle salve d'artillerie.

A dix heures, Fête sur l'eau, entre le pont des Tuileries et celui de la Concorde.

Au milieu de la rivière, s'élévera un monument à la gloire de la République.

Les Jeux seront :

1°. Joûtes de diverses espèces ;

2°. Courses de bateaux et de chaloupes.

Les termes de la carrière que devront parcourir les chaloupes et les bateaux, seront désignés par deux obélisques.

Ces Jeux continueront jusqu'au soir.

Fêtes dans les Champs-Elysées.

A midi, Jeux de bagues et autres jeux d'adresse dans l'allée qui borde le chemin de Versailles, et dans l'allée d'Antin.

A quatre heures, ouverture des trois grands théatres, dans le carré de Marigny.

A cinq heures, commencement des danses dans toutes les parties des Champs-Elysées.

Fêtes

Fêtes de la nuit.

A six heures et demie, illumination générale.

Au milieu du grand carré, s'élevera le Temple de la Paix.

Des deux côtés du Temple, seront deux autres monumens dédiés aux vertus guerrières et républicaines.

Dans le Temple, le Conservatoire de musique exécutera un grand concert.

Pendant le concert, chants et danses allégoriques, exécutés par les artistes du Théatre des Arts.

A huit heures, sur le grand Théatre du carré Marigny, ballet-pantomime, représentant les *Fêtes des Vendanges*.

A neuf heures, fêtes de nuit sur la rivière.

Au-delà du pont de la Concorde, en face des Champs-Elysées, des bateaux illuminés et remplis de musiciens, exécuteront diverses évolutions.

Sur le rivage du côté des Invalides, une très-grande Girande précédera l'ascension de plusieurs ballons détonnans, chargés de feux d'artifice. Bal et spectacle toute la nuit.

DÉTAILS DE LA FETE.

Cette Fête embrassera tout le terrain depuis la place de la Concorde jusqu'au rond de l'allée des Veuves, c'est-à-dire, les Champs-Elisées et la partie de la rivière qui s'étend depuis la façade des Invalides jusqu'à l'angle de la colonnade du Louvre.

Elle consistera en jeux, courses de bateaux, prix disputés, spectacles publics, concerts, illuminations et danses.

A dix heures du matin, une marche composée de mariniers, joûteurs et nageurs, tous vêtus en blanc, avec des ceintures bleues et rouges qui les distingueront, accompagnés de différens corps de musique, partira de la place de la Colonnade; et après avoir fait le tour de la cour intérieure du Louvre, descendra à la rivière par la porte de cette cour, qui donne sur le quai. Là toute cette troupe s'embarquera sur cent bateaux ornés de guirlandes de chêne et de pampre; et, réunie en un seul point, elle se divisera en deux colonnes, et viendra avec la musique, les prix destinés aux vainqueurs, et les juges de ces prix, se rendre dans le bassin contenu entre le pont National et le pont de la Concorde, sur lequel règne la terrasse des Tuileries.

Au milieu de ce bassin, sera élevé un monument à l'honneur de la République; entre ce monument et chacun des deux ponts, seront deux obélisques, servant de limite et de but pour les exercices de la course en bateau, et de la natation.

Dans les intervalles, entre ces obélisques et le monument, seront placés des mâts de beaupré et des jeux de bague.

Les juges s'étant placés au bas du pont de la Concorde, les seize bateaux destinés à la course se formeront en ligne devant eux; les vingt bateaux portant les joûteurs viendront se ranger des deux côtés dans l'espace qui sera entre le pont des Tuileries et le premier obélisque. Un bateau portant trente-six nageurs, et un autre portant un corps de musique, se dirigeront vers le monument élevé au milieu du bassin. Les musiciens se placeront sur l'estrade formant la base de ce monument, et les nageurs, rangés sur les bords de cette estrade, attendront le signal qui annoncera le commencement de leurs exercises.

Les joûteurs, dans l'enceinte où ils seront descendus, disputeront le prix de la joute, qui sera décerné à celui qui restera seul sans avoir été renversé.

Peu de temps après l'ouverture de la joûte, commenceront les courses de bateaux à rames, et de

de chaloupes à voiles, si le temps le permet. Elles consisteront en un trajet déterminé, et différentes évolutions autour des deux obélisques. Elle s'exécuteront, pour les seize bateaux à rames, par quatre seulement à-la-fois. Les quatre bateaux vainqueurs, dans chacune de ces courses particulières, concourront une seconde fois entre eux quatre seulement. Les deux vainqueurs de cette seconde course auront droit à un prix: mais pour déterminer qui des deux aura le premier, ils concourront une troisième fois, et le premier qui aura atteint le but, recevra le premier prix, et l'autre le second.

Entre la dernière course générale des bateaux à rames, et la première des quatre bateaux vainqueurs, commencera l'exercise de la natation. A un signal éclatant, les trente-six nageurs, rangés sur l'arrière du monument, se précipiteront à-la-fois dans l'eau, et remontant vers le pont des Tuileries, viendront s'emparer de six petits drapeaux placés près de l'obélisque, elevé de ce côté. Les six nageurs qui les premiers auront enlevé ces drapeaux, auront droit à des prix différens. Pour en établir le rang, les six concurrens, leur drapeau à la main, redescendront la rivière à la nage, jusqu'à la gondole des juges. L'ordre de leur arrivée, fixera l'ordre des prix.

Pendant tout le temps de ces exercices et de ces courses, la joûte continuera, et 80 mariniers s'exerçant sur les mâts de beaupré, et les jeux de bagues, disputeront des prix qui seront attachés à ces jeux.

Ces jeux et ces exercices dureront jusqu'à la fin du jour.

Tandis qu'ils occuperont la rivière, et sur le midi, une nombreuse musique d'harmonie, précédant les prix pour les jeux de terre, partira de la place de la Concorde, et après avoir fait le tour des Champs-Elysées, conduira ces prix aux mâts dressés dans l'allée longeant la grande route. Les prix attachés aux mâts, la lice sera ouverte, les jeux de bague tourneront, et de tous côtés sur la rivière et sur la terre, le bruit des trompettes et le son des instrumens proclameront les succès des concurrens et leur récompense.

A deux heures les spectacles publics s'ouvriront, d'abord dans l'allée d'Antin ou des Guinguettes, ensuites dans un village construit sous les murs de l'Elysée, où les aveugles exécuteront un concert vocal et instrumental, et dans deux théatres élevés dans le carré de Marigny, sur l'un desquels il sera représenté une pantomime à machines, tandis que sur l'autre, des danseurs de cordes feront la voltige, des sauts de toute espèce, et les différens exercices de la corde.

A quatre heures, les orchestres de danse, garnis de musiciens, ouvriront le bal dans toute la partie des Champs-Elysées.

A six heures l'illumination commencera. Il sera donné une seconde représentation de la pantomime sur le Théatre des Machines, et les sauteurs de corde recommenceront aux lumières les exercices qu'ils auront faits au jour.

A sept heures, le Conservatoire, réuni dans le Temple de la Paix construit au milieu du grand carré des Champs-Elysées, avec les musiciens des orchestres de l'opéra et des autres spectacles, exécutera un concert composé de morceaux choisis. Pendant ce concert, partiront de deux monumens élevés aux deux extrémités de ce grand carré, et dédiés aux vertus guerrières et républicaines, deux troupes de jeunes garçons, de jeunes filles, d'hommes et de femmes, costumés à l'antique, qui, sur les galeries qui joignent ces deux monumens au Temple de la Paix, et qui seront ornées de peupliers portant des trophées d'armes, formeront des marches, et au milieu des différentes cérémonies, brûleront des parfums de toute espèce. Ce spectacle sera éclairé par des flammes de Bengale.

Le concert fini, sur un théatre de 120 pieds de large, et qui occupera le milieu du carré de Marigny,

Marigny, sera représenté une pantomime à grand spectacle, avec danses et combats, évolutions militaires, et dont le sujet sera le *Triomphe des Bacchantes*.

Tandis que cette pantomime aura lieu, et sur les neuf heures du soir, tous les bateaux, chaloupes et gondoles étant sur la rivière, seront illuminés; et traversant ensemble le pont de la Concorde, présenteront devant les Invalides différentes évolutions, après lesquelles ils se rangeront des deux côtés de la rivière.

La pantomime achevée, la musique d'harmonie, rassemblée sur la rivière au bas des Invalides, fera entendre de nombreuses et bruyantes fanfares, qui seront suivies d'une forte salve d'artillerie. A ce signal, après quelques fusées volantes, éclatera une immense girande couronnée de bombes. Du sein de cette girande, s'éléveront trois ballons chargés d'artifice, qui, dispersés dans l'air, y détonneront et termineront le bouquet.

Alors, des musettes et des instrumens de campagne dirigeront des danses montagnardes, groupées dans le petit carré, qui précède celui du Temple.

Les musiciens des orchestres placés autour du Mai élevé dans le village construit sous les murs de l'Elysée, sous une rotonde décorée de tous les ornemens de la vendange, et élevée dans le carré de la Laiterie, et tous les autres orchestres disséminés dans toutes les parties des Champs-Elysées, reprendront les danses, qui n'auront de terme qu'à la fin de l'illumination.

CHAPTER LXVI.

PRÉFECTURE DE POLICE.

PROCLAMATION.

LES CONSULS DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE AUX FRANÇAIS.

Français,

VOUS l'avez enfin toute entière cette paix que vous avez méritée par de si longs et de si généreux efforts!

Le monde ne vous offre plus que des nations amies, et sur toutes les mers s'ouvrent pour vos vaisseaux des ports hospitaliers.

Fidèle à vos vœux et à ses promesses, le gouvernement n'a cédé ni à l'ambition des conquêtes, ni à l'attrait des entreprises hardies et extraordinaires. Son devoir était de rendre le repos à l'humanité; et de rapprocher par des liens solides et durables cette grande famille Européenne, dont la destinée est de faire les destinées de l'univers.

Sa première tâche est remplie; une autre commence pour vous et pour lui. A la gloire des combats faisons succéder une gloire plus douce pour les citoyens, moins redoutable pour nos voisins.

Perfectionnons; mais sur-tout apprenons aux générations naissantes à chérir nos institutions et nos lois. Qu'elles croissent pour l'égalité civile, pour la liberté publique, pour la prospérité nationale.

nationale. Portons, dans les atteliers de l'agriculture et des arts, cette ardeur, cette constance, cette patience qui ont étonné l'Europe dans nos circonstances difficiles. Unissons, aux efforts du gouvernement, les efforts des citoyens pour enrichir, pour féconder, toutes les parties de notre vaste territoire.

Soyons le lien et l'exemple des peuples qui nous environnent; que l'étranger, qu'un intérêt de curiosité attirera parmi nous, s'y arrête attaché par le charme de nos mœurs, par le spectacle de notre union, de notre industrie et par l'attrait de nos jouissances; qu'il s'en retourne dans sa patrie plus ami du nom français, plus instruit et meilleur.

S'il reste encore des hommes que tourmente le besoin de haïr leurs concitoyens, ou qu'aigrisse le souvenir de leurs pertes, d'immenses contrées les attendent; qu'ils osent y aller chercher des richesses, et l'oubli de leurs infortunes et de leurs peines; les regards de la patrie les y suivront, elle secondera leur courage; un jour, heureux de leurs travaux, ils reviendront dans son sein, dignes d'être citoyens d'un état libre, et corrigés du délire des persécutions.

Français, il y a deux ans, ce même jour vit se terminer vos dissentions civiles, s'anéantir toutes les factions! Dès-lors vous pûtes concentrer toute votre énergie, embrasser tout ce qui est grand aux yeux de l'humanité, tout ce qui est utile aux yeux de la patrie.

Par-tout le gouvernement fut votre guide et votre appui; sa conduite sera constamment la même; votre grandeur fait la sienne, et votre bonheur est la seule récompense à laquelle il aspire.

Bonaparte, premier Consul de la République, ordonne que la proclamation ci-dessus sera insérée au bulletin des lois, publiée, imprimée et affichée dans tous les départemens de la République.

Donné à Paris au palais du gouvernement, le 18 Brumaire an 10 de la République française.

Le premier Consul, signé BONAPARTE.

Par le premier Consul, *le Secrétaire d'état*, signé HUGUES B. MARET.

Pour copie conforme,

Le Ministre de l'interieur, signé CHAPTAL.

Pour copie conforme,

Le Préfet de police, signé DUBOIS.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

BATTLE OF BELCHER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the pains which were taken by the magistrates of Suffolk and Cambridge, to prevent Belcher and Firby, alias the *Young Ruffian*, from meeting to fight a pitched battle, it was impracticable to drive them from their purpose, when the winner was allured by the promise of a purse of one hundred guineas, which had been raised by subscription among the amateurs and sporting gentlemen at Newmarket. Late in the evening, after the notice had been given them not to fight, a private meeting was held by the amateurs of boxing, to consider what was best to be done in such a perplexing predicament: after many propositions had been stated, it was agreed that, early on the following morning, the two heroes of the fist should repair to the nearest spot of ground in Essex, and where they might fight unmolested, being out of the jurisdiction of those magistrates who had signed the notice. Accordingly, about six o'clock in the morning, all those in the secret began to stir, and much bustle took place in providing vehicles of conveyance and horses to transport the parties to the field of battle.

About seven o'clock the cavalcade began to move. Belcher proceeded in a post-chaise between his bottle-holder and second, Bill and Joe Ward. The company pursued the London road, till they came to Bone-bridge, and then turned to the left towards Linton, which place the cavalcade passed through, to the great terror of the rustics, who were made to believe the French had taken possession of Newmarket, and that they were saving themselves by flight. About half a mile from Linton, and fifteen miles from Newmarket, the company having arrived in the county of Essex, they turned from the road-side on to a level piece of ground, and there resolved the contest should be decided. Belcher appeared as cheerful as if he had come to take possession of an estate. Firby did not seem dismayed, and the amateurs looked for skill and science in boxing in the very greatest perfection. When they called to recollection the many feats performed by Belcher, and that Firby had formerly gained great celebrity by beating the Old Ruffian, and several others, it was not doubted but he was the only man of the present day that could cope with the Bristol hero. It was judged expedient to delay no time in setting-to, to prevent the possibility of an interruption. There was little difficulty in forming the ring, as there were very few pedestrians present. This being done, the combatants were called forth and informed that one hundred guineas was the sum collected, and that with regard to the terms on which they fought, they were left to themselves. It was then agreed on between Firby and Belcher that the winner should receive ninety guineas, and the loser ten; and, without further ceremony, the combatants began to strip, and, at a quarter past nine, set-to. Great anxiety was expressed in every countenance while each was standing on his guard, waiting his antagonist's blow. After a pause of a few seconds, Firby made a hit at Belcher's head, which he avoided, and returned a blow with his left and right hand, but which made no impression. They closed, and Belcher fell undermost, but no harm done. Two to one was now offered to be taken that

Firby

Firby would win, which could not easily be obtained at starting. Thus concluded the first round.

Second Round.—A short but severe round; Belcher hit Firby on the mouth with his left hand; the blood gushed out violently; he followed him up with his right hand, and placing a blow on Firby's right side, the latter fell. Three to one in favour of Belcher.

Third Round.—Firby made a blow at Belcher's head, which Belcher caught, and returned the blow, which Firby stopped. Belcher hit again at him, which was also well parried. Belcher following him up, fighting half-armed, Firby fell. No harm this round.

Fourth Round.—They both rallied; some hard blows struck on each side. Firby had got a black eye; and, from a blow on the body, vomited a quantity of blood, which fell over Belcher's small cloaths. On closing, Belcher fell; and, while on his knees, Firby struck him. A cry of *Foul! Foul!* resounded from all quarters. Belcher appealed to the company, but wished to take no advantage of the circumstance, but to go on. A further interruption here took place by the arrival of one constable and a parson from Linton, who attempted to stop the further proceeding of the battle; but no respect was paid to the cloth, or legal authority, and the combatants commenced the

Fifth Round.—A great deal of shifting. Firby was afraid to come close: Belcher beckoned to him: Firby then came up and hit, but so slow that Belcher was able to avoid it by jirking his head and making a violent blow at Firby's side. He fell; Belcher looked round and smiled: Firby began to exhibit symptoms of distress.

Sixth Round.—This was the most desperate and best fought round; but Belcher's strength seemed to increase, while his opponent's fell off: Belcher smiled and looked round, while in the heat of battle. Firby made several attempts to hit Belcher with great violence, but which Belcher either avoided by stooping his head, or stopping: not one of Firby's blows told. Belcher eagerly watching an opportunity, hit Firby in the stomach with his left hand; at the same time closing with him, gave him a most violent cross buttock.

Seventh Round.—Very hard straight-forward fighting on both sides. Firby could not fight in his usual way, but hit round. It was evident he had considerably the worst of it. Odds now ten to one.

Eighth Round.—Firby rallied again, and made a hit at Belcher, which was stopt in great style. Firby received another violent blow on his mouth, which cut his lip: he hit Belcher a severe blow in return, but did not draw blood; the odds, however, were reduced to five to one.

Ninth Round.—Firby fought shy, Belcher followed him round the ring, striking several blows, which were stopped: they closed, and Firby fell under.

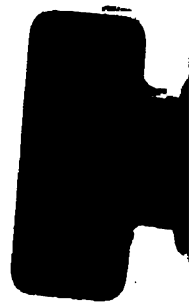
Tenth Round.—On setting-to, Belcher gave Firby a severe blow over the right eye, and immediately resumed a defensive position, when he smiled, and said, "How do you like that, John?" Firby did his best to make a violent blow at Belcher, but having over-reached himself, fell without a blow. Belcher smiled, and pointed at him with his finger.

Eleventh Round.—Belcher followed Firby round the ring, the latter stopping, as well as he could, Belcher's blows, but which was not done effectually. Belcher hit him several severe blows, and knocked Firby down. Firby's friends interfered, and said he could do no more. Thus ended the contest, after twenty minutes fighting.

During the whole fight, Firby never had once a chance of success. He was always considered a first-rate pugilist; but whether it was owing to the fear of Belcher's great name, or to a falling

a falling off of his usual style of fighting, it was certainly agreed on all hands that he came greatly short of what might have been expected. He was much bruised in the body, received two black eyes, and had his mouth desperately cut. Belcher had not a blow about him which could be perceived, and seemed quite composed throughout the contest.

In the midst of the battle, a gentleman offered to bet twenty to one on the fight, which Belcher hearing, observed, "You may make it one thousand to one, it is safe enough."

The above, copied from the Morning Chronicle of April 13th, 1803, is given as a document of the state of manners, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, worthy of being preserved. As it is thrown into the Appendix, it scarcely can be objected to because it relates to England not to France. Nothing more distinctly marks the progress of manners than the relative differences that exist between nations; and to record them is to erect beacons, that may guide those who may hereafter undertake voyages of discovery in morals.

END OF APPENDIX, VOL. I.